THE SPECTATOR

EDITED BY

HENRY MORLEY

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THE SPECTATOR

VOL. II.

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THE SPECTATOR

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WITH INTRODUCTION, NOTES, AND INDEX

BY

HENRY MORLEY

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LITERATURE, UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON

IN THREE VOLUMES

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THE SPECTATOR.

No. 203.] *Tuesday, October* 23, 1711. [*Addison.*

Phœbe pater, si das hujus mihi nominis usum,
Nec falsâ Clymene culpam sub imagine celat;
Pignora da, Genitor———— Ov. Met.

THERE is a loose Tribe of Men whom I have not yet taken Notice of, that ramble into all the Corners of this great City, in order to seduce such unfortunate Females as fall into their Walks. These abandoned Profligates raise up Issue in every Quarter of the Town, and very often, for a valuable Consideration, father it upon the Church-warden. By this means there are several Married Men who have a little Family in most of the Parishes of *London* and *Westminster*, and several Batchelors who are undone by a Charge of Children.

When a Man once gives himself this Liberty of preying at large, and living upon the Common, he finds so much Game in a populous City, that it is surprising to consider the Numbers which he sometimes propagates. We see many a young Fellow who is scarce of Age, that could lay his Claim to the *Jus trium Liberorum*, or the Privileges which were granted by the *Roman* Laws to all such as were Fathers of three Children: Nay, I have heard a Rake [who [1]] was not quite five and twenty, declare himself the Father of a seventh Son, and very prudently determine to breed him up a Physician. In short, the Town is full of these young Patriarchs, not to mention several batter'd Beaus, who, like heedless Spendthrifts that squander away their Estates before they are Masters of them, have raised up their whole Stock of Children before Marriage.

I must not here omit the particular Whim of an Impudent

[1] [that]

Libertine, that had a little Smattering of Heraldry; and observing how the Genealogies of great Families were often drawn up in the Shape of Trees, had taken a Fancy to dispose of his own illegitimate Issue in a Figure of the same kind.

———Nec longum tempus et ingens
Exiit ad cœlum ramis felicibus arbos,
Miraturque novas frondes, et non sua poma.—Virg.[1]

The Trunk of the Tree was mark'd with his own Name, *Will Maple.* Out of the Side of it grew a large barren Branch, Inscribed *Mary Maple,* the Name of his unhappy Wife. The Head was adorned with five huge Boughs. On the Bottom of the first was written in Capital Characters *Kate Cole,* who branched out into three Sprigs, *viz. William, Richard,* and *Rebecca. Sal Twiford* gave Birth to another Bough, that shot up into *Sarah, Tom, Will,* and *Frank.* The third Arm of the Tree had only a single Infant in it, with a Space left for a second, the Parent from whom it sprung being near her Time when the Author took this Ingenious Device into his Head. The two other great Boughs were very plentifully loaden with Fruit of the same kind; besides which there were many Ornamental Branches that did not bear. In short, a more flourishing Tree never came out of the Herald's Office.

What makes this Generation of Vermin so very prolifick, is the indefatigable Diligence with which they apply themselves to their Business. A Man does not undergo more Watchings and Fatigues in a Campaign, than in the Course of a vicious Amour. As it is said of some Men, that they make their Business their Pleasure, these Sons of Darkness may be said to make their Pleasure their Business. They might conquer their corrupt Inclinations with half the Pains they are at in gratifying them.

Nor is the Invention of these Men less to be admired than their Industry or Vigilance. There is a Fragment of *Apollodorus* the Comick Poet (who was Contemporary with *Menander*) which is full of Humour as follows: *Thou mayest shut up thy Doors,* says he, *with Bars and Bolts: It will be impossible for the Blacksmith to make them so fast, but a Cat and a Whoremaster will find a Way through them.* In a word, there is no Head so full of Stratagems as that of a Libidinous Man.

Were I to propose a Punishment for this infamous Race of Propagators, it should be to send them, after the second or third Offence, into our *American* Colonies, in order to people

[1] Georg. II. v. 89.

those Parts of her Majesty's Dominions where there is a want of Inhabitants, and in the Phrase of *Diogenes*, to *Plant Men*. Some Countries punish this Crime with Death; but I think such a Banishment would be sufficient, and might turn this generative Faculty to the Advantage of the Publick.

In the mean time, till these Gentlemen may be thus disposed of, I would earnestly exhort them to take Care of those unfortunate Creatures whom they have brought into the World by these indirect Methods, and to give their spurious Children such an Education as may render them more virtuous than their Parents. This is the best Atonement they can make for their own Crimes, and indeed the only Method that is left them to repair their past Mis-carriages.

I would likewise desire them to consider, whether they are not bound in common Humanity, as well as by all the Obligations of Religion and Nature, to make some Provision for those whom they have not only given Life to, but entail'd upon them, [tho' very unreasonably, a Degree of] Shame and [Disgrace.[1]] And here I cannot but take notice of those depraved Notions which prevail among us, and which must have taken rise from our natural Inclination to favour a Vice to which we are so very prone, namely, that *Bastardy* and *Cuckoldom* should be look'd upon as Reproaches, and that the [Ignominy[2]] which is only due to Lewdness and Falsehood, should fall in so unreasonable a manner upon the Persons who [are[3]] innocent.

I have been insensibly drawn into this Discourse by the following Letter, which is drawn up with such a Spirit of Sincerity, that I question not but the Writer of it has represented his Case in a true and genuine Light.

SIR,

'I am one of those People who by the general Opinion of 'the World are counted both Infamous and Unhappy.

'My Father is a very eminent Man in this Kingdom, and 'one who bears considerable Offices in it. I am his Son, but 'my Misfortune is, That I dare not call him Father, nor he 'without Shame own me as his Issue, I being illegitimate, and 'therefore deprived of that endearing Tenderness and unparal-'lel'd Satisfaction which a good Man finds in the Love and 'Conversation of a Parent: Neither have I the Opportunities 'to render him the Duties of a Son, he having always carried 'himself at so vast a Distance, and with such Superiority

[1] [Infamy.] [2] [Shame] [3] [suffer and are]

'towards me, that by long Use I have contracted a Timorous-'ness when before him, which hinders me from declaring my own 'Necessities, and giving him to understand the Inconveniencies 'I undergo.

'It is my Misfortune to have been neither bred a Scholar, '[a Soldier,] nor to [any kind of] Business, which renders me 'Entirely uncapable of making Provision for my self without 'his Assistance; and this creates a continual Uneasiness in 'my Mind, fearing I shall in Time want Bread; my Father, if 'I may so call him, giving me but very faint Assurances of 'doing any thing for me.

'I have hitherto lived somewhat like a Gentleman, and it 'would be very hard for me to labour for my Living. I am 'in continual Anxiety for my future Fortune, and under a 'great Unhappiness in losing the sweet Conversation and 'friendly Advice of my Parents; so that I cannot look upon 'my self otherwise than as a Monster, strangely sprung up in 'Nature, which every one is ashamed to own.

'I am thought to be a Man of some natural Parts, and by the 'continual Reading what you have offered the World, become 'an Admirer thereof, which has drawn me to make this Con-'fession; at the same time hoping, if any thing herein shall 'touch you with a Sense of Pity, you would then allow me the 'Favour of your Opinion thereupon; as also what Part I, being 'unlawfully born, may claim of the Man's Affection who begot 'me, and how far in your Opinion I am to be thought his Son, 'or he acknowledged as my Father. Your Sentiments and 'Advice herein will be a great Consolation and Satisfaction to,

SIR,

Your Admirer and
Humble Servant,

C. W. B.

No. 204.] *Wednesday, October* 24, 1711. [*Steele.*

Urit grata protervitas,
Et vultus nimium lubricus aspici.—Hor.

I AM not at all displeased that I am become the Courier of Love, and that the Distressed in that Passion convey their Complaints to each other by my Means. The following Letters have lately come to my hands, and shall have their Place with great Willingness. As to the Reader's Entertainment, he will, I hope, forgive the inserting such Particulars as to him may

perhaps seem frivolous, but are to the Persons who wrote them of the highest Consequence. I shall not trouble you with the Prefaces, Compliments, and Apologies made to me before each Epistle when it was desired to be inserted; but in general they tell me, that the Persons to whom they are addressed have Intimations, by Phrases and Allusions in them, from whence they came.

To the Sothades.[1]

'The Word, by which I address you, gives you, who under-'stand *Portuguese*, a lively Image of the tender Regard I have 'for you. The SPECTATOR'S late Letter from *Statira* gave me 'the Hint to use the same Method of explaining my self to you. 'I am not affronted at the Design your late Behaviour dis-'covered you had in your Addresses to me; but I impute it 'to the Degeneracy of the Age, rather than your particular 'Fault. As I aim at nothing more than being yours, I am 'willing to be a Stranger to your Name, your Fortune, or any 'Figure which your Wife might expect to make in the World, 'provided my Commerce with you is not to be a guilty one. 'I resign gay Dress, the Pleasure of Visits, Equipage, Plays, 'Balls, and Operas, for that one Satisfaction of having you for 'ever mine. I am willing you shall industriously conceal the 'only Cause of Triumph which I can know in this Life. I 'wish only to have it my Duty, as well as my Inclination, to 'study your Happiness. If this has not the Effect this Letter 'seems to aim at, you are to understand that I had a mind to 'be rid of you, and took the readiest Way to pall you with an 'Offer of what you would never desist pursuing while you 'received ill Usage. Be a true Man; be my Slave while you 'doubt me, and neglect me when you think I love you. I 'defy you to find out what is your present Circumstance with 'me; but I know while I can keep this Suspence.

I am your admired

Belinda.

Madam,

'It is a strange State of Mind a Man is in, when the very 'Imperfections of a Woman he loves turn into Excellencies 'and Advantages. I do assure you, I am very much afraid of 'venturing upon you. I now like you in spite of my Reason, 'and think it an ill Circumstance to owe one's Happiness to

[1] Saudades. To have *saudades* of anything is to yearn with desire towards it. *Saudades da Patria* is home sickness. To say *Tenho Saudades* without naming an object would be taken to mean I am all yearning to call a certain gentleman or lady mine.

'nothing but Infatuation. I can see you ogle all the young 'Fellows who look at you, and observe your Eye wander after 'new Conquests every Moment you are in a publick Place; 'and yet there is such a Beauty in all your Looks and Gestures, 'that I cannot but admire you in the very Act of endeavouring 'to gain the Hearts of others. My Condition is the same with 'that of the Lover in the *Way of the World*,[1] I have studied 'your Faults so long, that they are become as familiar to me, 'and I like them as well as I do my own. Look to it, Madam, 'and consider whether you think this gay Behaviour will appear 'to me as amiable when an Husband, as it does now to me a 'Lover. Things are so far advanced, that we must proceed; 'and I hope you will lay it to Heart, that it will be becoming 'in me to appear still your Lover, but not in you to be still 'my Mistress. Gaiety in the Matrimonial Life is graceful in 'one Sex, but exceptionable in the other. As you improve 'these little Hints, you will ascertain the Happiness or 'Uneasiness of, *Madam*,

Your most obedient,
Most humble Servant,
T. D.

SIR,

'When I sat at the Window, and you at the other End of 'the Room by my Cousin, I saw you catch me looking at you. 'Since you have the Secret at last, which I am sure you should 'never have known but by Inadvertency, what my Eyes said 'was true. But it is too soon to confirm it with my Hand, 'therefore shall not subscribe my Name.

SIR,

'There were other Gentlemen nearer, and I know no 'Necessity you were under to take up that flippant Creature's 'Fan last Night; but you shall never touch a Stick of mine 'more, that's pos. *Phillis.*

[1] In Act I. sc. 3, of Congreve's *Way of the World*, Mirabell says of Millamant, 'I like her with all her faults, nay, like her for her faults. Her 'follies are so natural, or so artful, that they become her; and those affect-'ations which in another woman would be odious, serve but to make her 'more agreeable. I'll tell thee, Fainall, she once used me with that insolence, 'that in revenge I took her to pieces, sifted her, and separated her failings; 'I studied 'em and got 'em by rote. The Catalogue was so large, that I 'was not without hopes one day or other to hate her heartily: to which end 'I so used myself to think of 'em, that at length, contrary to my design and 'expectation, they gave me every hour less and less disturbance; 'till in a 'few days it became habitual to me to remember 'em without being dis-'pleased. They are now grown as familiar to me as my own frailties; and, 'in all probability, in a little time longer I shall like 'em as well.'

To Colonel R——s[1] *in* Spain.

'Before this can reach the best of Husbands and the fondest 'Lover, those tender Names will be no more of Concern to 'me. The Indisposition in which you, to obey the Dictates 'of your Honour and Duty, left me, has increased upon me; 'and I am acquainted by my Physicians I cannot live a Week 'longer. At this time my Spirits fail me; and it is the ardent 'Love I have for you that carries me beyond my Strength, and 'enables me to tell you, the most painful Thing in the Prospect 'of Death, is, that I must part with you. But let it be a 'Comfort to you, that I have no Guilt hangs upon me, no 'unrepented Folly that retards me; but I pass away my last 'Hours in Reflection upon the Happiness we have lived in 'together, and in Sorrow that it is so soon to have an End. 'This is a Frailty which I hope is so far from criminal, that 'methinks there is a kind of Piety in being so unwilling to be 'separated from a State which is the Institution of Heaven, 'and in which we have lived according to its Laws. As we 'know no more of the next Life, but that it will be an happy 'one to the Good, and miserable to the Wicked, why may we 'not please ourselves at least, to alleviate the Difficulty of 'resigning this Being, in imagining that we shall have a Sense 'of what passes below, and may possibly be employed in 'guiding the Steps of those with whom we walked with Inno-'cence when mortal? Why may not I hope to go on in my 'usual Work, and, tho' unknown to you, be assistant in all the 'Conflicts of your Mind? Give me leave to say to you, O 'best of Men, that I cannot figure to myself a greater Happi-'ness than in such an Employment: To be present at all the 'Adventures to which human Life is exposed, to administer 'Slumber to thy Eyelids in the Agonies of a Fever, to cover 'thy beloved Face in the Day of Battle, to go with thee a 'Guardian Angel incapable of Wound or Pain, where I have 'longed to attend thee when a weak, a fearful Woman: These, 'my Dear, are the Thoughts with which I warm my poor 'languid Heart; but indeed I am not capable under my 'present Weakness of bearing the strong Agonies of Mind I 'fall into, when I form to myself the Grief you will be in upon 'your first hearing of my Departure. I will not dwell upon 'this, because your kind and generous Heart will be but the 'more afflicted, the more the Person for whom you lament

[1] The name was commonly believed to be Rivers, when this Paper was published.

'offers you Consolation. My last Breath will, if I am my self, 'expire in a Prayer for you. I shall never see thy Face again. 'Farewell for ever. T.

No. 205.] *Thursday, October* 25, 1711. [*Addison.*

Decipimur specie recti—— Hor.

WHEN I meet with any vicious Character that is not generally known, in order to prevent its doing Mischief, I draw it at length, and set it up as a Scarecrow; by which means I do not only make an Example of the Person to whom it belongs, but give Warning to all Her Majesty's Subjects, that they may not suffer by it. Thus, to change the [Allusion,[1]] I have marked out several of the Shoals and Quicksands of Life, and am continually employed in discovering those [which [2]] are still concealed, in order to keep the Ignorant and Unwary from running upon them. It is with this Intention that I publish the following Letter, which brings to light some Secrets of this Nature.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'There are none of your Speculations which I read over with 'greater Delight, than those which are designed for the Im- 'provement of our Sex. You have endeavoured to correct our 'unreasonable Fears and Superstitions, in your Seventh and 'Twelfth Papers; our Fancy for Equipage, in your Fifteenth; 'our Love of Puppet-Shows, in your Thirty-First; our Notions 'of Beauty, in your Thirty-Third; our Inclination for Ro- 'mances, in your Thirty-Seventh; our Passion for *French* 'Fopperies, in your Forty-Fifth; our Manhood and Party-zeal, 'in your Fifty-Seventh; our Abuse of Dancing, in your Sixty- 'Sixth and Sixty-Seventh; our Levity, in your Hundred and 'Twenty-Eighth; our Love of Coxcombs, in your Hundred 'and Fifty-Fourth, and Hundred and Fifty-Seventh; our 'Tyranny over the Henpeckt, in your Hundred and Seventy- 'Sixth. You have described the *Pict* in your Forty-first; the 'Idol, in your Seventy-Third; the Demurrer, in your Eighty- 'Ninth; the Salamander, in your Hundred and Ninety-Eighth. 'You have likewise taken to pieces our Dress, and represented 'to us the Extravagancies we are often guilty of in that Par- 'ticular. You have fallen upon our Patches, in your Fiftieth

[1] [Metaphor,] [2] [that]

'and Eighty-First; our Commodes, in your Ninety-Eighth; 'our Fans in your Hundred and Second; our Riding Habits 'in your Hundred and Fourth; our Hoop-petticoats, in your 'Hundred and Twenty-Seventh; besides a great many little 'Blemishes which you have touched upon in your several other 'Papers, and in those many Letters that are scattered up and 'down your Works. At the same Time we must own, that the 'Compliments you pay our Sex are innumerable, and that those 'very Faults which you represent in us, are neither black in 'themselves nor, as you own, universal among us. But, Sir, it 'is plain that these your Discourses are calculated for none but 'the fashionable Part of Womankind, and for the Use of those 'who are rather indiscreet than vicious. But, Sir, there is a 'Sort of Prostitutes in the lower Part of our Sex, who are a 'Scandal to us, and very well deserve to fall under your 'Censure. I know it would debase your Paper too much to 'enter into the Behaviour of these Female Libertines; but as 'your Remarks on some Part of it would be a doing of Justice 'to several Women of Virtue and Honour, whose Reputations 'suffer by it, I hope you will not think it improper to give the 'Publick some Accounts of this Nature. You must know, Sir, 'I am provoked to write you this Letter by the Behaviour of 'an infamous Woman, who having passed her Youth in a most 'shameless State of Prostitution, is now one of those who gain 'their Livelihood by seducing others, that are younger than 'themselves, and by establishing a criminal Commerce between 'the two Sexes. Among several of her Artifices to get Money, 'she frequently perswades a vain young Fellow, that such a 'Woman of Quality, or such a celebrated Toast, entertains a 'secret Passion for him, and wants nothing but an Opportunity 'of revealing it: Nay, she has gone so far as to write Letters in 'the Name of a Woman of Figure, to borrow Money of one of 'these foolish *Roderigo's*,[1] which she has afterwards appropriated 'to her own Use. In the mean time, the Person who has lent 'the Money, has thought a Lady under Obligations to him, 'who scarce knew his Name; and wondered at her Ingrati- 'tude when he has been with her, that she has not owned the 'Favour, though at the same time he was too much a Man of 'Honour to put her in mind of it.

'When this abandoned Baggage meets with a Man who has 'Vanity enough to give Credit to Relations of this nature, she 'turns him to very good Account, by repeating Praises that 'were never uttered, and delivering Messages that were never

[1] As the Roderigo whose money Iago used.

'sent. As the House of this shameless Creature is frequented 'by several Foreigners, I have heard of another Artifice, out of 'which she often raises Money. The Foreigner sighs after some '*British* Beauty, whom he only knows by Fame: Upon which 'she promises, if he can be secret, to procure him a Meeting. 'The Stranger, ravished at his good Fortune, gives her a 'Present, and in a little time is introduced to some imaginary 'Title; for you must know that this cunning Purveyor has her 'Representatives upon this Occasion, of some of the finest 'Ladies in the Kingdom. By this Means, as I am informed, 'it is usual enough to meet with a *German* Count in foreign 'Countries, that shall make his Boasts of Favours he has 'received from Women of the highest Ranks, and the most 'unblemished Characters. Now, Sir, what Safety is there for 'a Woman's Reputation, when a Lady may be thus prostituted 'as it were by Proxy, and be reputed an unchaste Woman; as 'the Hero in the ninth Book of *Dryden's* Virgil is looked upon 'as a Coward, because the Phantom which appeared in his 'Likeness ran away from *Turnus?* You may depend upon 'what I relate to you to be Matter of Fact, and the Practice 'of more than one of these female Pandars. If you print this 'Letter, I may give you some further Accounts of this vicious 'Race of Women. *Your humble Servant,*

BELVIDERA.

I shall add two other Letters on different Subjects to fill up my Paper.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am a Country Clergyman, and hope you will lend me 'your Assistance in ridiculing some little Indecencies which 'cannot so properly be exposed from the Pulpit.

'A Widow Lady, who straggled this Summer from *London* 'into my Parish for the Benefit of the Air, as she says, appears 'every *Sunday* at Church with many fashionable Extravagancies, 'to the great Astonishment of my Congregation.

'But what gives us the most Offence is her theatrical Manner 'of Singing the Psalms. She introduces above fifty *Italian* 'Airs into the hundredth Psalm, and whilst we begin *All People* 'in the old solemn Tune of our Forefathers, she in a quite 'different Key runs Divisions on the Vowels, and adorns them 'with the Graces of *Nicolini;* if she meets with Eke or Aye, 'which are frequent in the Metre of *Hopkins* and *Sternhold*,[1]

[1] Thomas Sternhold who joined Hopkins, Norton, and others in translation of the Psalms, was groom of the robes to Henry VIII. and Edward VI.

'we are certain to hear her quavering them half a Minute after 'us to some sprightly Airs of the Opera.

'I am very far from being an Enemy to Church Musick; 'but fear this Abuse of it may make my *Parish* ridiculous, who 'already look on the Singing Psalms as an Entertainment, and 'no Part of their Devotion: Besides, I am apprehensive that 'the Infection may spread, for Squire *Squeekum*, who by his 'Voice seems (if I may use the Expression) to be cut out for 'an *Italian* Singer, was last *Sunday* practising the same Airs.

'I know the Lady's Principles, and that she will plead the 'Toleration, which (as she fancies) allows her Non-Conformity 'in this Particular; but I beg you to acquaint her, That Sing-'ing the Psalms in a different Tune from the rest of the 'Congregation, is a Sort of Schism not tolerated by that Act.

I am, SIR,
Your very humble Servant,
R. S.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'In your Paper upon Temperance, you prescribe to us a 'Rule of drinking, out of Sir *William Temple*, in the following 'Words; *The first Glass for myself, the second for my Friends, 'the third for Good-humour, and the fourth for mine Enemies.* 'Now, Sir, you must know, that I have read this your *Spectator*, 'in a Club whereof I am a Member; when our President told 'us, there was certainly an Error in the Print, and that the 'Word *Glass* should be *Bottle;* and therefore has ordered me 'to inform you of this Mistake, and to desire you to publish 'the following *Errata:* In the Paper of *Saturday*, *Octob.* 13, 'Col. 3, Line 11, for *Glass* read *Bottle.*

L. *Yours,* Robin Good-fellow.

No. 206.] *Friday, October* 26, 1711. [*Steele.*

Quanto quisque sibi plura negaverit,
A Diis plura feret—— Hor.

THERE is a Call upon Mankind to value and esteem those who set a moderate Price upon their own Merit; and Self-denial is frequently attended with unexpected Blessings, which in the End abundantly recompense such Losses as the Modest seem to suffer in the ordinary Occurrences of Life. The Curious tell us, a Determination in our Favour or to our Disadvantage is made upon our first Appearance, even before

they know any thing of our Characters, but from the Intimations Men gather from our Aspect. A Man, they say, wears the Picture of his Mind in his Countenance; and one Man's Eyes are Spectacles to his who looks at him to read his Heart. But tho' that Way of raising an Opinion of those we behold in Publick is very fallacious, certain it is, that those, who by their Words and Actions take as much upon themselves, as they can but barely demand in the strict Scrutiny of their Deserts, will find their Account lessen every Day. A modest Man preserves his Character, as a frugal Man does his Fortune; if either of them live to the Height of either, one will find Losses, the other Errors, which he has not Stock by him to make up. It were therefore a just Rule, to keep your Desires, your Words and Actions, within the Regard you observe your Friends have for you; and never, if it were in a Man's Power, to take as much as he possibly might either in Preferment or Reputation. My Walks have lately been among the mercantile Part of the World; and one gets Phrases naturally from those with whom one converses: I say then, he that in his Air, his Treatment of others, or an habitual Arrogance to himself, gives himself Credit for the least Article of more Wit, Wisdom, Goodness, or Valour than he can possibly produce if he is called upon, will find the World break in upon him, and consider him as one who has cheated them of all the Esteem they had before allowed him. This brings a Commission of Bankruptcy upon him; and he that might have gone on to his Life's End in a prosperous Way, by aiming at more than he should, is no longer Proprietor of what he really had before, but his Pretensions fare as all Things do which are torn instead of being divided.

There is no one living would deny *Cinna* the Applause of an agreeable and facetious Wit; or could possibly pretend that there is not something inimitably unforced and diverting in his Manner of delivering all his Sentiments in Conversation, if he were able to conceal the strong Desire of Applause which he betrays in every Syllable he utters. But they who converse with him, see that all the Civilities they could do to him, or the kind Things they could say to him, would fall short of what he expects; and therefore instead of shewing him the Esteem they have for his Merit, their Reflections turn only upon that they observe he has of it himself.

If you go among the Women, and behold *Gloriana* trip into a Room with that theatrical Ostentation of her Charms, *Mirtilla* with that soft Regularity in her Motion, *Chloe* with such an indifferent Familiarity, *Corinna* with such a fond Approach,

and *Roxana* with such a Demand of Respect in the great Gravity of her Entrance; you find all the Sex, who understand themselves and act naturally, wait only for their Absence, to tell you that all these Ladies would impose themselves upon you; and each of them carry in their Behaviour a Consciousness of so much more than they should pretend to, that they lose what would otherwise be given them.

I remember the last time I saw *Macbeth*, I was wonderfully taken with the Skill of the Poet, in making the Murderer form Fears to himself from the Moderation of the Prince whose Life he was going to take away. He says of the King, *He bore his Faculties so meekly;* and justly inferred from thence, That all divine and human Power would join to avenge his Death, who had made such an abstinent Use of Dominion. All that is in a Man's Power to do to advance his own Pomp and Glory, and forbears, is so much laid up against the Day of Distress; and Pity will always be his Portion in Adversity, who acted with Gentleness in Prosperity.

The great Officer who foregoes the Advantages he might take to himself, and renounces all prudential Regards to his own Person in Danger, has so far the Merit of a Volunteer; and all his Honours and Glories are unenvied, for sharing the common Fate with the same Frankness as they do who have no such endearing Circumstances to part with. But if there were no such Considerations as the good Effect which Self-denial has upon the Sense of other Men towards us, it is of all Qualities the most desirable for the agreeable Disposition in which it places our own Minds. I cannot tell what better to say of it, than that it is the very Contrary of Ambition; and that Modesty allays all those Passions and Inquietudes to which that Vice exposes us. He that is moderate in his Wishes from Reason and Choice, and not resigned from Sourness, Distaste, or Disappointment, doubles all the Pleasures of his Life. The Air, the Season, a [Sun-shiny[1]] Day, or a fair Prospect, are Instances of Happiness, and that which he enjoys in common with all the World, (by his Exemption from the Enchantments by which all the World are bewitched) are to him uncommon Benefits and new Acquisitions. Health is not eaten up with Care, nor Pleasure interrupted by Envy. It is not to him of any Consequence what this Man is famed for, or for what the other is preferred. He knows there is in such a Place an uninterrupted Walk; he can meet in such a Company an agreeable Conversation: He has no Emulation, he is no Man's

[1] [Sun-shine], and in the first reprint.

Rival, but every Man's Well-wisher; can look at a prosperous Man, with a Pleasure in reflecting that he hopes he is as happy as himself; and has his Mind and his Fortune (as far as Prudence will allow) open to the Unhappy and to the Stranger.

Lucceius has Learning, Wit, Humour, Eloquence, but no ambitious Prospects to pursue with these Advantages; therefore to the ordinary World he is perhaps thought to want Spirit, but known among his Friends to have a Mind of the most consummate Greatness. He wants no Man's Admiration, is in no Need of Pomp. His Cloaths please him if they are fashionable and warm; his Companions are agreeable if they are civil and well-natured. There is with him no Occasion for Superfluity at Meals, for Jollity in Company, in a word, for any thing extraordinary to administer Delight to him. Want of Prejudice and Command of Appetite are the Companions which make his Journey of Life so easy, that he in all Places meets with more Wit, more good Cheer and more good-Humour, than is necessary to make him enjoy himself with Pleasure and Satisfaction. T.

No. 207.] *Saturday, October* 27, 1711. [*Addison.*

Omnibus in terris, quæ sunt à Gadibus usque
Auroram et Gangem, pauci dignoscere possunt
Vera bona, atque illis multùm diversa, remotâ
Erroris nebulâ——— Juv.

IN my last *Saturday's* Paper I laid down some Thoughts upon Devotion in general, and shall here shew what were the Notions of the most refined Heathens on this Subject, as they are represented in *Plato's* Dialogue upon Prayer, entitled, *Alcibiades the Second*, which doubtless gave Occasion to *Juvenal's* tenth Satire, and to the second Satire of *Persius;* as the last of these Authors has almost transcribed the preceding Dialogue, entitled *Alcibiades the First*, in his Fourth Satire.

The Speakers in this Dialogue upon Prayer, are *Socrates* and *Alcibiades;* and the Substance of it (when drawn together out of the Intricacies and Digressions) as follows.

Socrates meeting his Pupil *Alcibiades*, as he was going to his Devotions, and observing his Eyes to be fixed upon the Earth with great Seriousness and Attention, tells him, that he had reason to be thoughtful on that Occasion, since it was possible

for a Man to bring down Evils upon himself by his own Prayers, and that those things, which the Gods send him in Answer to his Petitions, might turn to his Destruction: This, says he, may not only happen when a Man prays for what he knows is mischievous in its own Nature, as *Oedipus* implored the Gods to sow Dissension between his Sons; but when he prays for what he believes would be for his Good, and against what he believes would be to his Detriment. This the Philosopher shews must necessarily happen among us, since most Men are blinded with Ignorance, Prejudice, or Passion, which hinder them from seeing such things as are really beneficial to them. For an Instance, he asks *Alcibiades*, Whether he would not be thoroughly pleased and satisfied if that God, to whom he was going to address himself, should promise to make him the Sovereign of the whole Earth? *Alcibiades* answers, That he should doubtless look upon such a Promise as the greatest Favour that he could bestow upon him. *Socrates* then asks him, If after [receiving [1]] this great Favour he would be content[ed] to lose his Life? or if he would receive it though he was sure he should make an ill Use of it? To both which Questions *Alcibiades* answers in the Negative. *Socrates* then shews him, from the Examples of others, how these might very probably be the Effects of such a Blessing. He then adds, That other reputed Pieces of Good-fortune, as that of having a Son, or procuring the highest Post in a Government, are subject to the like fatal Consequences; which nevertheless, says he, Men ardently desire, and would not fail to pray for, if they thought their Prayers might be effectual for the obtaining of them.

Having established this great Point, That all the most apparent Blessings in this Life are obnoxious to such dreadful Consequences, and that no Man knows what in its Events would prove to him a Blessing or a Curse, he teaches *Alcibiades* after what manner he ought to pray.

In the first Place, he recommends to him, as the Model of his Devotions, a short Prayer, which a *Greek* Poet composed for the Use of his Friends, in the following Words; *O* Jupiter, *give us those Things which are good for us, whether they are such Things as we pray for, or such Things as we do not pray for: and remove from us those Things which are hurtful, though they are such Things as we pray for.*

In the second Place, that his Disciple may ask such Things as are expedient for him, he shews him, that it is absolutely necessary to apply himself to the Study of true Wisdom, and to

[1] [having received], and in first reprint.

the Knowledge of that which is his chief Good, and the most suitable to the Excellency of his Nature.

In the third and last Place he informs him, that the best Method he could make use of to draw down Blessings upon himself, and to render his Prayers acceptable, would be to live in a constant Practice of his Duty towards the Gods, and towards Men. Under this Head he very much recommends a Form of Prayer the *Lacedemonians* made use of, in which they petition the Gods, *to give them all good Things so long as they were virtuous.* Under this Head likewise he gives a very remarkable Account of an Oracle to the following Purpose.

When the *Athenians* in the War with the *Lacedemonians* received many Defeats both by Sea and Land, they sent a Message to the Oracle of *Jupiter Ammon*, to ask the Reason why they who erected so many Temples to the Gods, and adorned them with such costly Offerings; why they who had instituted so many Festivals, and accompanied them with such Pomps and Ceremonies; in short, why they who had slain so many Hecatombs at their Altars, should be less successful than the *Lacedemonians*, who fell so short of them in all these Particulars. To this, says he, the Oracle made the following Reply; *I am better pleased with the Prayer of the* Lacedemonians, *than with all the Oblations of the* Greeks. As this Prayer implied and encouraged Virtue in those who made it, the Philosopher proceeds to shew how the most vicious Man might be devout, so far as Victims could make him, but that his Offerings were regarded by the Gods as Bribes, and his Petitions as Blasphemies. He likewise quotes on this Occasion two Verses out of *Homer*,[1] in which the Poet says, That the Scent of the *Trojan* Sacrifices was carried up to Heaven by the Winds; but that it was not acceptable to the Gods, who were displeased with *Priam* and all his People.

The Conclusion of this Dialogue is very remarkable. *Socrates* having deterred *Alcibiades* from the Prayers and Sacrifice which he was going to offer, by setting forth the above-mentioned Difficulties of performing that Duty as he ought, adds these Words, *We must therefore wait till such Time as we may learn how we ought to behave ourselves towards the Gods, and towards Men.* But when will that Time come, says *Alcibiades*, and who is it that will instruct us? For I would fain see this Man, whoever he is. It is one, says *Socrates*, who takes care of you; but as *Homer* tells us,[2] that *Minerva* removed the Mist from *Diomedes* his Eyes, that he might plainly discover both Gods

[1] Iliad, viii. 548, 9. [2] Iliad, v. 127.

and Men; so the Darkness that hangs upon your Mind must be removed before you are able to discern what is Good and what is Evil. Let him remove from my Mind, says *Alcibiades*, the Darkness, and what else he pleases, I am determined to refuse nothing he shall order me, whoever he is, so that I may become the better Man by it. The remaining Part of this Dialogue is very obscure: There is something in it that would make us think *Socrates* hinted at himself, when he spoke of this Divine Teacher who was to come into the World, did not he own that he himself was in this respect as much at a Loss, and in as great Distress as the rest of Mankind.

Some learned Men look upon this Conclusion as a Prediction of our Saviour, or at least that *Socrates*, like the High-Priest,[1] prophesied unknowingly, and pointed at that Divine Teacher who was to come into the World some Ages after him. However that may be, we find that this great Philosopher saw, by the Light of Reason, that it was suitable to the Goodness of the Divine Nature, to send a Person into the World who should instruct Mankind in the Duties of Religion, and, in particular, teach them how to Pray.

Whoever reads this Abstract of *Plato's* Discourse on Prayer, will, I believe, naturally make this Reflection, That the great Founder of our Religion, as well by his own Example, as in the Form of Prayer which he taught his Disciples, did not only keep up to those Rules which the Light of Nature had suggested to this great Philosopher, but instructed his Disciples in the whole Extent of this Duty, as well as of all others. He directed them to the proper Object of Adoration, and taught them, according to the third Rule above-mentioned, to apply themselves to him in their Closets, without Show or Ostentation, and to worship him in Spirit and in Truth. As the *Lacedemonians* in their Form of Prayer implored the Gods in general to give them all good things so long as they were virtuous, we ask in particular *that our Offences may be forgiven, as we forgive those of others.* If we look into the second Rule which *Socrates* has prescribed, namely, That we should apply ourselves to the Knowledge of such Things as are best for us, this too is explain'd at large in the Doctrines of the Gospel, where we are taught in several Instances to regard those things as Curses, which appear as Blessings in the Eye of the World; and on the contrary, to esteem those things as Blessings, which to the Generality of Mankind appear as Curses. Thus in the Form which is prescribed to us we only pray for that Happiness which is our

[1] John xi. 49.

chief Good, and the great End of our Existence, when we petition the Supreme Being for *the coming of his Kingdom*, being solicitous for no other temporal Blessings but our *daily Sustenance*. On the other side, We pray against nothing but Sin, and against *Evil* in general, leaving it with Omniscience to determine what is really such. If we look into the first of *Socrates* his Rules of Prayer, in which he recommends the above-mentioned Form of the ancient Poet, we find that Form not only comprehended, but very much improved in the Petition, wherein we pray to the Supreme Being that *his Will may be done:* which is of the same Force with that Form which our Saviour used, when he prayed against the most painful and most ignominious of Deaths, *Nevertheless not my Will, but thine be done*. This comprehensive Petition is the most humble, as well as the most prudent, that can be offered up from the Creature to his Creator, as it supposes the Supreme Being wills nothing but what is for our Good, and that he knows better than ourselves what is so. L.

No. 208.] *Monday, October* 29, 1711. [*Steele.*

[——*Veniunt spectentur ut ipsæ.*—Ov.[1]]

I HAVE several Letters of People of good Sense, who lament the Depravity or Poverty of Taste the Town is fallen into with relation to Plays and publick Spectacles. A Lady in particular observes, that there is such a Levity in the Minds of her own Sex, that they seldom attend any thing but Impertinences. It is indeed prodigious to observe how little Notice is taken of the most exalted Parts of the best Tragedies in *Shakespear;* nay, it is not only visible that Sensuality has devoured all Greatness of Soul, but the Under-Passion (as I may so call it) of a noble Spirit, Pity, seems to be a Stranger to the Generality of an Audience. The Minds of Men are indeed very differently disposed; and the Reliefs from Care and Attention are of one Sort in a great Spirit, and of another in an ordinary one. The Man of a great Heart and a serious Complexion, is more pleased with Instances of Generosity and Pity, than the light and ludicrous Spirit can possibly be with the highest Strains of Mirth and Laughter: It is therefore a melancholy Prospect when we see a numerous Assembly lost

[1] [*Spectaret Populum ludis attentius ipsis.*—Hor.]

to all serious Entertainments, and such Incidents, as should move one sort of Concern, excite in them a quite contrary one. In the Tragedy of *Macbeth*, the other Night,[1] when the Lady who is conscious of the Crime of murdering the King, seems utterly astonished at the News, and makes an Exclamation at it, instead of the Indignation which is natural to the Occasion, that Expression is received with a loud Laugh: They were as merry when a Criminal was stabbed. It is certainly an Occasion of rejoycing when the Wicked are seized in their Designs; but I think it is not such a Triumph as is exerted by Laughter.

You may generally observe, that the Appetites are sooner moved than the Passions: A sly Expression which alludes to Bawdry, puts a whole Row into a pleasing Smirk; when a good Sentence that describes an inward Sentiment of the Soul, is received with the greatest Coldness and Indifference. A Correspondent of mine, upon this Subject, has divided the Female Part of the Audience, and accounts for their Prepossession against this reasonable Delight in the following Manner. The Prude, says he, as she acts always in Contradiction, so she is gravely sullen at a Comedy, and extravagantly gay at a Tragedy. The Coquette is so much taken up with throwing her Eyes around the Audience, and considering the Effect of them, that she cannot be expected to observe the Actors but as they are her Rivals, and take off the Observation of the Men from her self. Besides these Species of Women, there are the *Examples*, or the first of the Mode: These are to be supposed too well acquainted with what the Actor was going to say to be moved at it. After these one might mention a certain flippant Set of Females who are Mimicks, and are wonderfully diverted with the Conduct of all the People around them, and are Spectators only of the Audience. But what is of all the most to be lamented, is the Loss of a Party whom it would be worth preserving in their right Senses upon all Occasions, and these are those whom we may indifferently call the Innocent or the Unaffected. You may sometimes see one of these sensibly touched with a well-wrought Incident; but then she is immediately so impertinently observed by the Men, and frowned at by some insensible Superior of her own Sex, that she is ashamed, and loses the Enjoyment of the most laudable Concern, Pity. Thus the whole Audience is afraid of letting fall a Tear, and shun as a Weakness the best and worthiest Part of our Sense.

[1] Acted Saturday, October 20.

SIR,

'As you are one that doth not only pretend to reform, but 'effects it amongst People of any Sense; makes me (who are 'one of the greatest of your Admirers) give you this Trouble 'to desire you will settle the Method of us Females knowing 'when one another is in Town: For they have now got a 'Trick of never sending to their Acquaintance when they first 'come; and if one does not visit them within the Week which 'they stay at home, it is a mortal Quarrel. Now, dear Mr. 'SPEC, either command them to put it in the Advertisement of 'your Paper, which is generally read by our Sex, or else order 'them to breathe their saucy Footmen (who are good for no-'thing else) by sending them to tell all their Acquaintance. 'If you think to print this, pray put it into a better Style as to 'the spelling Part. The Town is now filling every Day, and 'it cannot be deferred, because People take Advantage of one 'another by this Means and break off Acquaintance, and are 'rude: Therefore pray put this in your Paper as soon as you 'can possibly, to prevent any future Miscarriages of this Nature. 'I am, as I ever shall be,

'Pray settle what is to 'be a proper Notification 'of a Person's being in 'Town, and how that dif-'fers according to People's 'Quality.

Dear SPEC,
Your most obedient
Humble Servant,
Mary Meanwell.

Mr. SPECTATOR, October *the 20th.*

'I have been out of Town, so did not meet with your Paper 'dated *September* the 28th, wherein you, to my Heart's Desire, 'expose that cursed Vice of ensnaring poor young Girls, and 'drawing them from their Friends. I assure you without 'Flattery it has saved a Prentice of mine from Ruin; and in 'Token of Gratitude as well as for the Benefit of my Family, 'I have put it in a Frame and Glass, and hung it behind my 'Counter. I shall take Care to make my young ones read it 'every Morning, to fortify them against such pernicious Rascals. 'I know not whether what you writ was Matter of Fact, or 'your own Invention; but this I will take my Oath on, the 'first Part is so exactly like what happened to my Prentice, 'that had I read your Paper then, I should have taken your 'Method to have secured a Villain. Go on and prosper.

Your most obliged Humble Servant.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'Without Raillery, I desire you to insert this Word for Word 'in your next, as you value a Lover's Prayers. You see it is 'an Hue and Cry after a stray Heart (with the Marks and 'Blemishes underwritten) which whoever shall bring to you, 'shall receive Satisfaction. Let me beg of you not to fail, as 'you remember the Passion you had for her to whom you 'lately ended a Paper.

Noble, Generous, Great, and Good,
But never to be understood;
Fickle as the Wind, still changing,
After every Female ranging,
Panting, trembling, sighing, dying,
But addicted much to Lying:
When the Siren Songs repeats,
Equal Measures still it beats;
Who-e'er shall wear it, it will smart her,
And who-e'er takes it, takes a Tartar. T.

No. 209.] *Tuesday, October* 30, 1711. [*Addison.*

Γυναικὸς οὐδὲ χρῆμ' ἀνὴρ λήίζεται
Ἐσθλῆς ἄμεινον, οὐδὲ ῥίγιον κακῆς.—Simonides.

THERE are no Authors I am more pleased with than those who shew human Nature in a Variety of Views, and describe the several Ages of the World in their different Manners. A Reader cannot be more rationally entertained, than by comparing the Virtues and Vices of his own Times with those which prevailed in the Times of his Forefathers; and drawing a Parallel in his Mind between his own private Character, and that of other Persons, whether of his own Age, or of the Ages that went before him. The Contemplation of Mankind under these changeable Colours, is apt to shame us out of any particular Vice, or animate us to any particular Virtue, to make us pleased or displeased with our selves in the most proper Points, to clear our Minds of Prejudice and Prepossession, and rectify that Narrowness of Temper which inclines us to think amiss of those who differ from our selves.

If we look into the Manners of the most remote Ages of the World, we discover human Nature in her Simplicity; and the more we come downwards towards our own Times, may observe her hiding herself in Artifices and Refinements, Polished

insensibly out of her Original Plainness, and at length entirely lost under Form and Ceremony, and (what we call) good Breeding. Read the Accounts of Men and Women as they are given us by the most ancient Writers, both Sacred and Prophane, and you would think you were reading the History of another Species.

Among the Writers of Antiquity, there are none who instruct us more openly in the Manners of their respective Times in which they lived, than those who have employed themselves in Satyr, under what Dress soever it may appear; as there are no other Authors whose Province it is to enter so directly into the Ways of Men, and set their Miscarriages in so strong a Light.

Simonides,[1] a Poet famous in his Generation, is, I think, Author of the oldest Satyr that is now extant; and, as some say, of the first that was ever written. This Poet flourished about four hundred Years after the Siege of *Troy;* and shews, by his way of Writing, the Simplicity, or rather Coarseness, of the Age in which he lived. I have taken notice, in my Hundred and sixty first Speculation, that the Rule of observing what the *French* call the *bienséance*, in an Allusion, has been found out of later Years; and that the Ancients, provided there was a Likeness in their Similitudes, did not much trouble themselves about the Decency of the Comparison. The Satyr or Iambicks of *Simonides*, with which I shall entertain my Readers in the present Paper, are a remarkable Instance of what I formerly advanced. The Subject of this Satyr is Woman. He describes the Sex in their several Characters, which he derives to them from a fanciful Supposition raised upon the Doctrine of Præexistence. He tells us, That the Gods formed the Souls of Women out of those Seeds and Principles which compose several Kinds of Animals and Elements; and that their Good or Bad Dispositions arise in them according as such and such Seeds and Principles predominate in their Constitutions. I have translated the Author very faithfully, and if not Word for Word (which our Language would not bear) at least so as to comprehend every one of his Sentiments, without adding any thing of my own. I have already apologized for this Author's Want of Delicacy, and must further premise, That the following Satyr affects only some of the lower part of the Sex, and not those who have been refined by a Polite Education, which was not so common in the Age of this Poet.

[1] Of the poems of Simonides, contemporary of Æschylus, only fragments remain. He died about 467 B.C.

In the Beginning God made the Souls of Womankind out of different Materials, and in a separate State from their Bodies.

The Souls of one Kind of Women were formed out of those Ingredients which compose a Swine. A Woman of this Make is a Slut in her House and a Glutton at her Table. She is uncleanly in her Person, a Slattern in her Dress, and her Family is no better than a Dunghill.

A Second Sort of Female Soul was formed out of the same Materials that enter into the Composition of a Fox. Such an one is what we call a notable discerning Woman, who has an Insight into every thing, whether it be good or bad. In this Species of Females there are some Virtuous and some Vicious.

A Third Kind of Women were made up of Canine Particles. These are what we commonly call Scolds, *who imitate the Animals of which they were taken, that are always busy and barking, that snarl at every one who comes in their Way, and live in perpetual Clamour.*

The Fourth Kind of Women were made out of the Earth. These are your Sluggards, who pass away their Time in Indolence and Ignorance, hover over the Fire a whole Winter, and apply themselves with Alacrity to no kind of Business but Eating.

The Fifth Species of Females were made out of the Sea. These are Women of variable uneven Tempers, sometimes all Storm and Tempest, sometimes all Calm and Sunshine. The Stranger who sees one of these in her Smiles and Smoothness would cry her up for a Miracle of good Humour; but on a sudden her Looks and her Words are changed, she is nothing but Fury and Outrage, Noise and Hurricane.

The Sixth Species were made up of the Ingredients which compose an Ass, or a Beast of Burden. These are naturally exceeding slothful, but, upon the Husband's exerting his Authority, will live upon hard Fare, and do every thing to please him. They are however far from being averse to Venereal Pleasure, and seldom refuse a Male Companion.

The Cat furnished Materials for a Seventh Species of Women, who are of a melancholy, froward, unamiable Nature, and so repugnant to the Offers of Love, that they fly in the Face of their Husband when he approaches them with conjugal Endearments. This Species of Women are likewise subject to little Thefts, Cheats and Pilferings.

The Mare with a flowing Mane, which was never broke to any servile Toil and Labour, composed an Eighth Species of Women. These are they who have little Regard for their Husbands, who pass away their Time in Dressing, Bathing, and

Perfuming; who throw their Hair into the nicest Curls, and trick it up with the fairest Flowers and Garlands. A Woman of this Species is a very pretty Thing for a Stranger to look upon, but very detrimental to the Owner, unless it be a King or Prince who takes a Fancy to such a Toy.

The Ninth Species of Females were taken out of the Ape. These are such as are both ugly and ill-natured, who have nothing beautiful in themselves, and endeavour to detract from or ridicule every thing which appears so in others.

The Tenth and last Species of Women were made out of the Bee; and happy is the Man who gets such an one for his Wife. She is altogether faultless and unblameable; her Family flourishes and improves by her good Management. She loves her Husband, and is beloved by him. She brings him a Race of beautiful and virtuous Children. She distinguishes her self among her Sex. She is surrounded with Graces. She never sits among the loose Tribe of Women, nor passes away her Time with them in wanton Discourses. She is full of Virtue and Prudence, and is the best Wife that Jupiter *can bestow on Man.*

I shall conclude these Iambicks with the Motto of this Paper, which is a Fragment of the same Author: *A Man cannot possess any Thing that is better than a good Woman, nor any thing that is worse than a bad one.*

As the Poet has shewn a great Penetration in this Diversity of Female Characters, he has avoided the Fault which *Juvenal* and Monsieur *Boileau* are guilty of, the former in his sixth, and the other in his last Satyr, where they have endeavoured to expose the Sex in general, without doing Justice to the valuable Part of it. Such levelling Satyrs are of no Use to the World, and for this Reason I have often wondered how the *French* Author above-mentioned, who was a Man of exquisite Judgment, and a Lover of Virtue, could think human Nature a proper Subject for Satyr in another of his celebrated Pieces, which is called *The Satyr upon Man.* What Vice or Frailty can a Discourse correct, which censures the whole Species alike, and endeavours to shew by some Superficial Strokes of Wit, that Brutes are the more excellent Creatures of the two? A Satyr should expose nothing but what is corrigible, and make a due Discrimination between those who are, and those who are not the proper Objects of it. L.

No. 210.] *Wednesday, Oct.* 31, 1711. [*John Hughes.*

Nescio quomodo inhæret in mentibus quasi seculorum quoddam augurium futurorum; idque in maximis ingeniis altissimisque animis et existit maxime et apparet facillime.—Cic. Tusc. Quæst.

To the SPECTATOR.

SIR,

'I AM fully persuaded that one of the best Springs of gener-
'ous and worthy Actions, is the having generous and worthy
'Thoughts of our selves. Whoever has a mean Opinion of the
'Dignity of his Nature, will act in no higher a Rank than he
'has allotted himself in his own Estimation. If he considers
'his Being as circumscribed by the uncertain Term of a few
'Years, his Designs will be contracted into the same narrow
'Span he imagines is to bound his Existence. How can he
'exalt his Thoughts to any thing great and noble, who only
'believes that, after a short Turn on the Stage of this World,
'he is to sink into Oblivion, and to lose his Consciousness
'for ever?

'For this Reason I am of Opinion, that so useful and
'elevated a Contemplation as that of the *Soul's Immortality*
'cannot be resumed too often. There is not a more improving
'Exercise to the human Mind, than to be frequently review-
'ing its own great Privileges and Endowments; nor a more
'effectual Means to awaken in us an Ambition raised above
'low Objects and little Pursuits, than to value our selves as
'Heirs of Eternity.

'It is a very great Satisfaction to consider the best and
'wisest of Mankind in all Nations and Ages, asserting, as with
'one Voice, this their Birthright, and to find it ratify'd by
'an express Revelation. At the same time if we turn our
'Thoughts inward upon our selves, we may meet with a kind
'of secret Sense concurring with the Proofs of our own
'Immortality.

'You have, in my Opinion, raised a good presumptive
'Argument from the increasing Appetite the Mind has to
'Knowledge, and to the extending its own Faculties, which
'cannot be accomplished, as the more restrained Perfection
'of lower Creatures may, in the Limits of a short Life. I
'think another probable Conjecture may be raised from our
'Appetite to Duration it self, and from a Reflection on our
'Progress through the several Stages of it: *We are complaining*,
'as you observe in a former Speculation, *of the Shortness of Life*,

'*and yet are perpetually hurrying over the Parts of it, to arrive* '*at certain little Settlements, or imaginary Points of Rest, which* '*are dispersed up and down in it.*

'Now let us consider what happens to us when we arrive at 'these *imaginary Points of Rest:* Do we stop our Motion, and 'sit down satisfied in the Settlement we have gain'd? or are 'we not removing the Boundary, and marking out new Points 'of Rest, to which we press forward with the like Eagerness, 'and which cease to be such as fast as we attain them? Our 'Case is like that of a Traveller upon the *Alps*, who should 'fancy that the Top of the next Hill must end his Journey, 'because it terminates his Prospect; but he no sooner arrives 'as it, than he sees new Ground and other Hills beyond it, and 'continues to travel on as before.[1]

'This is so plainly every Man's Condition in Life, that there 'is no one who has observed any thing, but may observe, that 'as fast as his Time wears away, his Appetite to something 'future remains. The Use therefore I would make of it is this, 'That since Nature (as some love to express it) does nothing 'in vain, or, to speak properly, since the Author of our Being 'has planted no wandering Passion in it, no Desire which has 'not its Object, Futurity is the proper Object of the Passion 'so constantly exercis'd about it; and this Restlessness in the 'present, this assigning our selves over to further Stages of 'Duration, this successive grasping at somewhat still to come, 'appears to me (whatever it may to others) as a kind of 'Instinct or natural Symptom which the Mind of Man has of 'its own Immortality.

'I take it at the same time for granted, that the Immortality 'of the Soul is sufficiently established by other Arguments: 'And if so, this Appetite, which otherwise would be very un-'accountable and absurd, seems very reasonable, and adds 'Strength to the Conclusion. But I am amazed when I con-'sider there are Creatures capable of Thought, who, in spite of 'every Argument, can form to themselves a sullen Satisfaction 'in thinking otherwise. There is something so pitifully mean 'in the inverted Ambition of that Man who can hope for 'Annihilation, and please himself to think that his whole 'Fabrick shall one Day crumble into Dust, and mix with the 'Mass of inanimate Beings, that it equally deserves our Ad-'miration and Pity. The Mystery of such Mens Unbelief is 'not hard to be penetrated; and indeed amounts to nothing

[1] '*Hills peep o'er Hills, and Alps on Alps arise.*' Pope's Essay on Criticism, then newly published.

'more than a sordid Hope that they shall not be immortal, 'because they dare not be so.

'This brings me back to my first Observation, and gives me 'Occasion to say further, That as worthy Actions spring 'from worthy Thoughts, so worthy Thoughts are likewise the 'Consequence of worthy Actions: But the Wretch who has 'degraded himself below the Character of Immortality, is 'very willing to resign his Pretensions to it, and to substitute 'in its Room a dark negative Happiness in the Extinction of 'his Being.

'The admirable *Shakespear* has given us a strong Image of 'the unsupported Condition of such a Person in his last 'Minutes, in the second Part of King *Henry* the Sixth, where 'Cardinal *Beaufort*, who had been concerned in the Murder of 'the good Duke *Humphrey*, is represented on his Death-bed. 'After some short confused Speeches which shew an Imagina- 'tion disturbed with Guilt, just as he is expiring, King *Henry* 'standing by him full of Compassion, says,

> *Lord Cardinal! if thou think'st on Heaven's Bliss,*
> *Hold up thy Hand, make Signal of that Hope!*
> *He dies, and makes no Sign!———*

'The Despair which is here shewn, without a Word or 'Action on the Part of the dying Person, is beyond what could 'be painted by the most forcible Expressions whatever.

'I shall not pursue this Thought further, but only add, That 'as Annihilation is not to be had with a Wish, so it is the most 'abject Thing in the World to wish it. What are Honour, 'Fame, Wealth, or Power when compared with the generous 'Expectation of a Being without End, and a Happiness adequate 'to that Being?

'I shall trouble you no further; but with a certain Gravity 'which these Thoughts have given me, I reflect upon some 'Things People say of you, (as they will of Men who distinguish 'themselves) which I hope are not true; and wish you as good 'a Man as you are an Author.

I am, SIR,

Your most obedient humble Servant,

Z. T. D.

No. 211.] *Thursday, November* 1, 1711. [*Addison.*

Fictis meminerit nos jocari Fabulis.—Phæd.

HAVING lately translated the Fragment of an old Poet which describes Womankind under several Characters, and supposes them to have drawn their different Manners and Dispositions from those Animals and Elements out of which he tells us they were compounded; I had some Thoughts of giving the Sex their Revenge, by laying together in another Paper the many vicious Characters which prevail in the Male World, and shewing the different Ingredients that go to the making up of such different Humours and Constitutions. *Horace* has a Thought[1] which is something akin to this, when, in order to excuse himself to his Mistress, for an Invective which he had written against her, and to account for that unreasonable Fury with which the Heart of Man is often transported, he tells us that, when *Prometheus* made his Man of Clay, in the kneading up of his Heart, he season'd it with some furious Particles of the Lion. But upon turning this Plan to and fro in my Thoughts, I observed so many unaccountable Humours in Man, that I did not know out of what Animals to fetch them. Male Souls are diversify'd with so many Characters, that the World has not Variety of Materials sufficient to furnish out their different Tempers and Inclinations. The Creation, with all its Animals and Elements, would not be large enough to supply their several Extravagancies.

Instead therefore of pursuing the Thought of *Simonides*, I shall observe, that as he has exposed the vicious Part of Women from the Doctrine of Præexistence, some of the ancient Philosophers have, in a manner, satirized the vicious Part of the human Species in general, from a Notion of the Soul's Postexistence, if I may so call it; and that as *Simonides* describes Brutes entring into the Composition of Women, others have represented human Souls as entering into Brutes. This is commonly termed the Doctrine of Transmigration, which supposes that human Souls, upon their leaving the Body, become the Souls of such Kinds of Brutes as they most resemble in their Manners; or to give an Account of it as Mr. *Dryden* has described it in his Translation of *Pythagoras* his Speech in the fifteenth Book of *Ovid*, where that Philosopher dissuades his Hearers from eating Flesh:

[1] Odes, I. 16.

Thus all things are but alter'd, nothing dies,
And here and there th' unbody'd Spirit flies:
By Time, or Force, or Sickness dispossess'd,
And lodges where it lights, in Bird or Beast,
Or hunts without till ready Limbs it find,
And actuates those according to their Kind:
From Tenement to Tenement is toss'd:
The Soul is still the same, the Figure only lost.
Then let not Piety be put to Flight,
To please the Taste of Glutton-Appetite;
But suffer inmate Souls secure to dwell,
Lest from their Seats your Parents you expel;
With rabid Hunger feed upon your Kind,
Or from a Beast dislodge a Brother's Mind.

Plato in the Vision of *Erus* the *Armenian*, which I may possibly make the Subject of a future Speculation, records some beautiful Transmigrations; as that the Soul of *Orpheus*, who was musical, melancholy, and a Woman-hater, entered into a Swan; the Soul of *Ajax*, which was all Wrath and Fierceness, into a Lion; the Soul of *Agamemnon*, that was rapacious and imperial, into an Eagle; and the Soul of *Thersites*, who was a Mimick and a Buffoon, into a Monkey.[1]

Mr. *Congreve*, in a Prologue to one of his Comedies,[2] has touch'd upon this Doctrine with great Humour.

Thus Aristotle's *Soul of old that was,*
May now be damn'd to animate an Ass;
Or in this very House, for ought we know,
Is doing painful Penance in some Beau.

I shall fill up this Paper with some Letters which my last *Tuesday's* Speculation has produced. My following Correspondents will shew, what I there observed, that the Speculation of that Day affects only the lower Part of the Sex.

[1] In the *Timæus* Plato derives woman and all the animals from man, by successive degradations. Cowardly or unjust men are born again as women. Light, airy, and superficial men, who carried their minds aloft without the use of reason, are the materials for making birds, the hair being transmuted into feathers and wings. From men wholly without philosophy, who never looked heavenward, the more brutal land animals are derived, losing the round form of the cranium by the slackening and stopping of the rotations of the encephalic soul. Feet are given to these according to the degree of their stupidity, to multiply approximations to the earth; and the dullest become reptiles who drag the whole length of their bodies on the ground. Out of the very stupidest of men come those animals which are not judged worthy to live at all upon earth and breathe this air, these men become fishes, and the creatures who breathe nothing but turbid water, fixed at the lowest depths and almost motionless, among the mud. By such transitions, he says, the different races of animals passed originally and still pass into each other.

[2] In the Epilogue to 'Love for Love.'

From my House in the Strand, October 30, 1711.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'Upon reading your *Tuesday's* Paper, I find by several 'Symptoms in my Constitution that I am a Bee. My Shop, 'or, if you please to call it so, my Cell, is in that great Hive of 'Females which goes by the Name of *The New Exchange;* 'where I am daily employed in gathering together a little Stock 'of Gain from the finest Flowers about the Town, I mean the 'Ladies and the Beaus. I have a numerous Swarm of Children, 'to whom I give the best Education I am able: But, Sir, it is 'my Misfortune to be married to a Drone, who lives upon what 'I get, without bringing any thing into the common Stock. 'Now, Sir, as on the one hand I take care not to behave myself 'towards him like a Wasp, so likewise I would not have him 'look upon me as an Humble-Bee; for which Reason I do all I 'can to put him upon laying up Provisions for a bad Day, and 'frequently represent to him the fatal Effects [his [1]] Sloth and 'Negligence may bring upon us in our old Age. I must beg 'that you will join with me in your good Advice upon this 'Occasion, and you will for ever oblige

Your humble Servant,
MELISSA.

SIR, *Picadilly, October* 31, 1711.

'I am joined in Wedlock for my Sins to one of those Fillies 'who are described in the old Poet with that hard Name you 'gave us the other Day. She has a flowing Mane, and a Skin 'as soft as Silk: But, Sir, she passes half her Life at her Glass, 'and almost ruins me in Ribbons. For my own part, I am a 'plain handicraft Man, and in Danger of breaking by her Lazi- 'ness and Expensiveness. Pray, Master, tell me in your next 'Paper, whether I may not expect of her so much Drudgery as 'to take care of her Family, and curry her Hide in case of 'Refusal. *Your loving Friend,*
Barnaby Brittle.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Cheapside, October* 30.

'I am mightily pleased with the Humour of the Cat, be so 'kind as to enlarge upon that Subject. *Yours till Death,*
Josiah Henpeck.

P. S. 'You must know I am married to a *Grimalkin.*

[1] [that his]

SIR, *Wapping, October* 31, 1711.

'Ever since your *Spectator* of *Tuesday* last came into our 'Family, my Husband is pleased to call me his *Oceana,* because 'the foolish old Poet that you have translated says, That the 'Souls of some Women are made of Sea-Water. This, it seems, 'has encouraged my Sauce-Box to be witty upon me. When I 'am angry, he cries Pr'ythee my Dear *be calm;* when I chide 'one of my Servants, Pr'ythee Child *do not bluster.* He 'had the Impudence about an Hour ago to tell me, That he 'was a Sea-faring Man, and must expect to divide his Life 'between *Storm* and *Sunshine.* When I bestir myself with 'any Spirit in my Family, it is *high Sea* in his House; and 'when I sit still without doing any thing, his Affairs forsooth 'are *Wind-bound.* When I ask him whether it rains, he makes 'Answer, It is no Matter, so that it be *fair Weather* within 'Doors. In short, Sir, I cannot speak my Mind freely to him, 'but I either *swell* or *rage,* or do something that is not fit for a 'civil Woman to hear. Pray, *Mr.* SPECTATOR, since you are so 'sharp upon other Women, let us know what Materials your 'Wife is made of, if you have one. I suppose you would make 'us a Parcel of poor spirited tame insipid Creatures; but, Sir, 'I would have you to know, we have as good Passions in us as 'your self, and that a Woman was never designed to be a 'Milk-Sop.

L. *MARTHA TEMPEST.*

No. 212.] *Friday, November* 2, 1711. [*Steele.*

——Eripe turpi
Colla jugo, liber, liber dic, sum age— Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I NEVER look upon my dear Wife, but I think of the Happiness Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY enjoys, in having such a 'Friend as you to expose in proper Colours the Cruelty and 'Perverseness of his Mistress. I have very often wished you 'visited in our Family, and were acquainted with my Spouse; 'she would afford you for some Months at least Matter enough 'for one *Spectator* a Week. Since we are not so happy as to 'be of your Acquaintance, give me leave to represent to you 'our present Circumstances as well as I can in Writing. You 'are to know then that I am not of a very different Constitution 'from *Nathaniel Henroost,* whom you have lately recorded in

'your Speculations; and have a Wife who makes a more 'tyrannical Use of the Knowledge of my easy Temper than 'that Lady ever pretended to. We had not been a Month 'married, when she found in me a certain Pain to give Offence, 'and an Indolence that made me bear little Inconveniences 'rather than dispute about them. From this Observation it 'soon came to that pass, that if I offered to go abroad, she 'would get between me and the Door, kiss me, and say she 'could not part with me; and then down again I sat. In a 'Day or two after this first pleasant Step towards confining me, 'she declared to me, that I was all the World to her, and she 'thought she ought to be all the World to me. If, she said, my 'Dear loves me as much as I love him, he will never be tired of 'my Company. This Declaration was followed by my being 'denied to all my Acquaintance; and it very soon came to that 'pass, that to give an Answer at the Door before my Face, the 'Servants would ask her whether I was within or not; and she 'would answer No with great Fondness, and tell me I was a 'good Dear. I will not enumerate more little Circumstances 'to give you a livelier Sense of my Condition; but tell you in 'general, that from such Steps as these at first, I now live the 'Life of a Prisoner of State; my Letters are opened, and I have 'not the Use of Pen, Ink and Paper, but in her Presence. I 'never go abroad, except she sometimes takes me with her in 'her Coach to take the Air, if it may be called so, when we 'drive, as we generally do, with the Glasses up. I have over-'heard my Servants lament my Condition, but they dare not 'bring me Messages without her Knowledge, because they 'doubt my Resolution to stand by 'em. In the midst of this 'insipid Way of Life, an old Acquaintance of mine, *Tom* '*Meggot*, who is a Favourite with her, and allowed to visit me 'in her Company because he sings prettily, has roused me to 'rebel, and conveyed his Intelligence to me in the following 'Manner. My Wife is a great Pretender to Musick, and very 'ignorant of it; but far gone in the *Italian* Taste. *Tom* goes to '*Armstrong*, the famous fine Writer of Musick, and desires him 'to put this Sentence of *Tully*[1] in the Scale of an *Italian* Air, 'and write it out for my Spouse from him. *An ille mihi liber cui* '*mulier imperat? Cui leges imponit, præscribit, jubet, vetat quod* '*videtur? Qui nihil imperanti negare, nihil recusare audet?* '*Poscit? dandum est. Vocat? veniendum. Ejicit? abeundum.* '*Minitatur? extimiscendum. Does he live like a Gentleman*

[1] *Paradox* V. on the Thesis that All who are wise are Free, and the fools Slaves.

'*who is commanded by a Woman? He to whom she gives Law,* '*grants and denies what she pleases? who can neither deny her* '*any thing she asks, or refuse to do any thing she commands?*

'To be short, my Wife was extremely pleased with it; said 'the *Italian* was the only Language for Musick; and admired 'how wonderfully tender the Sentiment was, and how pretty 'the Accent is of that Language, with the rest that is said 'by Rote on that Occasion. Mr. *Meggot* is sent for to sing 'this Air, which he performs with mighty Applause; and my 'Wife is in Ecstasy on the Occasion, and glad to find, by my 'being so much pleased, that I was at last come into the 'Notion of the *Italian;* for, said she, it grows upon one when 'one once comes to know a little of the Language; and pray, Mr. '*Meggot*, sing again those Notes, *Nihil Imperanti negare, nihil* '*recusare*. You may believe I was not a little delighted with 'my Friend *Tom's* Expedient to alarm me, and in Obedience 'to his Summons I give all this Story thus at large; and I am 'resolved, when this appears in the *Spectator*, to declare for my 'self. The manner of the Insurrection I contrive by your 'Means, which shall be no other than that *Tom Meggot*, who is 'at our Tea-table every Morning, shall read it to us; and if my 'Dear can take the Hint, and say not one Word, but let this 'be the Beginning of a new Life without farther Explanation, 'it is very well; for as soon as the *Spectator* is read out, I shall, 'without more ado, call for the Coach, name the Hour when I 'shall be at home, if I come at all; if I do not, they may go 'to Dinner. If my Spouse only swells and says nothing, *Tom* 'and I go out together, and all is well, as I said before; but 'if she begins to command or expostulate, you shall in my next 'to you receive a full Account of her Resistance and Submission, 'for submit the dear thing must to, *SIR*,

Your most obedient humble Servant,
Anthony Freeman.

P. S. 'I hope I need not tell you that I desire this may 'be in your very next. T.

No. 213.] *Saturday, November* 3, 1711. [*Addison.*

———*Mens sibi conscia recti.*—Virg.

IT is the great Art and Secret of Christianity, if I may use that Phrase, to manage our Actions to the best Advantage,

and direct them in such a manner, that every thing we do may turn to Account at that great Day, when every thing we have done will be set before us.

In order to give this Consideration its full Weight, we may cast all our Actions under the Division of such as are in themselves either Good, Evil, or Indifferent. If we divide our Intentions after the same Manner, and consider them with regard to our Actions, we may discover that great Art and Secret of Religion which I have here mentioned.

A good Intention joined to a good Action, gives it its proper Force and Efficacy; joined to an Evil Action, extenuates its Malignity, and in some Cases may take it wholly away; and joined to an indifferent Action turns it to a Virtue, and makes it meritorious as far as human Actions can be so.

In the next Place, to consider in the same manner the Influence of an Evil Intention upon our Actions. An Evil Intention perverts the best of Actions, and makes them in reality, what the Fathers with a witty kind of Zeal have termed the Virtues of the Heathen World, so many *shining Sins*. It destroys the Innocence of an indifferent Action, and gives an evil Action all possible Blackness and Horror, or in the emphatical Language of Sacred Writ, makes *Sin exceeding sinful*.[1]

If, in the last Place, we consider the Nature of an indifferent Intention, we shall find that it destroys the Merit of a good Action; abates, but never takes away, the Malignity of an evil Action; and leaves an indifferent Action in its natural State of Indifference.

It is therefore of unspeakable Advantage to possess our Minds with an habitual good Intention, and to aim all our Thoughts, Words, and Actions at some laudable End, whether it be the Glory of our Maker, the Good of Mankind, or the Benefit of our own Souls.

This is a sort of Thrift or Good-Husbandry in moral Life, which does not throw away any single Action, but makes every one go as far as it can. It multiplies the Means of Salvation, increases the Number of our Virtues, and diminishes that of our Vices.

There is something very devout, though not solid, in *Acosta's* Answer to *Limborch*,[2] who objects to him the Multiplicity of

[1] Rom. vii. 16.

[2] *Amica Collatio de Veritate Relig. Christ. cum Erudito Judæo*, published in 1687, by Philippe de Limborch, who was eminent as a professor of Theology at Amsterdam from 1667 until his death, in 1712, at the age of 79. But the learned Jew was the Spanish Physician Isaac Orobio, who was tortured for three years in the prisons of the Inquisition on a charge of

Ceremonies in the *Jewish* Religion, as Washings, Dresses, Meats, Purgations, and the like. The Reply which the *Jew* makes upon this Occasion, is, to the best of my Remembrance, as follows: 'There are not Duties enough (says he) in the 'essential Parts of the Law for a zealous and active Obedience. 'Time, Place, and Person are requisite, before you have an 'Opportunity of putting a Moral Virtue into Practice. We 'have, therefore, says he, enlarged the Sphere of our Duty, and 'made many Things, which are in themselves indifferent, a 'Part of our Religion, that we may have more Occasions of 'shewing our Love to God, and in all the Circumstances of 'Life be doing something to please him.

Monsieur *St. Evremond* has endeavoured to palliate the Superstitions of the Roman Catholick Religion with the same kind of Apology, where he pretends to consider the differing Spirit of the Papists and the Calvinists, as to the great Points wherein they disagree. He tells us, that the former are actuated by Love, and the other by Fear; and that in their Expressions of Duty and Devotion towards the Supreme Being, the former seem particularly careful to do every thing which may possibly please him, and the other to abstain from every thing which may possibly displease him.[1]

But notwithstanding this plausible Reason with which both the Jew and the Roman Catholick would excuse their respective Superstitions, it is certain there is something in them very pernicious to Mankind, and destructive to Religion; because the Injunction of superfluous Ceremonies makes such Actions Duties, as were before indifferent, and by that means renders Religion more burdensome and difficult than it is in its own Nature, betrays many into Sins of Omission which they could not otherwise be guilty of, and fixes the Minds of the

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Judaism. He admitted nothing, was therefore set free, and left Spain for Toulouse, where he practised physic and passed as a Catholic until he settled at Amsterdam. There he made profession of the Jewish faith, and died in the year of the publication of Limborch's friendly discussion with him.

The Uriel Acosta, with whom Addison confounds Orobio, was a gentleman of Oporto who had embraced Judaism, and, leaving Portugal, had also gone to Amsterdam. There he was circumcised, but was persecuted by the Jews themselves, and eventually whipped in the synagogue for attempting reformation of the Jewish usages, in which, he said, tradition had departed from the law of Moses. He took his thirty-nine lashes, recanted, and lay across the threshold of the synagogue for all his brethren to walk over him. Afterwards he endeavoured to shoot his principal enemy, but his pistol missed fire. He had another about him, and with that he shot himself. This happened about the year 1640, when Limborch was but a child of six or seven.

[1] 'Sur la Religion.' Œuvres (Ed. 1752), Vol. III. pp. 267, 268.

Vulgar to the shadowy unessential Points, instead of the more weighty and more important Matters of the Law.

This zealous and active Obedience however takes place in the great Point we are recommending; for, if, instead of prescribing to our selves indifferent Actions as Duties, we apply a good Intention to all our most indifferent Actions, we make our very Existence one continued Act of Obedience, we turn our Diversions and Amusements to our eternal Advantage, and are pleasing him (whom we are made to please) in all the Circumstances and Occurrences of Life.

It is this excellent Frame of Mind, this *holy Officiousness* (if I may be allowed to call it such) which is recommended to us by the Apostle in that uncommon Precept, wherein he directs us to propose to ourselves the Glory of our Creator in all our most indifferent Actions, *whether we eat or drink, or whatsoever we do.*[1]

A Person therefore who is possessed with such an habitual good Intention, as that which I have been here speaking of, enters upon no single Circumstance of Life, without considering it as well-pleasing to the great Author of his Being, conformable to the Dictates of Reason, suitable to human Nature in general, or to that particular Station in which Providence has placed him. He lives in a perpetual Sense of the Divine Presence, regards himself as acting, in the whole Course of his Existence, under the Observation and Inspection of that Being, who is privy to all his Motions and all his Thoughts, who knows all his *Down-sitting and his Up-rising, who is about his Path, and about his Bed, and spieth out all his Ways.*[2] In a word, he remembers that the Eye of his Judge is always upon him, and in every Action he reflects that he is doing what is commanded or allowed by Him who will hereafter either reward or punish it. This was the Character of those holy Men of old, who in that beautiful Phrase of Scripture are said to have *walked with God.*[3]

When I employ myself upon a Paper of Morality, I generally consider how I may recommend the particular Virtue which I treat of, by the Precepts or Examples of the ancient Heathens; by that Means, if possible, to shame those who have greater Advantages of knowing their Duty, and therefore greater Obligations to perform it, into a better Course of Life; Besides that many among us are unreasonably disposed to give a fairer hearing to a Pagan Philosopher, than to a Christian Writer.

I shall therefore produce an Instance of this excellent Frame of Mind in a Speech of *Socrates*, which is quoted by *Erasmus*.

[1] 1 Cor. x. 31. [2] Psalm cxxxix. 2, 3. [3] Genesis v. 22; vi. 9.

This great Philosopher on the Day of his Execution, a little before the Draught of Poison was brought to him, entertaining his Friends with a Discourse on the Immortality of the Soul, has these Words: *Whether or no God will approve of my Actions, I know not; but this I am sure of, that I have at all Times made it my Endeavour to please him, and I have a good Hope that this my Endeavour will be accepted by him.* We find in these Words of that great Man the habitual good Intention which I would here inculcate, and with which that divine Philosopher always acted. I shall only add, that *Erasmus*, who was an unbigotted Roman Catholick, was so much transported with this Passage of *Socrates*, that he could scarce forbear looking upon him as a Saint, and desiring him to pray for him; or as that ingenious and learned Writer has expressed himself in a much more lively manner: *When I reflect on such a Speech pronounced by such a Person, I can scarce forbear crying out,* Sancte Socrates, ora pro nobis: *O holy* Socrates, *pray for us.*[1]

L.

No. 214.] *Monday, November* 5, 1711. [*Steele.*

[———*Perierunt tempora longi*
Servitii——— Juv.[2]]

I DID some time ago lay before the World the unhappy Condition of the trading Part of Mankind, who suffer by want of Punctuality in the Dealings of Persons above them; but there is a Set of Men who are much more the Objects of Compassion than even those, and these are the Dependants on great Men, whom they are pleased to take under their Protection as such as are to share in their Friendship and Favour. These indeed, as well from the Homage that is accepted from them, as the hopes which are given to them, are become a Sort of Creditors; and these Debts, being Debts of Honour, ought, according to the accustomed Maxim, to be first discharged.

When I speak of Dependants, I would not be understood to mean those who are worthless in themselves, or who, without any Call, will press into the Company of their Betters. Nor, when I speak of Patrons, do I mean those who either have it not in their Power, or have no Obligation to assist their Friends; but I speak of such Leagues where there is Power and

[1] Erasm. Apophthegm. Bk. III.

[2] [Dulcis inexperta cultura potentis amici,
Expertus metuit——— Hor.]

Obligation on the one Part, and Merit and Expectation on the other.

The Division of Patron and Client, may, I believe, include a Third of our Nation; the Want of Merit and real Worth in the Client, will strike out about Ninety-nine in a Hundred of these; and the Want of Ability in Patrons, as many of that Kind. But however, I must beg leave to say, that he who will take up another's Time and Fortune in his Service, though he has no Prospect of rewarding his Merit towards him, is as unjust in his Dealings as he who takes up Goods of a Tradesman without Intention or Ability to pay him. Of the few of the Class which I think fit to consider, there are not two in ten who succeed, insomuch that I know a Man of good Sense who put his Son to a Blacksmith, tho' an Offer was made him of his being received as a Page to a Man of Quality.[1] There are not more Cripples come out of the Wars than there are from those great Services; some through Discontent lose their Speech, some their Memories, others their Senses or their Lives; and I seldom see a Man thoroughly discontented, but I conclude he has had the Favour of some great Man. I have known of such as have been for twenty Years together within a Month of a good Employment, but never arrived at the Happiness of being possessed of any thing.

There is nothing more ordinary, than that a Man who is got into a considerable Station, shall immediately alter his manner of treating all his Friends, and from that Moment he is to deal with you as if he were your Fate. You are no longer to be consulted, even in Matters which concern your self, but your Patron is of a Species above you, and a free Communication with you is not to be expected. This perhaps may be your Condition all the while he bears Office, and when that is at an End, you are as intimate as ever you were, and he will take it very ill if you keep the Distance he prescribed you towards him in his Grandeur. One would think this should be a Behaviour a Man could fall into with the worst Grace imaginable; but they who know the World have seen it more than once. I have often, with secret Pity, heard the same Man who has professed his Abhorrence against all Kind of passive Behaviour, lose Minutes, Hours, Days, and Years in a fruitless Attendance on

[1] A son of one of the inferior gentry received as page by a nobleman wore his lord's livery, but had it of more costly materials than were used for the footmen, and was the immediate attendant of his patron, who was expected to give him a reputable start in life when he came of age. Percy notes that a lady who described to him the custom not very long after it had become obsolete, remembered her own husband's giving £500 to set up such a page in business.

one who had no Inclination to befriend him. It is very much to be regarded, that the Great have one particular Privilege above the rest of the World, of being slow in receiving Impressions of Kindness, and quick in taking Offence. The Elevation above the rest of Mankind, except in very great Minds, makes Men so giddy, that they do not see after the same Manner they did before: Thus they despise their old Friends, and strive to extend their Interests to new Pretenders. By this means it often happens, that when you come to know how you lost such an Employment, you will find the Man who got it never dreamed of it; but, forsooth, he was to be surprized into it, or perhaps sollicited to receive it. Upon such Occasions as these a Man may perhaps grow out of Humour; and if you are so, all Mankind will fall in with the Patron, and you are an Humourist and untractable if you are capable of being sour at a Disappointment: But it is the same thing, whether you do or do not resent ill Usage, you will be used after the same Manner; as some good Mothers will be sure to whip their Children till they cry, and then whip them for crying.

There are but two Ways of doing any thing with great People, and those are by making your self either considerable or agreeable: The former is not to be attained but by finding a Way to live without them, or concealing that you want them; the latter is only by falling into their Taste and Pleasures: This is of all the Employments in the World the most servile, except it happens to be of your own natural Humour. For to be agreeable to another, especially if he be above you, is not to be possessed of such Qualities and Accomplishments as should render you agreeable in your self, but such as make you agreeable in respect to him. An Imitation of his Faults, or a Compliance, if not Subservience, to his Vices, must be the Measures of your Conduct.

When it comes to that, the unnatural State a Man lives in, when his Patron pleases, is ended; and his Guilt and Complaisance are objected to him, tho' the Man who rejects him for his Vices was not only his Partner but Seducer. Thus the Client (like a young Woman who has given up the Innocence which made her charming) has not only lost his Time, but also the Virtue which could render him capable of resenting the Injury which is done him.

It would be endless to recount the [Tricks [1]] of turning you off from themselves to Persons who have less Power to serve you, the Art of being sorry for such an unaccountable Accident in your Behaviour, that such a one (who, perhaps, has never

[1] [Trick]

heard of you) opposes your Advancement; and if you have any thing more than ordinary in you, you are flattered with a Whisper, that 'tis no Wonder People are so slow in doing for a Man of your Talents, and the like.

After all this Treatment, I must still add the pleasantest Insolence of all, which I have once or twice seen; to wit, That when a silly Rogue has thrown away one Part in three of his Life in unprofitable Attendance, it is taken wonderfully ill that he withdraws, and is resolved to employ the rest for himself.

When we consider these things, and reflect upon so many honest Natures (which one who makes Observation of what passes, may have seen) that have miscarried by such sort of Applications, it is too melancholy a Scene to dwell upon; therefore I shall take another Opportunity to discourse of good Patrons, and distinguish such as have done their Duty to those who have depended upon them, and were not able to act without their Favour. Worthy Patrons are like *Plato's* Guardian Angels, who are always doing good to their Wards; but negligent Patrons are like *Epicurus's* Gods, that lie lolling on the Clouds, and instead of Blessings pour down Storms and Tempests on the Heads of those that are offering Incense to them.[1]

No. 215.] *Tuesday, November* 6, 1711. [*Addison.*

——Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.—Ov.

I CONSIDER an Human Soul without Education like Marble in the Quarry, which shews none of its inherent Beauties, 'till the Skill of the Polisher fetches out the Colours, makes the Surface shine, and discovers every ornamental Cloud, Spot, and Vein that runs through the Body of it. Education, after the same manner, when it works upon a noble Mind, draws out to View every latent Virtue and Perfection, which without such Helps are never able to make their Appearance.

If my Reader will give me leave to change the Allusion so soon upon him, I shall make use of the same Instance to

[1] The Dæmon or Angel which, in the doctrine of Immortality according to Socrates or Plato, had the care of each man while alive, and after death conveyed him to the general place of judgment (Phædon, § 130), is more properly described as a Guardian Angel than the gods of Epicurus can be said to pour storms on the heads of their worshippers. Epicurus only represented them as inactive and unconcerned with human affairs.

illustrate the Force of Education, which *Aristotle* has brought to explain his Doctrine of Substantial Forms, when he tells us that a Statue lies hid in a Block of Marble; and that the Art of the Statuary only clears away the superfluous Matter, and removes the Rubbish. The Figure is in the Stone, the Sculptor only finds it. What Sculpture is to a Block of Marble, Education is to a Human Soul. The Philosopher, the Saint, or the Hero, the Wise, the Good, or the Great Man, very often lie hid and concealed in a Plebeian, which a proper Education might have disinterred, and have brought to Light. I am therefore much delighted with Reading the Accounts of Savage Nations, and with contemplating those Virtues which are wild and uncultivated; to see Courage exerting it self in Fierceness, Resolution in Obstinacy, Wisdom in Cunning, Patience in Sullenness and Despair.

Mens Passions operate variously, and appear in different kinds of Actions, according as they are more or less rectified and swayed by Reason. When one hears of Negroes, who upon the Death of their Masters, or upon changing their Service, hang themselves upon the next Tree, as it frequently happens in our *American* Plantations, who can forbear admiring their Fidelity, though it expresses it self in so dreadful a manner? What might not that Savage Greatness of Soul which appears in these poor Wretches on many Occasions, be raised to, were it rightly cultivated? And what Colour of Excuse can there be for the Contempt with which we treat this Part of our Species; That we should not put them upon the common foot of Humanity, that we should only set an insignificant Fine upon the Man who murders them; nay, that we should, as much as in us lies, cut them off from the Prospects of Happiness in another World as well as in this, and deny them that which we look upon as the proper Means for attaining it?

Since I am engaged on this Subject, I cannot forbear mentioning a Story which I have lately heard, and which is so well attested, that I have no manner of Reason to suspect the Truth of it. I may call it a kind of wild Tragedy that passed about twelve Years ago at St. *Christophers*, one of our *British* Leeward Islands. The Negroes who were the persons concerned in it, were all of them the Slaves of a Gentleman who is now in *England*.

This Gentleman among his Negroes had a young Woman, who was look'd upon as a most extraordinary Beauty by those of her own Complexion. He had at the same time two young Fellows who were likewise Negroes and Slaves, remarkable for

the Comeliness of their Persons, and for the Friendship which they bore to one another. It unfortunately happened that both of them fell in love with the Female Negro above mentioned, who would have been very glad to have taken either of them for her Husband, provided they could agree between themselves which should be the Man. But they were both so passionately in Love with her, that neither of them could think of giving her up to his Rival; and at the same time were so true to one another, that neither of them would think of gaining her without his Friend's Consent. The Torments of these two Lovers were the Discourse of the Family to which they belonged, who could not forbear observing the strange Complication of Passions which perplexed the Hearts of the poor Negroes, that often dropped Expressions of the Uneasiness they underwent, and how impossible it was for either of them ever to be happy.

After a long Struggle between Love and Friendship, Truth and Jealousy, they one Day took a Walk together into a Wood, carrying their Mistress along with them: Where, after abundance of Lamentations, they stabbed her to the Heart, of which she immediately died. A Slave who was at his Work not far from the Place where this astonishing Piece of Cruelty was committed, hearing the Shrieks of the dying Person, ran to see what was the Occasion of them. He there discovered the Woman lying dead upon the Ground, with the two Negroes on each side of her, kissing the dead Corps, weeping over it, and beating their Breasts in the utmost Agonies of Grief and Despair. He immediately ran to the *English* Family with the News of what he had seen; who upon coming to the Place saw the Woman dead, and the two Negroes expiring by her with Wounds they had given themselves.

We see in this amazing Instance of Barbarity, what strange Disorders are bred in the minds of those Men whose Passions are not regulated by Virtue, and disciplined by Reason. Though the Action which I have recited is in it self full of Guilt and Horror, it proceeded from a Temper of Mind which might have produced very noble Fruits, had it been informed and guided by a suitable Education.

It is therefore an unspeakable Blessing to be born in those Parts of the World where Wisdom and Knowledge flourish; tho' it must be confest, there are, even in these Parts, several poor uninstructed Persons, who are but little above the Inhabitants of those Nations of which I have been here speaking; as those who have had the Advantages of a more liberal Education, rise above one another by several different Degrees of Perfection. For to return to our Statue in the Block of Marble, we see it

sometimes only begun to be chipped, sometimes rough-hewn and but just sketched into an human Figure; sometimes we see the Man appearing distinctly in all his Limbs and Features, sometimes we find the Figure wrought up to a great Elegancy, but seldom meet with any to which the Hand of a *Phidias* or *Praxiteles* could not give several nice Touches and Finishings.

Discourses of Morality, and Reflections upon human Nature, are the best Means we can make use of to improve our Minds, and gain a true Knowledge of our selves, and consequently to recover our Souls out of the Vice, Ignorance, and Prejudice, which naturally cleave to them. I have all along profest myself in this Paper a Promoter of these great Ends; and I flatter my self that I do from Day to Day contribute something to the polishing of Mens Minds: at least my Design is laudable, whatever the Execution may be. I must confess I am not a little encouraged in it by many Letters, which I receive from unknown Hands, in Approbation of my Endeavours; and must take this Opportunity of returning my Thanks to those who write them, and excusing my self for not inserting several of them in my Papers, which I am sensible would be a very great Ornament to them. Should I publish the Praises which are so well penned, they would do Honour to the Persons who write them; but my publishing of them would I fear be a sufficient Instance to the World that I did not deserve them. C.

No. 216.] *Wednesday, November* 7, 1711. [*Steele.*

Siquidem hercle possis, nil prius, neque fortius:
Verum si incipies, neque perficies naviter,
Atque ubi pati non poteris, cum nemo expetet,
Infecta pace ultrò ad eam venies indicans
Te amare, et ferre non posse: Actum est, ilicet,
Perîsti: eludet ubi te victum senserit.—Ter.

To Mr. SPECTATOR,

SIR,

'THIS is to inform you, that Mr. *Freeman*[1] had no sooner 'taken Coach, but his Lady was taken with a terrible Fit 'of the Vapours, which, 'tis feared will make her miscarry, if 'not endanger her Life; therefore, dear Sir, if you know of any 'Receipt that is good against this fashionable reigning Dis-'temper, be pleased to communicate it for the Good of the 'Publick, and you will oblige *Yours*,

A. NOEWILL.

[1] See No. 212.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THE Uproar was so great as soon as I had read the '*Spectator* concerning Mrs. *Freeman*, that after many 'Revolutions in her Temper, of raging, swooning, railing, 'fainting, pitying herself, and reviling her Husband, upon an 'accidental coming in of a neighbouring Lady (who says she 'has writ to you also) she had nothing left for it but to fall in 'a Fit. I had the Honour to read the Paper to her, and have 'a pretty good Command of my Countenance and Temper on 'such Occasions; and soon found my historical Name to be '*Tom Meggot* in your Writings, but concealed my self till I saw 'how it affected Mrs. *Freeman*. She looked frequently at her 'Husband, as often at me; and she did not tremble as she 'filled Tea, till she came to the Circumstance of *Armstrong's* 'writing out a Piece of *Tully* for an Opera Tune: Then she 'burst out, She was exposed, she was deceiv'd, she was wronged 'and abused. The Tea-cup was thrown in the Fire; and 'without taking Vengeance on her Spouse, she said of me, 'That I was a pretending Coxcomb, a Medler that knew not 'what it was to interpose in so nice an Affair as between a Man 'and his Wife. To which Mr. *Freeman;* Madam, were I less 'fond of you than I am, I should not have taken this Way of 'writing to the SPECTATOR, to inform a Woman whom God 'and Nature has placed under my Direction with what I request 'of her; but since you are so indiscreet as not to take the 'Hint which I gave you in that Paper, I must tell you, Madam, 'in so many Words, that you have for a long and tedious Space 'of Time acted a Part unsuitable to the Sense you ought to 'have of the Subordination in which you are placed. And I 'must acquaint you once for all, that the Fellow without, ha '*Tom!* (here the Footman entered and answered Madam) 'Sirrah don't you know my Voice; look upon me when I speak 'to you: I say, Madam, this Fellow here is to know of me my 'self, whether I am at Leisure to see Company or not. I am 'from this Hour Master of this House; and my Business in it, 'and every where else, is to behave my self in such a Manner, 'as it shall be hereafter an Honour to you to bear my Name; 'and your Pride, that you are the Delight, the Darling, and 'Ornament of a Man of Honour, useful and esteemed by his 'Friends; and I no longer one that has buried some Merit in 'the World, in Compliance to a froward Humour which has 'grown upon an agreeable Woman by his Indulgence. Mr. '*Freeman* ended this with a Tenderness in his Aspect and a 'downcast Eye, which shewed he was extremely moved at the

'Anguish he saw her in; for she sat swelling with Passion, and 'her Eyes firmly fixed on the Fire; when I, fearing he would lose 'all again, took upon me to provoke her out of that amiable 'Sorrow she was in, to fall upon me; upon which I said very 'seasonably for my Friend, That indeed Mr. *Freeman* was 'become the common Talk of the Town; and that nothing was 'so much a Jest, as when it was said in Company Mr. *Freeman* 'had promised to come to such a Place. Upon which the 'good Lady turned her Softness into downright Rage, and 'threw the scalding Tea-Kettle upon your humble Servant; 'flew into the Middle of the Room, and cried out she was 'the unfortunatest of all Women: Others kept Family Dissatis-'factions for Hours of Privacy and Retirement: No Apology 'was to be made to her, no Expedient to be found, no previous 'Manner of breaking what was amiss in her; but all the World 'was to be acquainted with her Errors, without the least Admon-'ition. Mr. *Freeman* was going to make a soft'ning Speech, 'but I interposed; Look you, Madam, I have nothing to say 'to this Matter, but you ought to consider you are now past a 'Chicken; this Humour, which was well enough in a Girl, is 'insufferable in one of your Motherly Character. With that 'she lost all Patience, and flew directly at her Husband's Peri-'wig. I got her in my Arms, and defended my Friend: He 'making Signs at the same time that it was too much; I 'beckoning, nodding, and frowning over her Shoulder, that '[he[1]] was lost if he did not persist. In this manner [we[2]] 'flew round and round the Room in a Moment, 'till the Lady 'I spoke of above and Servants entered; upon which she fell 'on a Couch as breathless. I still kept up my Friend; but 'he, with a very silly Air, bid them bring the Coach to the 'Door, and we went off, I forced to bid the Coachman drive 'on. We were no sooner come to my Lodgings, but all his 'Wife's Relations came to enquire after him; and Mrs. *Free-'man's* Mother writ a Note, wherein she thought never to have 'seen this Day, and so forth.

'In a word, Sir, I am afraid we are upon a thing we have no 'Talents for; and I can observe already, my Friend looks upon 'me rather as a Man that knows a Weakness of him that he is 'ashamed of, than one who has rescu'd him from Slavery. Mr. 'SPECTATOR, I am but a young Fellow, and if Mr. *Freeman* 'submits, I shall be looked upon as an Incendiary, and never 'get a Wife as long as I breathe. He has indeed sent Word 'home he shall lie at *Hampstead* to-night; but I believe Fear

[1] [we]

[2] [he], and in first reprint.

'of the first Onset after this Rupture has too great a Place in this 'Resolution. Mrs. *Freeman* has a very pretty Sister; suppose 'I delivered him up, and articled with the Mother for her for 'bringing him home. If he has not Courage to stand it, (you 'are a great Casuist) is it such an ill thing to bring my self off, 'as well as I can? What makes me doubt my Man, is, that I 'find he thinks it reasonable to expostulate at least with her; 'and Capt. SENTREY will tell you, if you let your Orders be 'disputed, you are no longer a Commander. I wish you could 'advise me how to get clear of this Business handsomely.

T. *Yours*,

Tom Meggot.

No. 217.] *Thursday, Nov.* 8, 1711. [*Budgell.*

———*Tunc fœmina simplex,*
Et pariter toto repetitur clamor ab antro.—Juv. Sat. 6.

I SHALL entertain my Reader to-day with some Letters from my Correspondents. The first of them is the Description of a Club, whether real or imaginary I cannot determine; but am apt to fancy, that the Writer of it, whoever she is, has formed a kind of Nocturnal Orgie out of her own Fancy: Whether this be so or not, her Letter may conduce to the Amendment of that kind of Persons who are represented in it, and whose Characters are frequent enough in the World.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'In some of your first Papers you were pleased to give the 'Publick a very diverting Account of several Clubs and nocturnal Assemblies; but I am a Member of a Society which has 'wholly escaped your Notice, I mean a Club of She-Romps. 'We take each a Hackney-Coach, and meet once a Week in 'a large upper Chamber, which we hire by the Year for that 'Purpose; our Landlord and his Family, who are quiet People, 'constantly contriving to be abroad on our Club-Night. We 'are no sooner come together than we throw off all that Modesty 'and Reservedness with which our Sex are obliged to disguise 'themselves in publick Places. I am not able to express the 'Pleasure we enjoy from Ten at Night 'till four in the Morning, 'in being as rude as you Men can be, for your Lives. As our 'Play runs high the Room is immediately filled with broken 'Fans, torn Petticoats, Lappets of Head-dresses, Flounces, 'Furbelows, Garters, and Working-Aprons. I had forgot to

'tell you at first, that besides the Coaches we come in our 'selves, there is one which stands always empty to carry off 'our *dead Men*, for so we call all those Fragments and Tatters 'with which the Room is strewed, and which we pack up 'together in Bundles and put into the aforesaid Coach. It is 'no small Diversion for us to meet the next Night at some 'Member's Chamber, where every one is to pick out what 'belonged to her from this confused Bundle of Silks, Stuffs, 'Laces, and Ribbons. I have hitherto given you an Account 'of our Diversion on ordinary Club-Nights; but must acquaint 'you farther, that once a Month we *demolish a Prude*, that is, 'we get some queer formal Creature in among us, and unrig 'her in an Instant. Our last Month's Prude was so armed 'and fortified in Whalebone and Buckram that we had much 'ado to come at her; but you would have died with laughing 'to have seen how the sober awkward Thing looked when she 'was forced out of her Intrenchments. In short, Sir, 'tis 'impossible to give you a true Notion of our Sports, unless you 'would come one Night amongst us; and tho' it be directly 'against the Rules of our Society to admit a Male Visitant, we 'repose so much Confidence in your Silence and Taciturnity, 'that 'twas agreed by the whole Club, at our last Meeting, to 'give you Entrance for one Night as a Spectator.

I am,
Your Humble Servant,
Kitty Termagant.

P. S. *We shall demolish a Prude next Thursday.*

Tho' I thank *Kitty* for her kind Offer, I do not at present find in my self any Inclination to venture my Person with her and her romping Companions. I should regard my self as a second *Clodius* intruding on the Mysterious Rites of the *Bona Dea*, and should apprehend being *Demolished* as much as the *Prude.*

The following Letter comes from a Gentleman, whose Taste I find is much too delicate to endure the least Advance towards Romping. I may perhaps hereafter improve upon the Hint he has given me, and make it the Subject of a whole *Spectator;* in the mean time take it as it follows in his own Words.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'It is my Misfortune to be in Love with a young Creature 'who is daily committing Faults, which though they give me 'the utmost Uneasiness, I know not how to reprove her for, or 'even acquaint her with. She is pretty, dresses well, is rich, 'and good-humour'd; but either wholly neglects, or has no

'Notion of that which Polite People have agreed to distinguish 'by the Name of *Delicacy*. After our Return from a Walk the 'other Day she threw her self into an Elbow-Chair, and pro- 'fessed before a large Company, that *she was all over in a 'Sweat*. She told me this Afternoon that her *Stomach aked;* 'and was complaining Yesterday at Dinner of something that '*stuck in her Teeth*. I treated her with a Basket of Fruit last 'Summer, which she eat so very greedily, as almost made me 'resolve never to see her more. In short, Sir, I begin to 'tremble whenever I see her about to speak or move. As she 'does not want Sense, if she takes these Hints I am happy; if 'not, I am more than afraid, that these Things which shock 'me even in the Behaviour of a Mistress, will appear insupport- 'able in that of a Wife. *I am,*

SIR,

Yours, &c.

My next Letter comes from a Correspondent whom I cannot but very much value, upon the Account which she gives of her self.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am happily arrived at a State of Tranquillity, which few 'People envy, I mean that of an old Maid: therefore being 'wholly unconcerned in all that Medley of Follies which our 'Sex is apt to contract from their silly Fondness of yours, I 'read your Railleries on us without Provocation. I can say 'with *Hamlet*,

——Man delights not me,
Nor Woman neither——

'Therefore, dear Sir, as you never spare your own Sex, do not 'be afraid of reproving what is ridiculous in ours, and you will 'oblige at least one Woman, who is

Your humble Servant,
Susannah Frost.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am Wife to a Clergyman, and cannot help thinking that 'in your Tenth or Tithe-Character of Womankind [1] you meant 'my self, therefore I have no Quarrel against you for the other 'Nine Characters.

Your humble Servant,
X. A. B.

[1] See No. 209.

No. 218.] *Friday, November* 9, 1711. [*Steele.*

Quid de quoque viro et cui dicas sæpe caveto.—Hor.

I HAPPENED the other Day, as my Way is, to strole into a little Coffee-house beyond *Aldgate;* and as I sat there, two or three very plain sensible Men were talking of the SPECTATOR. One said, he had that Morning drawn the great Benefit Ticket; another wished he had; but a third shaked his Head and said, It was pity that the Writer of that Paper was such a sort of Man, that it was no great Matter whether he had it or no. He is, it seems, said the good Man, the most extravagant Creature in the World; has run through vast Sums, and yet been in continual Want; a Man, for all he talks so well of Oeconomy, unfit for any of the Offices of Life, by reason of his Profuseness. It would be an unhappy thing to be his Wife, his Child, or his Friend; and yet he talks as well of those Duties of Life as any one. Much Reflection has brought me to so easy a Contempt for every thing which is false, that this heavy Accusation gave me no manner of Uneasiness; but at the same Time it threw me into deep Thought upon the Subject of Fame in general; and I could not but pity such as were so weak, as to value what the common People say out of their own talkative Temper to the Advantage or Diminution of those whom they mention, without being moved either by Malice or Good-will. It will be too long to expatiate upon the Sense all Mankind have of Fame, and the inexpressible Pleasure which there is in the Approbation of worthy Men, to all who are capable of worthy Actions; but methinks one may divide the general Word Fame into three different Species, as it regards the different Orders of Mankind who have any Thing to do with it. Fame therefore may be divided into Glory, which respects the Hero; Reputation, which is preserved by every Gentleman; and Credit, which must be supported by every Tradesman. These Possessions in Fame are dearer than Life to these Characters of Men, or rather are the Life of those Characters. Glory, while the Hero pursues great and noble Enterprizes, is impregnable; and all the Assailants of his Renown do but shew their Pain and Impatience of its Brightness, without throwing the least Shade upon it. If the Foundation of an high Name be Virtue and Service, all that is offered against it is but Rumour, which is too short-liv'd to stand up in Competition with Glory, which is everlasting.

Reputation, which is the Portion of every Man who would live with the elegant and knowing Part of Mankind, is as stable as Glory, if it be as well founded; and the common Cause of human Society is thought concerned when we hear a Man of good Behaviour calumniated: Besides which, according to a prevailing Custom amongst us, every Man has his Defence in his own Arm; and Reproach is soon checked, put out of Countenance, and overtaken by Disgrace.

The most unhappy of all Men, and the most exposed to the Malignity or Wantonness of the common Voice, is the Trader. Credit is undone in Whispers. The Tradesman's Wound is received from one who is more private and more cruel than the Ruffian with the Lanthorn and Dagger. The Manner of repeating a Man's Name, As; *Mr.* Cash, *Oh! do you leave your Money at his Shop? Why, do you know Mr.* Searoom? *He is indeed a general Merchant.* I say, I have seen, from the Iteration of a Man's Name, hiding one Thought of him, and explaining what you hide by saying something to his Advantage when you speak, a Merchant hurt in his Credit; and him who, every Day he lived, literally added to the Value of his Native Country, undone by one who was only a Burthen and a Blemish to it. Since every Body who knows the World is sensible of this great Evil, how careful ought a Man to be in his Language of a Merchant? It may possibly be in the Power of a very shallow Creature to lay the Ruin of the best Family in the most opulent City; and the more so, the more highly he deserves of his Country; that is to say, the farther he places his Wealth out of his Hands, to draw home that of another Climate.

In this Case an ill Word may change Plenty into Want, and by a rash Sentence a free and generous Fortune may in a few Days be reduced to Beggary. How little does a giddy Prater imagine, that an idle Phrase to the Disfavour of a Merchant may be as pernicious in the Consequence, as the Forgery of a Deed to bar an Inheritance would be to a Gentleman? Land stands where it did before a Gentleman was calumniated, and the State of a great Action is just as it was before Calumny was offered to diminish it, and there is Time, Place and Occasion expected to unravel all that is contrived against those Characters; but the Trader who is ready only for probable Demands upon him, can have no Armour against the Inquisitive, the Malicious, and the Envious, who are prepared to fill the Cry to his Dishonour. Fire and Sword are slow Engines of Destruction, in Comparison of the Babbler in the Case of the Merchant.

For this Reason I thought it an imitable Piece of Humanity of a Gentleman of my Acquaintance, who had great Variety of Affairs, and used to talk with Warmth enough against Gentlemen by whom he thought himself ill dealt with; but he would never let any thing be urged against a Merchant (with whom he had any Difference) except in a Court of Justice. He used to say, that to speak ill of a Merchant, was to begin his Suit with Judgment and Execution. One cannot, I think, say more on this Occasion, than to repeat, That the Merit of the Merchant is above that of all other Subjects; for while he is untouched in his Credit, his Hand-writing is a more portable Coin for the Service of his Fellow-Citizens, and his Word the Gold of *Ophir* to the Country wherein he resides. T.

No. 219.] *Saturday, Nov.* 10, 1711. [*Addison.*

Vix ea nostra voco —— Ov.

THERE are but few Men, who are not ambitious of distinguishing themselves in the Nation or Country where they live, and of growing considerable among those with whom they converse. There is a kind of Grandeur and Respect, which the meanest and most insignificant Part of Mankind endeavour to procure in the little Circle of their Friends and Acquaintance. The poorest Mechanick, nay the Man who lives upon common Alms, gets him his Set of Admirers, and delights in that Superiority which he enjoys over those who are in some Respects beneath him. This Ambition, which is natural to the Soul of Man, might methinks receive a very happy turn; and, if it were rightly directed, contribute as much to a Person's Advantage, as it generally does to his Uneasiness and Disquiet.

I shall therefore put together some Thoughts on this Subject, which I have not met with in other Writers: and shall set them down as they have occurred to me, without being at the Pains to Connect or Methodise them.

All Superiority and Præeminence that one Man can have over another, may be reduced to the Notion of *Quality*, which, considered at large, is either that of Fortune, Body, or Mind. The first is that which consists in Birth, Title, or Riches, and is the most foreign to our Natures, and what we can the least call our own of any of the three Kinds of Quality. In relation

to the Body, Quality arises from Health, Strength, or Beauty, which are nearer to us, and more a Part of our selves than the former. Quality, as it regards the Mind, has its Rise from Knowledge or Virtue; and is that which is more essential to us, and more intimately united with us than either of the other two.

The Quality of Fortune, tho' a Man has less Reason to value himself upon it than on that of the Body or Mind, is however the kind of Quality which makes the most shining Figure in the Eye of the World.

As Virtue is the most reasonable and genuine Source of Honour, we generally find in Titles an Imitation of some particular Merit that should recommend Men to the high Stations which they possess. Holiness is ascribed to the Pope; Majesty to Kings; Serenity or Mildness of Temper to Princes; Excellence or Perfection to Ambassadors; Grace to Archbishops; Honour to Peers; Worship or Venerable Behaviour to Magistrates; and Reverence, which is of the same Import as the former, to the inferior Clergy.

In the Founders of great Families, such Attributes of Honour are generally correspondent with the Virtues of the Person to whom they are applied; but in the Descendants they are too often the Marks rather of Grandeur than of Merit. The Stamp and Denomination still continues, but the Intrinsick Value is frequently lost.

The Death-Bed shews the Emptiness of Titles in a true Light. A poor dispirited Sinner lies trembling under the Apprehensions of the State he is entring on; and is asked by a grave Attendant how his Holiness does? Another hears himself addressed to under the Title of Highness or Excellency, who lies under such mean Circumstances of Mortality as are the Disgrace of Human Nature. Titles at such a time look rather like Insults and Mockery than Respect.

The truth of it is, Honours are in this World under no Regulation; true Quality is neglected, Virtue is oppressed, and Vice triumphant. The last Day will rectify this Disorder, and assign to every one a Station suitable to the Dignity of his Character; Ranks will be then adjusted, and Precedency set right.

Methinks we should have an Ambition, if not to advance our selves in another World, at least to preserve our Post in it, and outshine our Inferiors in Virtue here, that they may not be put above us in a State which is to Settle the Distinction for Eternity.

Men in Scripture are called *Strangers* and *Sojourners upon Earth*, and Life a *Pilgrimage*. Several Heathen, as well as Christian Authors, under the same kind of Metaphor, have represented the World as an Inn, which was only designed to furnish us with Accommodations in this our Passage. It is therefore very absurd to think of setting up our Rest before we come to our Journey's End, and not rather to take care of the Reception we shall there meet, than to fix our Thoughts on the little Conveniences and Advantages which we enjoy one above another in the Way to it.

Epictetus makes use of another kind of Allusion, which is very beautiful, and wonderfully proper to incline us to be satisfied with the Post in which Providence has placed us. We are here, says he, as in a Theatre, where every one has a Part allotted to him. The great Duty which lies upon a Man is to act his Part in Perfection. We may indeed say, that our Part does not suit us, and that we could act another better. But this (says the Philosopher) is not our Business. All that we are concerned in is to excel in the Part which is given us. If it be an improper one, the Fault is not in us, but in him who has *cast* our several Parts, and is the great Disposer of the Drama.[1]

The Part that was acted by this Philosopher himself was but a very indifferent one, for he lived and died a Slave. His Motive to Contentment in this Particular, receives a very great Inforcement from the above-mentioned Consideration, if we remember that our Parts in the other World will be *new cast*, and that Mankind will be there ranged in different Stations of Superiority and Præeminence, in Proportion as they have here excelled one another in Virtue, and performed in their several Posts of Life the Duties which belong to them.

There are many beautiful Passages in the little Apocryphal Book, entitled, *The Wisdom of* Solomon, to set forth the Vanity of Honour, and the like temporal Blessings which are in so great Repute among Men, and to comfort those who have not the Possession of them. It represents in very warm and noble Terms this Advancement of a good Man in the other World, and the great Surprize which it will produce among those who are his Superiors in this. 'Then shall the righteous Man 'stand in great Boldness before the Face of such as have 'afflicted him, and made no Account of his Labours. When 'they see it, they shall be troubled with terrible Fear, and 'shall be amazed at the Strangeness of his Salvation, so far

[1] Epict. Enchirid. ch. 23.

'beyond all that they looked for. And they repenting and 'groaning for Anguish of Spirit, shall say within themselves; 'This was he whom we had sometime in Derision, and a 'Proverb of Reproach. We Fools accounted his Life Madness, 'and his End to be without Honour. How is he numbered 'among the Children of God, and his Lot is among the Saints![1]

If the Reader would see the Description of a Life that is passed away in Vanity and among the Shadows of Pomp and Greatness, he may see it very finely drawn in the same Place.[2] In the mean time, since it is necessary in the present Constitution of things, that Order and Distinction should be kept in the World, we should be happy, if those who enjoy the upper Stations in it, would endeavour to surpass others in Virtue, as much as in Rank, and by their Humanity and Condescension make their Superiority easy and acceptable to those who are beneath them: and if, on the contrary, those who are in meaner Posts of Life, would consider how they may better their Condition hereafter, and by a just Deference and Submission to their Superiors, make them happy in those Blessings with which Providence has thought fit to distinguish them. C.

No. 220.] *Monday, November* 12, 1711. [*Steele.*

[*Rumoresque serit varios*——— Virg.[3]]

SIR,

'WHY will you apply to my Father for my Love? I cannot 'help it if he will give you my Person; but I assure you 'it is not in his Power, nor even in my own, to give you my 'Heart. Dear Sir, do but consider the ill Consequence of 'such a Match; you are Fifty-five, I Twenty-one. You are a 'Man of Business, and mightily conversant in Arithmetick and 'making Calculations; be pleased therefore to consider what 'Proportion your Spirits bear to mine; and when you have 'made a just Estimate of the necessary Decay on one Side, 'and the Redundance on the other, you will act accordingly. 'This perhaps is such Language as you may not expect from a 'young Lady; but my Happiness is at Stake, and I must talk 'plainly. I mortally hate you; and so, as you and my Father

[1] Wisd., ch. v. 1—5. [2] Ch. v. 8—14.

[3] [—Aliena negotia centum
Per caput, et circa saliunt latus.—Hor.]

'agree, you may take me or leave me: But if you will be so 'good as never to see me more, you will for ever oblige,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

HENRIETTA.

Mr. SPECTATOR,[1]

'There are so many Artifices and Modes of false Wit, and 'such a Variety of Humour discovers it self among its Votaries, 'that it would be impossible to exhaust so fertile a Subject, if 'you would think fit to resume it. The following Instances 'may, if you think fit, be added by Way of Appendix to your 'Discourses on that Subject.

'That Feat of Poetical Activity mentioned by *Horace*, of an 'Author who could compose two hundred Verses while he 'stood upon one Leg,[2] has been imitated (as I have heard) 'by a modern Writer; who priding himself on the Hurry of his 'Invention, thought it no small Addition to his Fame to have 'each Piece minuted with the exact Number of Hours or Days 'it cost him in the Composition. He could taste no Praise 'till he had acquainted you in how short Space of Time he 'had deserved it; and was not so much led to an Ostentation 'of his Art, as of his Dispatch.

———Accipe si vis,
Accipe jam tabulas; detur nobis locus, hora,
Custodes: videamus uter plus scribere possit.—Hor.

'This was the whole of his Ambition; and therefore I 'cannot but think the Flights of this rapid Author very proper 'to be opposed to those laborious Nothings which you have 'observed were the Delight of the *German* Wits, and in which 'they so happily got rid of such a tedious Quantity of their 'Time.

'I have known a Gentleman of another Turn of Humour, 'who, despising the Name of an Author, never printed his 'Works, but contracted his Talent, and by the help of a very fine 'Diamond which he wore on his little Finger, was a consider-'able Poet upon Glass. He had a very good Epigrammatick 'Wit; and there was not a Parlour or Tavern Window where 'he visited or dined for some Years, which did not receive some 'Sketches or Memorials of it. It was his Misfortune at last 'to lose his Genius and his Ring to a Sharper at Play; and he 'has not attempted to make a Verse since.

[1] This letter is by John Hughes.

[2] ———in hora sæpe ducentos,
Ut magnum, versus dictabat stans pede in uno.—Sat. I. iv. 10

'But of all Contractions or Expedients for Wit, I admire 'that of an ingenious Projector whose Book I have seen.[1] 'This Virtuoso being a Mathematician, has, according to his 'Taste, thrown the Art of Poetry into a short Problem, and 'contrived Tables by which any one without knowing a Word 'of Grammar or Sense, may, to his great Comfort, be able to 'compose or rather to erect *Latin* Verses. His Tables are a 'kind of Poetical Logarithms, which being divided into several 'Squares, and all inscribed with so many incoherent Words, 'appear to the Eye somewhat like a Fortune-telling Screen. 'What a Joy must it be to the unlearned Operator to find that 'these Words, being carefully collected and writ down in Order 'according to the Problem, start of themselves into Hexameter 'and Pentameter Verses? A Friend of mine, who is a Student 'in Astrology, meeting with this Book, performed the Operation, 'by the Rules there set down; he shewed his Verses to the 'next of his Acquaintance, who happened to understand *Latin;* 'and being informed they described a Tempest of Wind, very 'luckily prefixed them, together with a Translation, to an 'Almanack he was just then printing, and was supposed to 'have foretold the last great Storm.[2]

'I think the only Improvement beyond this, would be that 'which the late Duke of *Buckingham* mentioned to a stupid 'Pretender to Poetry, as the Project of a *Dutch* Mechanick, '*viz.* a Mill to make Verses. This being the most compendi- 'ous Method of all which have yet been proposed, may deserve 'the Thoughts of our modern Virtuosi who are employed in 'new Discoveries for the publick Good: and it may be worth 'the while to consider, whether in an Island where few are 'content without being thought Wits, it will not be a common 'Benefit, that Wit as well as Labour should be made cheap.

I am, SIR,

Your humble Servant, &c.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I often dine at a Gentleman's House, where there are two 'young Ladies, in themselves very agreeable, but very cold in 'their Behaviour, because they understand me for a Person 'that is to break my Mind, as the Phrase is, very suddenly to 'one of them. But I take this Way to acquaint them, that I 'am not in Love with either of them, in Hopes they will use

[1] A pamphlet by John Peter, 'Artificial Versifying, a New Way to make Latin Verses.' Lond. 1678.

[2] Of Nov. 26, 1703, which destroyed in London alone property worth a million.

'me with that agreeable Freedom and Indifference which they 'do all the rest of the World, and not to drink to one another '[only,] but sometimes cast a kind Look, with their Service to,

SIR,

Your humble Servant.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am a young Gentleman, and take it for a Piece of Good-'breeding to pull off my Hat when I see any thing particularly 'charming in any Woman, whether I know her or not. I take 'care that there is nothing ludicrous or arch in my Manner, as 'if I were to betray a Woman into a Salutation by Way of Jest 'or Humour; and yet except I am acquainted with her, I find 'she ever takes it for a Rule, that she is to look upon this 'Civility and Homage I pay to her supposed Merit, as an 'Impertinence or Forwardness which she is to observe and 'neglect. I wish, Sir, you would settle the Business of Saluta-'tion; and please to inform me how I shall resist the sudden 'Impulse I have to be civil to what gives an Idea of Merit; 'or tell these Creatures how to behave themselves in Return 'to the Esteem I have for them. My Affairs are such, that 'your Decision will be a Favour to me, if it be only to save 'the unnecessary Expence of wearing out my Hat so fast as I 'do at present.

'There are some that 'do know me, and won't 'bow to me.

I am,
SIR,
Yours,
T. D.

T.

No. 221.] *Tuesday, November* 13, 1711. [*Addison.*

——Ab Ovo
Usque ad Mala—— Hor.

WHEN I have finished any of my Speculations, it is my Method to consider which of the ancient Authors have touched upon the Subject that I treat of. By this means I meet with some celebrated Thought upon it, or a Thought of my own expressed in better Words, or some Similitude for the Illustration of my Subject. This is what gives Birth to the Motto of a Speculation, which I rather chuse to take out of the Poets than the Prose-writers, as the former generally give a finer Turn to a Thought than the latter, and by couching it

in few Words, and in harmonious Numbers, make it more portable to the Memory.

My Reader is therefore sure to meet with at least one good Line in every Paper, and very often finds his Imagination entertained by a Hint that awakens in his Memory some beautiful Passage of a Classick Author.

It was a Saying of an ancient Philosopher, which I find some of our Writers have ascribed to Queen *Elizabeth*, who perhaps might have taken occasion to repeat it, That a good Face is a Letter of Recommendation.[1] It naturally makes the Beholders inquisitive into the Person who is the Owner of it, and generally prepossesses them in his Favour. A handsome Motto has the same Effect. Besides that, it always gives a Supernumerary Beauty to a Paper, and is sometimes in a manner necessary when the Writer is engaged in what may appear a Paradox to vulgar Minds, as it shews that he is supported by good Authorities, and is not singular in his Opinion.

I must confess, the Motto is of little Use to an unlearned Reader, for which Reason I consider it only as *a Word to the Wise*. But as for my unlearned Friends, if they cannot relish the Motto, I take care to make Provision for them in the Body of my Paper. If they do not understand the Sign that is hung out, they know very well by it, that they may meet with Entertainment in the House; and I think I was never better pleased than with a plain Man's Compliment, who, upon his Friend's telling him that he would like the *Spectator* much better if he understood the Motto, replied, *That good Wine needs no Bush*.

I have heard of a Couple of Preachers in a Country Town, who endeavoured which should outshine one another, and draw together the greatest Congregation. One of them being well versed in the Fathers, used to quote every now and then a *Latin* Sentence to his illiterate Hearers, who it seems found themselves so edified by it, that they flocked in greater Numbers to this learned Man than to his Rival. The other finding his Congregation mouldering every *Sunday*, and hearing at length what was the Occasion of it, resolved to give his Parish a little *Latin* in his Turn; but being unacquainted with any of the Fathers, he digested into his Sermons the whole Book of *Quæ Genus*, adding however such Explications to it as he thought might be for the Benefit of his People. He afterwards entered upon *As in præsenti*,[2] which he converted in the same

[1] Diogenes Laertius, Bk. V. ch. 1.

[2] 'Quæ Genus' and 'As in Præsenti' were the first words in collections

manner to the Use of his Parishioners. This in a very little time thickned his Audience, filled his Church, and routed his Antagonist.

The natural Love to *Latin* which is so prevalent in our common People, makes me think that my Speculations fare never the worse among them for that little Scrap which appears at the Head of them; and what the more encourages me in the Use of Quotations in an unknown Tongue is, that I hear the Ladies, whose Approbation I value more than that of the whole Learned World, declare themselves in a more particular manner pleased with my *Greek* Mottos.

Designing this Day's Work for a Dissertation upon the two Extremities of my Paper, and having already dispatch'd my Motto, I shall, in the next place, discourse upon those single Capital Letters, which are placed at the End of it, and which have afforded great Matter of Speculation to the Curious. I have heard various Conjectures upon this Subject. Some tell us that C is the Mark of those Papers that are written by the Clergyman, though others ascribe them to the Club in general: That the Papers marked with R were written by my Friend Sir ROGER: That L signifies the Lawyer, whom I have described in my second Speculation; and that T stands for the Trader or Merchant: But the Letter X, which is placed at the End of some few of my Papers, is that which has puzzled the whole Town, as they cannot think of any Name which begins with that Letter, except *Xenophon* and *Xerxes*, who can neither of them be supposed to have had any Hand in these Speculations.

In Answer to these inquisitive Gentlemen, who have many of them made Enquiries of me by Letter, I must tell them the Reply of an ancient Philosopher, who carried something hidden under his Cloak. A certain Acquaintance desiring him to let him know what it was he covered so carefully; *I cover it,* says he, *on purpose that you should not know.* I have made use of these obscure Marks for the same Purpose. They are, perhaps, little Amulets or Charms to preserve the Paper against the Fascination and Malice of evil Eyes; for which Reason I would not have my Reader surprized, if hereafter he sees any of my Papers marked with a Q, a Z, a Y, an &c., or with the Word *Abracadabra.*[1]

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of rules then and until recently familiar as part of the standard Latin Grammar, Lilly's, to which Erasmus and Colet contributed, and of which Wolsey wrote the original Preface.

[1] Abraxas, which in Greek letters represents 365, the number of the deities supposed by the Basilidians to be subordinate to the All Ruling One,

I shall, however, so far explain my self to the Reader, as to let him know that the Letters, C, L, and X, are Cabalistical, and carry more in them than it is proper for the World to be acquainted with. Those who are versed in the Philosophy of *Pythagoras*, and swear by the *Tetrachtys*,[1] that is, the Number Four, will know very well that the Number *Ten*, which is signified by the Letter X, (and which has so much perplexed the Town) has in it many particular Powers; that it is called by Platonick Writers the Complete Number; that One, Two, Three and Four put together make up the Number Ten; and that Ten is all. But these are not Mysteries for ordinary Readers to be let into. A Man must have spent many Years in hard Study before he can arrive at the Knowledge of them.

We had a Rabbinical Divine in *England*, who was Chaplain to the Earl of *Essex* in Queen *Elizabeth's* Time, that had an admirable Head for Secrets of this Nature. Upon his taking the Doctor of Divinity's Degree, he preached before the University of *Cambridge*, upon the *First* Verse of the *First* Chapter of the *First* Book of *Chronicles*, in which, says he, you have the three following Words,

Adam, Sheth, Enosh.

He divided this short Text into many Parts, and by discovering several Mysteries in each Word, made a most Learned and Elaborate Discourse. The Name of this profound Preacher

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was a mystical name for the supreme God, and was engraved as a charm on stones together with the figure of a human body (Cadaver), with cat's head and reptile's feet. From this the name Abracadabra may have arisen, with a sense of power in it as a charm. Serenus Sammonicus, a celebrated physician who lived about A.D 210, who had, it is said, a library of 62,000 volumes, and was killed at a banquet by order of Caracalla, said in an extant Latin poem upon Medicine and Remedies, that fevers were cured by binding to the body the word Abracadabra written in this fashion:

Abracadabra
Abracadabr
Abracadab
Abracada

and so on, till there remained only the initial A. His word was taken, and this use of the charm was popular even in the Spectator's time. It is described by Defoe in his 'History of the Plague.'

[1] The number Four was called Tetractys by the Pythagoreans, who accounted it the most powerful of numbers, because it was the foundation of them all, and as a square it signified solidity. They said it was at the source of Nature, four elements, four seasons, &c., to which later speculators added the four rivers of Paradise, four evangelists, and association of the number four with God, whose name was a mystical Tetra grammaton, Jod, He, Vau, He.

was Doctor *Alabaster*, of whom the Reader may find a more particular Account in Doctor *Fuller's* Book of *English* Worthies.[1] This Instance will, I hope, convince my Readers that there may be a great deal of fine Writing in the Capital Letters which bring up the Rear of my Paper, and give them some Satisfaction in that Particular. But as for the full Explication of these Matters, I must refer them to Time, which discovers all things. C.

No. 222.] *Wednesday, November* 14, 1711. [*Steele.*

Cur alter fratrum cessare, et ludere, et ungi,
Præferat Herodis palmetis pinguibus— Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THERE is one thing I have often look'd for in your 'Papers, and have as often wondered to find my self dis-'appointed; the rather, because I think it a Subject every way 'agreeable to your Design, and by being left unattempted by 'others, seems reserved as a proper Employment for you; I 'mean a Disquisition, from whence it proceeds, that Men of 'the brightest Parts, and most comprehensive Genius, com-'pleatly furnished with Talents for any Province in humane 'Affairs; such as by their wise Lessons of Oeconomy to others 'have made it evident, that they have the justest Notions of 'Life and of true Sense in the Conduct of it——: from what 'unhappy contradictious Cause it proceeds, that Persons thus 'finished by Nature and by Art, should so often fail in the 'Management of that which they so well understand, and want 'the Address to make a right Application of their own Rules. 'This is certainly a prodigious Inconsistency in Behaviour, and 'makes much such a Figure in Morals as a monstrous Birth in 'Naturals, with this Difference only, which greatly aggravates 'the Wonder, that it happens much more frequently; and what 'a Blemish does it cast upon Wit and Learning in the general 'Account of the World? And in how disadvantageous a Light 'does it expose them to the busy Class of Mankind, that there 'should be so many Instances of Persons who have so con-'ducted their Lives in spite of these transcendent Advantages, 'as neither to be happy in themselves, nor useful to their 'Friends; when every Body sees it was entirely in their own

[1] Where it is explained that Adam meaning Man; Seth, placed; and Enosh, Misery: the mystic inference is that Man was placed in Misery.

'Power to be eminent in both these Characters? For my 'part, I think there is no Reflection more astonishing, than to 'consider one of these Gentlemen spending a fair Fortune, 'running in every Body's Debt without the least Apprehension 'of a future Reckoning, and at last leaving not only his own 'Children, but possibly those of other People, by his Means, 'in starving Circumstances; while a Fellow, whom one would 'scarce suspect to have a humane Soul, shall perhaps raise a 'vast Estate out of Nothing, and be the Founder of a Family 'capable of being very considerable in their Country, and 'doing many illustrious Services to it. That this Observation 'is just, Experience has put beyond all Dispute. But though 'the Fact be so evident and glaring, yet the Causes of it are 'still in the Dark; which makes me persuade my self, that 'it would be no unacceptable Piece of Entertainment to the 'Town, to inquire into the hidden Sources of so unaccountable 'an Evil.

I am,
SIR,
Your most Humble Servant.

What this Correspondent wonders at, has been Matter of Admiration ever since there was any such thing as humane Life. *Horace* reflects upon this Inconsistency very agreeably in the Character of *Tigellius*, whom he makes a mighty Pretender to Oeconomy, and tells you, you might one Day hear him speak the most philosophick Things imaginable concerning being contented with a little, and his Contempt of every thing but mere Necessaries, and in Half a Week after spend a thousand Pound. When he says this of him with Relation to Expence, he describes him as unequal to himself in every other Circumstance of Life. And indeed, if we consider lavish Men carefully, we shall find it always proceeds from a certain Incapacity of possessing themselves, and finding Enjoyment in their own Minds. Mr. *Dryden* has expressed this very excellently in the Character of *Zimri*.[1]

A Man so various, that he seem'd to be
Not one, but all Mankind's Epitome.
Stiff in Opinion, always in the Wrong,
Was every Thing by Starts, and Nothing long;
But in the Course of one revolving Moon,
Was Chymist, Fidler, Statesman, and Buffoon.
Then all for Women, Painting, Rhiming, Drinking,
Besides ten thousand Freaks that died in thinking;

[1] i. e. The Duke of Buckingham, in Part I. of 'Absalom and Achitophel.'

Blest Madman, who could every Hour employ
In something new to wish or to enjoy!
In squandring Wealth was his peculiar Art,
Nothing went unrewarded but Desert.

This loose State of the Soul hurries the Extravagant from one Pursuit to another; and the Reason that his Expences are greater than another's, is, that his Wants are also more numerous. But what makes so many go on in this Way to their Lives End, is, that they certainly do not know how contemptible they are in the Eyes of the rest of Mankind, or rather, that indeed they are not so contemptible as they deserve. *Tully* says, it is the greatest of Wickedness to lessen your paternal Estate. And if a Man would thoroughly consider how much worse than Banishment it must be to his Child, to ride by the Estate which should have been his had it not been for his Father's Injustice to him, he would be smitten with the Reflection more deeply than can be understood by any but one who is a Father. Sure there can be nothing more afflicting than to think it had been happier for his Son to have been born of any other Man living than himself.

It is not perhaps much thought of, but it is certainly a very important Lesson, to learn how to enjoy ordinary Life, and to be able to relish your Being without the Transport of some Passion or Gratification of some Appetite. For want of this Capacity, the World is filled with Whetters, Tipplers, Cutters, Sippers, and all the numerous Train of those who, for want of Thinking, are forced to be ever exercising their Feeling or Tasting. It would be hard on this Occasion to mention the harmless Smoakers of Tobacco and Takers of Snuff.

The slower Part of Mankind, whom my Correspondent wonders should get Estates, are the more immediately formed for that Pursuit: They can expect distant things without Impatience, because they are not carried out of their Way either by violent Passion or keen Appetite to any thing. To Men addicted to Delight[s], Business is an Interruption; to such as are cold to Delights, Business is an Entertainment. For which Reason it was said to one who commended a dull Man for his Application, *No Thanks to him; if he had no Business, he would have nothing to do.* T.

No. 223.] *Thursday, Nov.* 15, 1711. [*Addison.*

O suavis Anima! qualem te dicam bonam
Antehac fuisse, tales cùm sint reliquiæ!—Phæd.

WHEN I reflect upon the various Fate of those Multitudes of Ancient Writers who flourished in *Greece* and *Italy*, I consider Time as an Immense Ocean, in which many noble Authors are entirely swallowed up, many very much shattered and damaged, some quite disjointed and broken into pieces, while some have wholly escaped the Common Wreck; but the Number of the last is very small.

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto.

Among the mutilated Poets of Antiquity, there is none whose Fragments are so beautiful as those of *Sappho*. They give us a Taste of her Way of Writing, which is perfectly conformable with that extraordinary Character we find of her, in the Remarks of those great Criticks who were conversant with her Works when they were entire. One may see by what is left of them, that she followed Nature in all her Thoughts, without descending to those little Points, Conceits, and Turns of Wit with which many of our modern Lyricks are so miserably infected. Her Soul seems to have been made up of Love and Poetry: She felt the Passion in all its Warmth, and described it in all its Symptoms. She is called by ancient Authors the Tenth Muse; and by *Plutarch* is compared to *Cacus* the Son of *Vulcan*, who breathed out nothing but Flame. I do not know, by the Character that is given of her Works, whether it is not for the Benefit of Mankind that they are lost. They were filled with such bewitching Tenderness and Rapture, that it might have been dangerous to have given them a Reading.

An Inconstant Lover, called *Phaon*, occasioned great Calamities to this Poetical Lady. She fell desperately in Love with him, and took a Voyage into *Sicily* in Pursuit of him, he having withdrawn himself thither on purpose to avoid her. It was in that Island, and on this Occasion, she is supposed to have made the Hymn to *Venus*, with a Translation of which I shall present my Reader. Her Hymn was ineffectual for the procuring that Happiness which she prayed for in it. *Phaon* was still obdurate, and *Sappho* so transported with the Violence of her Passion, that she was resolved to get rid of it at any Price.

There was a Promontory in *Acarnania* called [*Leucrate*[1]] on

[1] [Leucas]

the Top of which was a little Temple dedicated to *Apollo*. In this Temple it was usual for *despairing* Lovers to make their Vows in secret, and afterwards to fling themselves from the Top of the Precipice into the Sea, where they were sometimes taken up alive. This Place was therefore called, *The Lover's Leap;* and whether or no the Fright they had been in, or the Resolution that could push them to so dreadful a Remedy, or the Bruises which they often received in their Fall, banished all the tender Sentiments of Love, and gave their Spirits another Turn; those who had taken this Leap were observed never to relapse into that Passion. *Sappho* tried the Cure, but perished in the Experiment.

After having given this short Account of *Sappho* so far as it regards the following Ode, I shall subjoin the Translation of it as it was sent me by a Friend, whose admirable Pastorals and *Winter-Piece* have been already so well received.[1] The Reader will find in it that Pathetick Simplicity which is so peculiar to him, and so suitable to the Ode he has here Translated. This Ode in the Greek (besides those Beauties observed by Madam *Dacier*) has several harmonious Turns in the Words, which are not lost in the *English*. I must farther add, that the Translation has preserved every Image and Sentiment of *Sappho*, notwithstanding it has all the Ease and Spirit of an Original. In a Word, if the Ladies have a mind to know the

[1] Ambrose Philips, whose Winter Piece appeared in No. 12 of the *Tatler*, and whose six Pastorals preceded those of Pope. Philips's Pastorals had appeared in 1709 in a sixth volume of a Poetical Miscellany issued by Jacob Tonson. The first four volumes of that Miscellany had been edited by Dryden, the fifth was collected after Dryden's death, and the sixth was notable for opening with the Pastorals of Ambrose Philips and closing with those of young Pope which Tonson had volunteered to print, thereby, said Wycherley, furnishing a Jacob's ladder by which Pope mounted to immortality. In a letter to his friend Mr. Henry Cromwell, Pope said, generously putting himself out of account, that there were no better eclogues in our language than those of Philips; but when afterwards Tickell in the *Guardian*, criticising Pastoral Poets from Theocritus downwards, exalted Philips and passed over Pope, the slighted poet took his revenge by sending to Steele an amusing one paper more upon Pastorals. This was ironical exaltation of the worst he could find in Philips over the best bits of his own work, which Steele inserted (it is No. 40 of the *Guardian*). Hereupon Philips, it is said, stuck up a rod in Button's Coffee House, which he said was to be used on Pope when next he met him. Pope retained his wrath, and celebrated Philips afterwards under the character of Macer, saying of this *Spectator* time,

When simple Macer, now of high renown,
First sought a Poet's fortune in the town,
'Twas all the ambition his high soul could feel,
To wear red stockings, and to dine with Steele.

Manner of Writing practised by the so much celebrated *Sappho*, they may here see it in its genuine and natural Beauty, without any foreign or affected Ornaments.

An HYMN to *VENUS*.

I.

O Venus, *Beauty of the Skies,*
To whom a Thousand Temples rise,
Gayly false in gentle Smiles,
Full of Love perplexing Wiles;
O Goddess! from my Heart remove
The wasting Cares and Pains of Love.

II.

If ever thou hast kindly heard
A Song in soft Distress prefer'd,
Propitious to my tuneful Vow,
O gentle Goddess! hear me now.
Descend, thou bright, immortal Guest,
In all thy radiant Charms confest.

III.

Thou once didst leave Almighty Jove,
And all the Golden Roofs above:
The Carr thy wanton Sparrows drew;
Hov'ring in Air they lightly flew,
As to my Bower they wing'd their Way:
I saw their quiv'ring Pinions play.

IV.

The Birds dismist (while you remain)
Bore back their empty Carr again:
Then You, with Looks divinely mild,
In ev'ry heav'nly Feature smil'd,
And ask'd what new Complaints I made,
And why I call'd you to my Aid?

V.

What Phrenzy in my Bosom rag'd,
And by what Care to be asswag'd?
What gentle Youth I could allure,
Whom in my artful Toiles secure?
Who does thy tender Heart subdue,
Tell me, my Sappho, *tell me Who?*

VI.

Tho' now he Shuns thy longing Arms,
He soon shall court thy slighted Charms;
Tho' now thy Off'rings he despise,
He soon to thee shall Sacrifice;
Tho' now he freeze, he soon shall burn,
And be thy Victim in his turn.

VII.

Celestial Visitant, once more
Thy needful Presence I implore!
In Pity come and ease my Grief,
Bring my distemper'd Soul Relief;
Favour thy Suppliant's hidden Fires,
And give me All my Heart desires.

Madam *Dacier* observes, there is something very pretty in that Circumstance of this Ode, wherein *Venus* is described as sending away her Chariot upon her Arrival at *Sappho's* Lodgings, to denote that it was not a short transient Visit which she intended to make her. This Ode was preserved by an eminent *Greek* Critick,[1] who inserted it intire in his Works, as a Pattern of Perfection in the Structure of it.

Longinus has quoted another Ode of this great Poetess, which is likewise admirable in its Kind, and has been translated by the same Hand with the foregoing one. I shall oblige my Reader with it in another Paper. In the mean while, I cannot but wonder, that these two finished Pieces have never been attempted before by any of our Countrymen. But the Truth of it is, the Compositions of the Ancients, which have not in them any of those unnatural Witticisms that are the Delight of ordinary Readers, are extremely difficult to render into another Tongue, so as the Beauties of the Original may not appear weak and faded in the Translation. C.

No. 224.] *Friday, November* 16, 1711. [*Hughes.*

—Fulgente trahit constrictos Gloria curru
Non minus ignotos generosis— Hor. Sat. 6.

IF we look abroad upon the great Multitudes of Mankind, and endeavour to trace out the Principles of Action in every Individual, it will, I think, seem highly probable that Ambition runs through the whole Species, and that every Man in Proportion to the Vigour of his Complection is more or less actuated by it. It is indeed no uncommon thing to meet with Men, who by the natural Bent of their Inclinations, and without the Discipline of Philosophy, aspire not to the Heights of Power and Grandeur; who never set their Hearts upon a numerous Train of Clients and Dependancies, nor other gay

[1] Dionysius of Halicarnassus.

Appendages of Greatness; who are contented with a Competency, and will not molest their Tranquillity to gain an Abundance: But it is not therefore to be concluded that such a Man is not Ambitious; his Desires may have cut out another Channel, and determined him to other Pursuits; the Motive however may be still the same; and in these Cases likewise the Man may be equally pushed on with the Desire of Distinction.

Though the pure Consciousness of worthy Actions, abstracted from the Views of popular Applause, be to a generous Mind an ample Reward, yet the Desire of Distinction was doubtless implanted in our Natures as an additional Incentive to exert our selves in virtuous Excellence.

This Passion indeed, like all others, is frequently perverted to evil and ignoble Purposes; so that we may account for many of the Excellencies and Follies of Life upon the same innate Principle, to wit, the Desire of being remarkable: For this, as it has been differently cultivated by Education, Study and Converse, will bring forth suitable Effects as it falls in with an [ingenuous [1]] Disposition, or a corrupt Mind; it does accordingly express itself in Acts of Magnanimity or selfish Cunning, as it meets with a good or a weak Understanding. As it has been employed in embellishing the Mind, or adorning the Outside, it renders the Man eminently Praise-worthy or ridiculous. Ambition therefore is not to be confined only to one Passion or Pursuit; for as the same Humours, in Constitutions otherwise different, affect the Body after different Manners, so the same aspiring Principle within us sometimes breaks forth upon one Object, sometimes upon another.

It cannot be doubted, but that there is as great Desire of Glory in a Ring of Wrestlers or Cudgel-Players, as in any other more refined Competition for Superiority. No Man that could avoid it, would ever suffer his Head to be broken but out of a Principle of Honour. This is the secret Spring that pushes them forward; and the Superiority which they gain above the undistinguish'd many, does more than repair those Wounds they have received in the Combat. 'Tis Mr. *Waller's* Opinion, that *Julius Cæsar*, had he not been Master of the *Roman* Empire, would in all Probability have made an excellent Wrestler.

> *Great* Julius *on the Mountains bred,*
> *A Flock perhaps or Herd had led;*
> *He that the World subdued, had been*
> *But the best Wrestler on the Green.*[2]

[1] [ingenious]

[2] In the Poem 'To Zelinda.'

That he subdued the World, was owing to the Accidents of Art and Knowledge; had he not met with those Advantages, the same Sparks of Emulation would have kindled within him, and prompted him to distinguish himself in some Enterprize of a lower Nature. Since therefore no Man's Lot is so unalterably fixed in this Life, but that a thousand Accidents may either forward or disappoint his Advancement, it is, methinks, a pleasant and inoffensive Speculation, to consider a great Man as divested of all the adventitious Circumstances of Fortune, and to bring him down in one's Imagination to that low Station of Life, the Nature of which bears some distant Resemblance to that high one he is at present possessed of. Thus one may view him exercising in Miniature those Talents of Nature, which being drawn out by Education to their full Length, enable him for the Discharge of some important Employment. On the other Hand, one may raise uneducated Merit to such a Pitch of Greatness as may seem equal to the possible Extent of his improved Capacity.

Thus Nature furnishes a Man with a general Appetite of Glory, Education determines it to this or that particular Object. The Desire of Distinction is not, I think, in any Instance more observable than in the Variety of Outsides and new Appearances, which the modish Part of the World are obliged to provide, in order to make themselves remarkable; for any thing glaring and particular, either in Behaviour or Apparel, is known to have this good Effect, that it catches the Eye, and will not suffer you to pass over the Person so adorned without due Notice and Observation. It has likewise, upon this Account, been frequently resented as a very great Slight, to leave any Gentleman out of a Lampoon or Satyr, who has as much Right to be there as his Neighbour, because it supposes the Person not eminent enough to be taken notice of. To this passionate Fondness for Distinction are owing various frolicksome and irregular Practices, as sallying out into Nocturnal Exploits, breaking of Windows, singing of Catches, beating the Watch, getting Drunk twice a Day, killing a great Number of Horses; with many other Enterprizes of the like fiery Nature: For certainly many a Man is more Rakish and Extravagant than he would willingly be, were there not others to look on and give their Approbation.

One very Common, and at the same time the most absurd Ambition that ever shewed it self in Humane Nature, is that which comes upon a Man with Experience and old Age, the Season when it might be expected he should be wisest; and

therefore it cannot receive any of those lessening Circumstances which do, in some measure, excuse the disorderly Ferments of youthful Blood: I mean the Passion for getting Money, exclusive of the Character of the Provident Father, the Affectionate Husband, or the Generous Friend. It may be remarked, for the Comfort of honest Poverty, that this Desire reigns most in those who have but few good Qualities to recommend them. This is a Weed that will grow in a barren Soil. Humanity, Good Nature, and the Advantages of a Liberal Education, are incompatible with Avarice. 'Tis strange to see how suddenly this abject Passion kills all the noble Sentiments and generous Ambitions that adorn Humane Nature; it renders the Man who is over-run with it a peevish and cruel Master, a severe Parent, an unsociable Husband, a distant and mistrustful Friend. But it is more to the present Purpose to consider it as an absurd Passion of the Heart, rather than as a vicious Affection of the Mind. As there are frequent Instances to be met with of a proud Humility, so this Passion, contrary to most others, affects Applause, by avoiding all Show and Appearance; for this Reason it will not sometimes endure even the common Decencies of Apparel. *A covetous Man will call himself poor, that you may sooth his Vanity by contradicting him.* Love and the Desire of Glory, as they are the most natural, so they are capable of being refined into the most delicate and rational Passions. 'Tis true, the wise Man who strikes out of the secret Paths of a private Life, for Honour and Dignity, allured by the Splendour of a Court, and the unfelt Weight of publick Employment, whether he succeeds in his Attempts or no, usually comes near enough to this painted Greatness to discern the Dawbing; he is then desirous of extricating himself out of the Hurry of Life, that he may pass away the Remainder of his Days in Tranquillity and Retirement.

It may be thought then but common Prudence in a Man not to change a better State for a worse, nor ever to quit that which he knows he shall take up again with Pleasure; and yet if human Life be not a little moved with the gentle Gales of Hopes and Fears, there may be some Danger of its stagnating in an unmanly Indolence and Security. It is a known Story of *Domitian*, that after he had possessed himself of the *Roman* Empire, his Desires turn'd upon catching Flies. Active and Masculine Spirits in the Vigour of Youth neither can nor ought to remain at Rest: If they debar themselves from aiming at a noble Object, their Desires will move downwards, and they will feel themselves actuated by some low and abject Passion.

Thus if you cut off the top Branches of a Tree, and will not suffer it to grow any higher, it will not therefore cease to grow, but will quickly shoot out at the Bottom. The Man indeed who goes into the World only with the narrow Views of Self-Interest, who catches at the Applause of an idle Multitude, as he can find no solid Contentment at the End of his Journey, so he deserves to meet with Disappointments in his Way; but he who is actuated by a noble Principle, whose Mind is so far enlarged as to take in the Prospect of his Country's Good, who is enamoured with that Praise which is one of the fair Attendants of Virtue, and values not those Acclamations which are not seconded by the impartial Testimony of his own Mind; who repines not at the low Station which Providence has at present allotted him, but yet would willingly advance himself by justifiable Means to a more rising and advantageous Ground; such a Man is warmed with a generous Emulation; it is a virtuous Movement in him to wish and to endeavour that his Power of doing Good may be equal to his Will.

The Man who is fitted out by Nature, and sent into the World with great Abilities, is capable of doing great Good or Mischief in it. It ought therefore to be the Care of Education to infuse into the untainted Youth early Notices of Justice and Honour, that so the possible Advantages of good Parts may not take an evil Turn, nor be perverted to base and unworthy Purposes. It is the Business of Religion and Philosophy not so much to extinguish our Passions, as to regulate and direct them to valuable well-chosen Objects: When these have pointed out to us which Course we may lawfully steer, 'tis no Harm to set out all our Sail; if the Storms and Tempests of Adversity should rise upon us, and not suffer us to make the Haven where we would be, it will however prove no small Consolation to us in these Circumstances, that we have neither mistaken our Course, nor fallen into Calamities of our own procuring.

Religion therefore (were we to consider it no farther than as it interposes in the Affairs of this Life) is highly valuable, and worthy of great Veneration; as it settles the various Pretensions, and otherwise interfering Interests of mortal Men, and thereby consults the Harmony and Order of the great Community; as it gives a Man room to play his Part, and exert his Abilities; as it animates to Actions truly laudable in themselves, in their Effects beneficial to Society; as it inspires rational Ambitions, correct Love, and elegant Desires. Z.

No. 225.] *Saturday, November* 17, 1711. [*Addison.*

Nullum numen abest si sit Prudentia— Juv.

I HAVE often thought if the Minds of Men were laid open, we should see but little Difference between that of the Wise Man and that of the Fool. There are infinite *Reveries*, numberless Extravagancies, and a perpetual Train of Vanities which pass through both. The great Difference is that the first knows how to pick and cull his Thoughts for Conversation, by suppressing some, and communicating others; whereas the other lets them all indifferently fly out in Words. This sort of Discretion, however, has no Place in private Conversation between intimate Friends. On such Occasions the wisest Men very often talk like the weakest; for indeed the Talking with a Friend is nothing else but *thinking aloud.*

Tully has therefore very justly exposed a Precept delivered by some Ancient Writers, That a Man should live with his Enemy in such a manner, as might leave him room to become his Friend; and with his Friend in such a manner, that if he became his Enemy, it should not be in his Power to hurt him. The first Part of this Rule, which regards our Behaviour towards an Enemy, is indeed very reasonable, as well as very prudential; but the latter Part of it which regards our Behaviour towards a Friend, savours more of Cunning than of Discretion, and would cut a Man off from the greatest Pleasures of Life, which are the Freedoms of Conversation with a Bosom Friend. Besides, that when a Friend is turned into an Enemy, and (as the Son of *Sirach* calls him) a Bewrayer of Secrets, the World is just enough to accuse the Perfidiousness of the Friend, rather than the Indiscretion of the Person who confided in him.

Discretion does not only shew it self in Words, but in all the Circumstances of Action; and is like an Under-Agent of Providence, to guide and direct us in the ordinary Concerns of Life.

There are many more shining Qualities in the Mind of Man, but there is none so useful as Discretion; it is this indeed which gives a Value to all the rest, which sets them at work in their proper Times and Places, and turns them to the Advantage of the Person who is possessed of them. Without it Learning is Pedantry, and Wit Impertinence; Virtue itself looks like Weakness; the best Parts only qualify a Man to be more sprightly in Errors, and active to his own Prejudice.

Nor does Discretion only make a Man the Master of his own Parts, but of other Mens. The discreet Man finds out the Talents of those he Converses with, and knows how to apply them to proper Uses. Accordingly if we look into particular Communities and Divisions of Men, we may observe that it is the discreet Man, not the Witty, nor the Learned, nor the Brave, who guides the Conversation, and gives Measures to the Society. A Man with great Talents, but void of Discretion, is like *Polyphemus* in the Fable, Strong and Blind, endued with an irresistible Force, which for want of Sight is of no Use to him.

Though a Man has all other Perfections, and wants Discretion, he will be of no great Consequence in the World; but if he has this single Talent in Perfection, and but a common Share of others, he may do what he pleases in his particular Station of Life.

At the same time that I think Discretion the most useful Talent a Man can be Master of, I look upon Cunning to be the Accomplishment of little, mean, ungenerous Minds. Discretion points out the noblest Ends to us, and pursues the most proper and laudable Methods of attaining them: Cunning has only private selfish Aims, and sticks at nothing which may make them succeed. Discretion has large and extended Views, and, like a well-formed Eye, commands a whole Horizon: Cunning is a Kind of Short-sightedness, that discovers the minutest Objects which are near at hand, but is not able to discern things at a distance. Discretion, the more it is discovered, gives a greater Authority to the Person who possesses it: Cunning, when it is once detected, loses its Force, and makes a Man incapable of bringing about even those Events which he might have done, had he passed only for a plain Man. Discretion is the Perfection of Reason, and a Guide to us in all the Duties of Life; Cunning is a kind of Instinct, that only looks out after our immediate Interest and Welfare. Discretion is only found in Men of strong Sense and good Understandings: Cunning is often to be met with in Brutes themselves, and in Persons who are but the fewest Removes from them. In short Cunning is only the Mimick of Discretion, and may pass upon weak Men, in the same manner as Vivacity is often mistaken for Wit, and Gravity for Wisdom.

The Cast of Mind which is natural to a discreet Man, makes him look forward into Futurity, and consider what will be his Condition Millions of Ages hence, as well as what it is at present. He knows that the Misery or Happiness which are

reserv'd for him in another World, lose nothing of their Reality by being placed at so great Distance from him. The Objects do not appear little to him because they are remote. He considers that those Pleasures and Pains which lie hid in Eternity, approach nearer to him every Moment, and will be present with him in their full Weight and Measure, as much as those Pains and Pleasures which he feels at this very Instant. For this Reason he is careful to secure to himself that which is the proper Happiness of his Nature, and the ultimate Design of his Being. He carries his Thoughts to the End of every Action, and considers the most distant as well as the most immediate Effects of it. He supersedes every little Prospect of Gain and Advantage which offers itself here, if he does not find it consistent with his Views of an Hereafter. In a word, his Hopes are full of Immortality, his Schemes are large and glorious, and his Conduct suitable to one who knows his true Interest, and how to pursue it by proper Methods.

I have, in this Essay upon Discretion, considered it both as an Accomplishment and as a Virtue, and have therefore described it in its full Extent; not only as it is conversant about worldly Affairs, but as it regards our whole Existence; not only as it is the Guide of a mortal Creature, but as it is in general the Director of a reasonable Being. It is in this Light that Discretion is represented by the Wise Man, who sometimes mentions it under the Name of Discretion, and sometimes under that of Wisdom. It is indeed (as described in the latter Part of this Paper) the greatest Wisdom, but at the same time in the Power of every one to attain. Its Advantages are infinite, but its Acquisition easy; or to speak of her in the Words of the Apocryphal Writer whom I quoted in my last *Saturday's* Paper, *Wisdom is glorious, and never fadeth away, yet she is easily seen of them that love her, and found of such as seek her. She preventeth them that desire her, in making herself first known unto them. He that seeketh her early, shall have no great Travel: for he shall find her sitting at his Doors. To think therefore upon her is Perfection of Wisdom, and whoso watcheth for her shall quickly be without Care. For she goeth about seeking such as are worthy of her, sheweth her self favourably unto them in the Ways, and meeteth them in every Thought.*[1]

C.

[1] Wisdom vi. 12—16.

No. 226.] *Monday, November* 19,[1] 1711. [*Steele.*

[——*Mutum est pictura poema.*—Hor.[2]]

I HAVE very often lamented and hinted my Sorrow in several Speculations, that the Art of Painting is made so little Use of to the Improvement of our Manners. When we consider that it places the Action of the Person represented in the most agreeable Aspect imaginable, that it does not only express the Passion or Concern as it sits upon him who is drawn, but has under those Features the Height of the Painter's Imagination. What strong Images of Virtue and Humanity might we not expect would be instilled into the Mind from the Labours of the Pencil? This is a Poetry which would be understood with much less Capacity, and less Expence of Time, than what is taught by Writings; but the Use of it is generally perverted, and that admirable Skill prostituted to the basest and most unworthy Ends. Who is the better Man for beholding the most beautiful *Venus*, the best wrought *Bacchanal*, the Images of sleeping *Cupids*, languishing Nymphs, or any of the Representations of Gods, Goddesses, Demy-gods, Satyrs, *Polyphemes*, Sphinxes, or Fauns? But if the Virtues and Vices, which are sometimes pretended to be represented under such Draughts, were given us by the Painter in the Characters of real Life, and the Persons of Men and Women whose Actions have rendered them laudable or infamous; we should not see a good History-Piece without receiving an instructive Lecture. There needs no other Proof of this Truth, than the Testimony of every reasonable Creature who has seen the Cartons in Her Majesty's Gallery at *Hampton-Court*: These are Representations of no less Actions than those of our Blessed Saviour and his Apostles. As I now sit and recollect the warm Images which the admirable *Raphael* has raised, it is impossible even from the faint Traces in one's Memory of what one has not seen these two Years, to be unmoved at the Horror and Reverence which appear in the whole Assembly when the mercenary Man fell down dead; at the Amazement of the Man born blind, when he first receives Sight; or at the graceless Indignation of the Sorcerer, when he is struck blind. The Lame, when they

[1] Swift to Stella, Nov. 18, 1711. 'Do you ever read the SPECTATORS? 'I never do; they never come in my way; I go to no coffee-houses. 'They say abundance of them are very pretty; they are going to be 'printed in small volumes; I'll bring them over with me.'

[2] [——*Pictura Poesis erit.*—Hor.]

first find Strength in their Feet, stand doubtful of their new Vigour. The heavenly Apostles appear acting these great Things, with a deep Sense of the Infirmities which they relieve, but no Value of themselves who administer to their Weakness. They know themselves to be but Instruments; and the generous Distress they are painted in when divine Honours are offered to them, is a Representation in the most exquisite Degree of the Beauty of Holiness. When St. *Paul* is preaching to the *Athenians*, with what wonderful Art are almost all the different Tempers of Mankind represented in that elegant Audience? You see one credulous of all that is said, another wrapt up in deep Suspence, another saying there is some Reason in what he says, another angry that the Apostle destroys a favourite Opinion which he is unwilling to give up, another wholly convinced and holding out his Hands in Rapture; while the Generality attend, and wait for the Opinion of those who are of leading Characters in the Assembly. I will not pretend so much as to mention that Chart on which is drawn the Appearance of our Blessed Lord after his Resurrection. Present Authority, late Suffering, Humility and Majesty, Despotick Command, and [Divine[1]] Love, are at once seated in his celestial Aspect. The Figures of the Eleven Apostles are all in the same Passion of Admiration, but discover it differently according to their Characters. *Peter* receives his Master's Orders on his Knees with an Admiration mixed with a more particular Attention: The two next with a more open Ecstasy, though still constrained by the Awe of [the Divine[2]] Presence: The beloved Disciple, whom I take to be the Right of the two first Figures, has in his Countenance Wonder drowned in Love; and the last Personage, whose Back is towards the Spectator[s], and his Side towards the Presence, one would fancy to be St. *Thomas*, as abashed by the Conscience of his former Diffidence; which perplexed Concern it is possible *Raphael* thought too hard a Task to draw but by this Acknowledgment of the Difficulty to describe it.

The whole Work is an Exercise of the highest Piety in the Painter; and all the Touches of a religious Mind are expressed in a Manner much more forcible than can possibly be performed by the most moving Eloquence. These invaluable Pieces are very justly in the Hands of the greatest and most pious Sovereign in the World; and cannot be the frequent Object of every one at their own Leisure: But as an Engraver is to the Painter what a Printer is to an Author, it is worthy Her

[1] [Brotherly] [2] [cœlestial]

Majesty's Name, that she has encouraged that Noble Artist, Monsieur *Dorigny*,[1] to publish these Works of *Raphael*. We have of this Gentleman a Piece of the Transfiguration, which, I think, is held a Work second to none in the World.

Methinks it would be ridiculous in our People of Condition, after their large Bounties to Foreigners of no Name or Merit, should they overlook this Occasion of having, for a trifling Subscription, a Work which it is impossible for a Man of Sense to behold, without being warmed with the noblest Sentiments that can be inspired by Love, Admiration, Compassion, Contempt of this World, and Expectation of a better.

It is certainly the greatest Honour we can do our Country, to distinguish Strangers of Merit who apply to us with Modesty and Diffidence, which generally accompanies Merit. No Opportunity of this Kind ought to be neglected; and a modest Behaviour should alarm us to examine whether we do not lose something excellent under that Disadvantage in the Possessor of that Quality. My Skill in Paintings, where one is not directed by the Passion of the Pictures, is so inconsiderable, that I am in very great Perplexity when I offer to speak of any Performances of Painters of Landskips, Buildings, or single Figures. This makes me at a loss how to mention the Pieces which Mr. *Boul* exposes to Sale by Auction on *Wednesday* next in *Shandois-street:* But having heard him commended by those who have bought of him heretofore for great Integrity in his Dealing, and overheard him himself (tho' a laudable Painter) say, nothing of his own was fit to come into the Room with those he had to sell, I fear'd I should lose an Occasion of serving a Man of Worth, in omitting to speak of his Auction.

ADVERTISEMENT.

There is arrived from Italy *a Painter who acknowledges himself the greatest Person of the Age in that Art, and is willing to be as renowned in this Island as he declares he is in Foreign Parts.*

The Doctor paints the Poor for nothing. T.

[1] Michel Dorigny, painter and engraver, native of St. Quentin, pupil and son-in-law of Simon Vouet, whose style he adopted, was Professor in the Paris Academy of Painting, and died at the age of 48, in 1665. His son and Vouet's grandson, Nicola Dorigny, in aid of whose undertaking Steele wrote this paper in the *Spectator*, had been invited from Rome by several of the nobility, to produce, with licence from the Queen, engravings from Raphael's Cartoons, at Hampton Court. He offered eight plates 19 inches high, and from 25 to 30 inches long, for four guineas subscription, although, he said in his Prospectus, the five prints of Alexander's Battles after Lebrun were often sold for twenty guineas.

No. 227.] *Tuesday, November 20, 1711.* [*Addison.*

Ὦ μοι ἐγὼ τί πάθω; τί ὁ δύσσοος; οὐχ ὑπακούεις;
Τὰν βαίταν ἀποδὺς εἰς κύματα τῆνα ἁλεῖμαι
Ὥπερ τὼς Ϝύννως σκοπιάζεται Ὅλπις ὁ γριπεύς.
Κἤκα μὴ ἀποθάνω, τό γε μὰν τεὸν ἀδὺ τέτυκται.—Theoc.

IN my last *Thursday's* Paper I made mention of a Place called *The Lover's Leap*, which I find has raised a great Curiosity among several of my Correspondents. I there told them that this Leap was used to be taken from a Promontory of *Leucas*. This *Leucas* was formerly a Part of *Acarnania*, being [joined to [1]] it by a narrow Neck of Land, which the Sea has by length of Time overflowed and washed away; so that at present *Leucas* is divided from the Continent, and is a little Island in the *Ionian* Sea. The Promontory of this Island, from whence the Lover took his Leap, was formerly called *Leucate*. If the Reader has a mind to know both the Island and the Promontory by their modern Titles, he will find in his Map the ancient Island of *Leucas* under the Name of St. *Mauro*, and the ancient Promontory of *Leucate* under the Name of *The Cape of St.* Mauro.

Since I am engaged thus far in Antiquity, I must observe that *Theocritus* in the Motto prefixed to my Paper, describes one of his despairing Shepherds addressing himself to his Mistress after the following manner, *Alas! What will become of me! Wretch that I am! Will you not hear me? I'll throw off my Cloaths, and take a Leap into that Part of the Sea which is so much frequented by* Olphis *the Fisherman. And tho' I should escape with my Life, I know you will be pleased with it.* I shall leave it with the Criticks to determine whether the Place, which this Shepherd so particularly points out, was not the above-mentioned *Leucate*, or at least some other Lover's Leap, which was supposed to have had the same Effect. I cannot believe, as all the Interpreters do, that the Shepherd means nothing farther here than that he would drown himself, since he represents the Issue of his Leap as doubtful, by adding, That if he should escape with [Life,[2]] he knows his Mistress would be pleased with it; which is, according to our Interpretation, that she would rejoice any way to get rid of a Lover who was so troublesome to her.

After this short Preface, I shall present my Reader with some Letters which I have received upon this Subject. The first is sent me by a Physician.

[1] [divided from]

[2] [his Life,]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'The Lover's Leap, which you mention in your 223d Paper, 'was generally, I believe, a very effectual Cure for Love, and 'not only for Love, but for all other Evils. In short, Sir, I 'am afraid it was such a Leap as that which *Hero* took to get 'rid of her Passion for *Leander*. A Man is in no Danger of 'breaking his Heart, who breaks his Neck to prevent it. I 'know very well the Wonders which ancient Authors relate 'concerning this Leap; and in particular, that very many 'Persons who tried it, escaped not only with their Lives but 'their Limbs. If by this Means they got rid of their Love, 'tho' it may in part be ascribed to the Reasons you give for 'it; why may not we suppose that the cold Bath into which 'they plunged themselves, had also some Share in their Cure? 'A Leap into the Sea or into any Creek of Salt Waters, very 'often gives a new Motion to the Spirits, and a new Turn to 'the Blood; for which Reason we prescribe it in Distempers 'which no other Medicine will reach. I could produce a 'Quotation out of a very venerable Author, in which the 'Frenzy produced by Love, is compared to that which is pro- 'duced by the Biting of a mad Dog. But as this Comparison 'is a little too coarse for your Paper, and might look as if it 'were cited to ridicule the Author who has made use of it; I 'shall only hint at it, and desire you to consider whether, if the 'Frenzy produced by these two different Causes be of the same 'Nature, it may not very properly be cured by the same Means.

I am, SIR,

Your most humble Servant, and Well-wisher,

ESCULAPIUS.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am a young Woman crossed in Love. My Story is very 'long and melancholy. To give you the heads of it: A young 'Gentleman, after having made his Applications to me for three 'Years together, and filled my Head with a thousand Dreams 'of Happiness, some few Days since married another. Pray 'tell me in what Part of the World your Promontory lies, which 'you call *The Lover's Leap*, and whether one may go to it by 'Land? But, alas, I am afraid it has lost its Virtue, and that 'a Woman of our Times would find no more Relief in taking 'such a Leap, than in singing an Hymn to *Venus*. So that I 'must cry out with *Dido* in *Dryden's Virgil*,

Ah! cruel Heaven, that made no Cure for Love!

Your disconsolate Servant,

ATHENAIS.

MISTER SPICTATUR,

'My Heart is so full of Lofes and Passions for Mrs. *Gwinifrid*, 'and she is so pettish and overrun with Cholers against me, 'that if I had the good Happiness to have my Dwelling (which 'is placed by my Creat-Cranfather upon the Pottom of an Hill) 'no farther Distance but twenty Mile from the Lofer's Leap, I 'would indeed indeafour to preak my Neck upon it on Purpose. 'Now, good Mister SPICTATUR of *Crete Prittain*, you must 'know it there is in *Caernarvanshire* a fery pig Mountain, the 'Clory of all *Wales*, which is named *Penmainmaure*, and you 'must also know, it iss no great Journey on Foot from me; 'but the Road is stony and bad for Shooes. Now, there is 'upon the Forehead of this Mountain a very high Rock, (like 'a Parish Steeple) that cometh a huge deal over the Sea; so 'when I am in my Melancholies, and I do throw myself from 'it, I do desire my fery good Friend to tell me in his *Spictatur*, 'if I shall be cure of my grefous Lofes; for there is the Sea 'clear as Glass, and as creen as the Leek: Then likewise if I 'be drown, and preak my Neck, if Mrs. *Gwinifrid* will not 'lose me afterwards. Pray be speedy in your Answers, for I 'am in crete Haste, and it is my Tesires to do my Pusiness 'without Loss of Time. I remain with cordial Affections, 'your ever lofing Friend, *Dayth ap Shenkyn.*

P. S. 'My Law-suits have brought me to *London*, but I 'have lost my Causes; and so have made my Resolutions to 'go down and leap before the Frosts begin; for I am apt to 'take Colds.

Ridicule, perhaps, is a better Expedient against Love than sober Advice, and I am of Opinion, that *Hudibras* and *Don Quixote* may be as effectual to cure the Extravagancies of this Passion, as any of the old Philosophers. I shall therefore publish, very speedily, the Translation of a little *Greek* Manuscript, which is sent me by a learned Friend. It appears to have been a Piece of those Records which were kept in the little Temple of *Apollo*, that stood upon the Promontory of *Leucate*. The Reader will find it to be a Summary Account of several Persons who tried the Lover's Leap, and of the Success they found in it. As there seem to be in it some Anachronisms and Deviations from the ancient Orthography, I am not wholly satisfied myself that it is authentick, and not rather the Production of one of those *Grecian* Sophisters, who have imposed upon the World several spurious Works of this Nature. I speak this by way of Precaution, because I know there are

several Writers, of uncommon Erudition, who would not fail to expose my Ignorance, if they caught me tripping in a Matter of so great Moment.[1] C.

No. 228.] *Wednesday, November* 21, 1711. [*Steele.*

Percunctatorem fugito, nam Garrulus idem est.—Hor.

THERE is a Creature who has all the Organs of Speech, a tolerable good Capacity for conceiving what is said to it, together with a pretty proper Behaviour in all the Occurrences of common Life; but naturally very vacant of Thought in it self, and therefore forced to apply it self to foreign Assistances. Of this Make is that Man who is very inquisitive. You may often observe, that tho' he speaks as good Sense as any Man upon any thing with which he is well acquainted, he cannot trust to the Range of his own Fancy to entertain himself upon that Foundation, but goes on to still new Enquiries. Thus, tho' you know he is fit for the most polite Conversation, you shall see him very well contented to sit by a Jockey, giving an Account of the many Revolutions in his Horse's Health, what Potion he made him take, how that agreed with him, how afterwards he came to his Stomach and his Exercise, or any the like Impertinence; and be as well pleased as if you talked to him on the most important Truths. This Humour is far from making a Man unhappy, tho' it may subject him to Raillery; for he generally falls in with a Person who seems to be born for him, which is your talkative Fellow. It is so ordered, that there is a secret Bent, as natural as the Meeting of different Sexes, in these two Characters, to supply each other's Wants. I had the Honour the other Day to sit in a publick Room, and saw an inquisitive Man look with an Air of Satisfaction upon the Approach of one of these Talkers.

[1] The following Advertisement appeared in Nos. 227—234, 237, 247 and 248, with the word 'certainly' before 'be ready' after the first insertion:

☞ There is now Printing by Subscription two Volumes of the SPECTATORS on a large Character in Octavo; the Price of the two Vols. well Bound and Gilt two Guineas. Those who are inclined to Subscribe, are desired to make their first Payments to Jacob Tonson, Bookseller in the Strand, the Books being so near finished, that they will be ready for the Subscribers at or before Christmas next.

The Third and Fourth Volumes of the LUCUBRATIONS of Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq., are ready to be delivered at the same Place.

N. B. The Author desires that such Gentlemen who have not received their Books for which they have Subscribed, would be pleased to signify the same to Mr. Tonson.

The Man of ready Utterance sat down by him, and rubbing his Head, leaning on his Arm, and making an uneasy Countenance, he began; 'There is no manner of News To-day. I 'cannot tell what is the Matter with me, but I slept very ill 'last Night; whether I caught Cold or no, I know not, but I 'fancy I do not wear Shoes thick enough for the Weather, 'and I have coughed all this Week: It must be so, for the 'Custom of washing my Head Winter and Summer with cold 'Water, prevents any Injury from the Season entering that 'Way; so it must come in at my Feet; But I take no notice 'of it: as it comes so it goes. Most of our Evils proceed from 'too much Tenderness; and our Faces are naturally as little 'able to resist the Cold as other Parts. The *Indian* answered 'very well to an *European*, who asked him how he could go 'naked; I am all Face.

I observed this Discourse was as welcome to my general Enquirer as any other of more Consequence could have been; but some Body calling our Talker to another Part of the Room, the Enquirer told the next Man who sat by him, that Mr. such a one, who was just gone from him, used to wash his Head in cold Water every Morning; and so repeated almost *verbatim* all that had been said to him. The Truth is, the Inquisitive are the Funnels of Conversation; they do not take in any thing for their own Use, but merely to pass it to another: They are the Channels through which all the Good and Evil that is spoken in Town are conveyed. Such as are offended at them, or think they suffer by their Behaviour, may themselves mend that Inconvenience; for they are not a malicious People, and if you will supply them, you may contradict any thing they have said before by their own Mouths. A farther Account of a thing is one of the gratefullest Goods that can arrive to them; and it is seldom that they are more particular than to say, The Town will have it, or I have it from a good Hand: So that there is room for the Town to know the Matter more particularly, and for a better Hand to contradict what was said by a good one.

I have not known this Humour more ridiculous than in a Father, who has been earnestly solicitous to have an Account how his Son has passed his leisure Hours; if it be in a Way thoroughly insignificant, there cannot be a greater Joy than an Enquirer discovers in seeing him follow so hopefully his own Steps: But this Humour among Men is most pleasant when they are saying something which is not wholly proper for a third Person to hear, and yet is in itself indifferent. The other

Day there came in a well-dressed young Fellow, and two Gentlemen of this Species immediately fell a whispering his Pedigree. I could overhear, by Breaks, She was his Aunt; then an Answer, Ay, she was of the Mother's Side: Then again in a little lower Voice, His Father wore generally a darker Wig; Answer, Not much. But this Gentleman wears higher Heels to his Shoes.

As the Inquisitive, in my Opinion, are such merely from a Vacancy in their own Imaginations, there is nothing, methinks, so dangerous as to communicate Secrets to them; for the same Temper of Enquiry makes them as impertinently communicative: But no Man, though he converses with them, need put himself in their Power, for they will be contented with Matters of less Moment as well. When there is Fuel enough, no matter what it is———Thus the Ends of Sentences in the News Papers, as, *This wants Confirmation*, *This occasions many Speculations*, and *Time will discover the Event*, are read by them, and considered not as mere Expletives.

One may see now and then this Humour accompanied with an insatiable Desire of knowing what passes, without turning it to any Use in the world but merely their own Entertainment. A Mind which is gratified this Way is adapted to Humour and Pleasantry, and formed for an unconcerned Character in the World; and, like my self, to be a mere Spectator. This Curiosity, without Malice or Self-interest, lays up in the Imagination a Magazine of Circumstances which cannot but entertain when they are produced in Conversation. If one were to know, from the Man of the first Quality to the meanest Servant, the different Intrigues, Sentiments, Pleasures, and Interests of Mankind, would it not be the most pleasing Entertainment imaginable to enjoy so constant a Farce, as the observing Mankind much more different from themselves in their secret Thoughts and publick Actions, than in their Night-caps and long Periwigs?

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'*Plutarch* tells us, that *Caius Gracchus*, the *Roman*, was 'frequently hurried by his Passion into so loud and tumultuous 'a way of Speaking, and so strained his Voice as not to be 'able to proceed. To remedy this Excess, he had an ingenious 'Servant, by Name *Licinius*, always attended him with a Pitch-'pipe, or Instrument to regulate the Voice; who, whenever he 'heard his Master begin to be high, immediately touched a soft 'Note; at which, 'tis said, *Caius* would presently abate and 'grow calm.

'Upon recollecting this Story, I have frequently wondered 'that this useful Instrument should have been so long dis- 'continued; especially since we find that this good Office of '*Licinius* has preserved his Memory for many hundred Years, 'which, methinks, should have encouraged some one to have 'revived it, if not for the publick Good, yet for his own Credit. 'It may be objected, that our loud Talkers are so fond of their 'own Noise, that they would not take it well to be check'd by 'their Servants: But granting this to be true, surely any of 'their Hearers have a very good Title to play a soft Note in 'their own Defence. To be short, no *Licinius* appearing and 'the Noise increasing. I was resolved to give this late long 'Vacation to the Good of my Country; and I have at length, 'by the Assistance of an ingenious Artist, (who works to the 'Royal Society) almost compleated my Design, and shall be 'ready in a short Time to furnish the Publick with what 'Number of these Instruments they please, either to lodge at 'Coffee-houses, or carry for their own private Use. In the 'mean time I shall pay that Respect to several Gentlemen, 'who I know will be in Danger of offending against this 'Instrument, to give them notice of it by private Letters, in 'which I shall only write, *Get a* Licinius.

'I should now trouble you no longer, but that I must not 'conclude without desiring you to accept one of these Pipes, 'which shall be left for you with *Buckley;* and which I hope 'will be serviceable to you, since as you are silent yourself you 'are most open to the Insults of the Noisy.

I am, SIR, &c. W. B.

'I had almost forgot to inform you, that as an Improvement 'in this Instrument, there will be a particular Note, which I 'call a Hush-Note; and this is to be made use of against a 'long Story, Swearing, Obsceneness, and the like.

No. 229.] *Thursday, Nov.* 22, 1711. [*Addison.*

——Spirat adhuc amor,
Vivuntque commissi calores
Æoliæ fidibus puellæ.—Hor.

AMONG the many famous Pieces of Antiquity which are still to be seen at *Rome*, there is the Trunk of a Statue[1]

[1] The Belvidere Torso.

which has lost the Arms, Legs, and Head; but discovers such an exquisite Workmanship in what remains of it, that *Michael Angelo* declared he had learned his whole Art from it. Indeed he studied it so attentively, that he made most of his Statues, and even his Pictures in that *Gusto*, to make use of the *Italian* Phrase; for which Reason this maimed Statue is still called *Michael Angelo's* School.

A Fragment of *Sappho*, which I design for the Subject of this Paper,[1] is in as great Reputation among the Poets and Criticks, as the mutilated Figure above-mentioned is among the Statuaries and Painters. Several of our Countrymen, and Mr. *Dryden* in particular, seem very often to have copied after it in their Dramatick Writings, and in their Poems upon Love.

Whatever might have been the Occasion of this Ode, the English Reader will enter into the Beauties of it, if he supposes it to have been written in the Person of a Lover sitting by his Mistress. I shall set to View three different Copies of this beautiful Original: The first is a Translation by *Catullus*, the second by Monsieur *Boileau*, and the last by a Gentleman whose Translation of the *Hymn to Venus* has been so deservedly admired.

Ad LESBIAM.

Ille mî par esse deo videtur,
Ille, si fas est, superare divos,
Qui sedens adversus identidem te,
Spectat, et audit.
Dulce ridentem, misero quod omnis
Eripit sensus mihi: nam simul te,
Lesbia, adspexi, nihil est super mî
Quod loquar amens.
Lingua sed torpet, tenuis sub artus
Flamma dimanat, sonitu suopte
Tinniunt aures, gemina teguntur
Lumina nocte.

My learned Reader will know very well the Reason why one of these Verses is printed in *Roman* Letter;[2] and if he compares this Translation with the Original, will find that the three first Stanzas are rendred almost Word for Word, and not only with the same Elegance, but with the same short Turn of Expression which is so remarkable in the *Greek*, and so peculiar to the *Sapphick* Ode. I cannot imagine for what Reason Madam *Dacier* has told us, that this Ode of *Sappho* is preserved entire in *Longinus*, since it is manifest to any one who looks

[1] The other translation by Ambrose Philips. See note to No. 223.
[2] Wanting in copies then known, it is here supplied by conjecture.

into that Author's Quotation of it, that there must at least have been another Stanza, which is not transmitted to us.

The second Translation of this Fragment which I shall here cite, is that of Monsieur *Boileau*.

Heureux ! qui prés de toi, pour toi seule soûpire :
Qui jouït du plaisir de t'entendre parler :
Qui te voit quelquefois doucement lui soûrire.
Les Dieux, dans son bonheur, peuvent-ils l'égaler ?

Je sens de veine en veine une subtile flamme
Courir par tout mon corps, si-tost que je te vois :
Et dans les doux transports, où s'egare mon ame,
Je ne sçaurois trouver de langue, ni de voix.

Un nuage confus se répand sùr ma vuë,
Je n'entens plus, je tombe en de douces langueurs ;
Et pâle, sans haleine, interdite, esperduë,
Un frisson me saisit, je tremble, je me meurs.

The Reader will see that this is rather an Imitation than a Translation. The Circumstances do not lie so thick together, and follow one another with that Vehemence and Emotion as in the Original. In short, Monsieur *Boileau* has given us all the Poetry, but not all the Passion of this famous Fragment. I shall, in the last Place, present my Reader with the *English* Translation.

I.

Blest as th' immortal Gods is he,
The Youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while
Softly speak and sweetly smile.

II.

'Twas this depriv'd my Soul of Rest,
And rais'd such Tumults in my Breast ;
For while I gaz'd, in Transport tost,
My Breath was gone, my Voice was lost :

III.

My Bosom glow'd ; the subtle Flame
Ran quick through all my vital Frame ;
O'er my dim Eyes a Darkness hung ;
My Ears with hollow Murmurs rung.

IV.

In dewy Damps my Limbs were chill'd ;
My Blood with gentle Horrors thrill'd ;
My feeble Pulse forgot to play ;
I fainted, sunk, and dy'd away.

Instead of giving any Character of this last Translation, I shall desire my learned Reader to look into the Criticisms

which *Longinus* has made upon the Original. By that means he will know to which of the Translations he ought to give the Preference. I shall only add, that this Translation is written in the very Spirit of *Sappho*, and as near the *Greek* as the Genius of our Language will possibly suffer.

Longinus has observed, that this Description of Love in *Sappho* is an exact Copy of Nature, and that all the Circumstances which follow one another in such an Hurry of Sentiments, notwithstanding they appear repugnant to each other, are really such as happen in the Phrenzies of Love.

I wonder, that not one of the Criticks or Editors, through whose Hands this Ode has passed, has taken Occasion from it to mention a Circumstance related by *Plutarch*. That Author in the famous Story of *Antiochus*, who fell in Love with *Stratonice*, his Mother-in-law, and (not daring to discover his Passion) pretended to be confined to his Bed by Sickness, tells us, that *Erasistratus*, the Physician, found out the Nature of his Distemper by those Symptoms of Love which he had learnt from *Sappho's* Writings.[1] *Stratonice* was in the Room of the Love-sick Prince, when these Symptoms discovered themselves to his Physician; and it is probable, that they were not very different from those which *Sappho* here describes in a Lover sitting by his Mistress. This Story of *Antiochus* is so well known, that I need not add the Sequel of it, which has no Relation to my present Subject. C.

No. 230.] *Friday, Nov.* 23, 1711. [*Steele.*

Homines ad Deos nullâ re propiùs accedunt, quam salutem Hominibus dando.—Tull.

HUMAN Nature appears a very deformed, or a very beautiful Object, according to the different Lights in which it is viewed. When we see Men of inflamed Passions, or of wicked Designs, tearing one another to pieces by open Violence, or undermining each other by secret Treachery; when we observe base and narrow Ends pursued by ignominious and dishonest Means; when we behold Men mixed in Society as

[1] In Plutarch's Life of Demetrius. 'When others entered Antiochus was 'entirely unaffected. But when Stratonice came in, as she often did, he 'shewed all the symptoms described by Sappho, the faltering voice, the 'burning blush, the languid eye, the sudden sweat, the tumultuous pulse; 'and at length, the passion overcoming his spirits, a swoon and mortal 'paleness.'

if it were for the Destruction of it; we are even ashamed of our Species, and out of Humour with our own Being: But in another Light, when we behold them mild, good, and benevolent, full of a generous Regard for the publick Prosperity, compassionating [each [1]] other's Distresses, and relieving each other's Wants, we can hardly believe they are Creatures of the same Kind. In this View they appear Gods to each other, in the Exercise of the noblest Power, that of doing Good; and the greatest Compliment we have ever been able to make to our own Being, has been by calling this Disposition of Mind Humanity. We cannot but observe a Pleasure arising in our own Breast upon the seeing or hearing of a generous Action, even when we are wholly disinterested in it. I cannot give a more proper Instance of this, than by a Letter from *Pliny*, in which he recommends a Friend in the most handsome manner, and, methinks, it would be a great Pleasure to know the Success of this Epistle, though each Party concerned in it has been so many hundred Years in his Grave.

To MAXIMUS.

'What I should gladly do for any Friend of yours, I think I 'may now with Confidence request for a Friend of mine. '*Arrianus Maturius* is the most considerable Man of his 'Country; when I call him so, I do not speak with Relation 'to his Fortune, though that is very plentiful, but to his In-'tegrity, Justice, Gravity, and Prudence; his Advice is useful 'to me in Business, and his Judgment in Matters of Learning: 'His Fidelity, Truth, and good Understanding, are very great; 'besides this, he loves me as you do, than which I cannot say 'any thing that signifies a warmer Affection. He has nothing 'that's aspiring; and though he might rise to the highest Order 'of Nobility, he keeps himself in an inferior Rank; yet I think 'my self bound to use my Endeavours to serve and promote 'him; and would therefore find the Means of adding something 'to his Honours while he neither expects nor knows it, nay, 'though he should refuse it. Something, in short, I would 'have for him that may be honourable, but not troublesome; 'and I entreat that you will procure him the first thing of this 'kind that offers, by which you will not only oblige me, but 'him also; for though he does not covet it, I know he will be 'as grateful in acknowledging your Favour as if he had 'asked it.[2]

[1] [of each]

[2] Pliny, Jun, Epist. Bk. II. Ep. 2. Thus far the paper is by John Hughes.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'The Reflections in some of your Papers on the servile 'manner of Education now in Use, have given Birth to an 'Ambition, which, unless you discountenance it, will, I doubt, 'engage me in a very difficult, tho' not ungrateful Adventure. 'I am about to undertake, for the sake of the *British* Youth, 'to instruct them in such a manner, that the most dangerous 'Page in *Virgil* or *Homer* may be read by them with much 'Pleasure, and with perfect Safety to their Persons.

'Could I prevail so far as to be honoured with the Protection 'of some few of them, (for I am not Hero enough to rescue 'many) my Design is to retire with them to an agreeable 'Solitude; though within the Neighbourhood of a City, for 'the Convenience of their being instructed in Musick, Dancing, 'Drawing, Designing, or any other such Accomplishments, 'which it is conceived may make as proper Diversions for 'them, and almost as pleasant, as the little sordid Games 'which dirty School-boys are so much delighted with. It may 'easily be imagined, how such a pretty Society, conversing 'with none beneath themselves, and sometimes admitted as 'perhaps not unentertaining Parties amongst better Company, 'commended and caressed for their little Performances, and 'turned by such Conversations to a certain Gallantry of Soul, 'might be brought early acquainted with some of the most 'polite *English* Writers. This having given them some toler-'able Taste of Books, they would make themselves Masters of 'the *Latin* Tongue by Methods far easier than those in *Lilly*, 'with as little Difficulty or Reluctance as young Ladies learn 'to speak *French*, or to sing *Italian* Operas. When they had 'advanced thus far, it would be time to form their Taste some-'thing more exactly: One that had any true Relish of fine 'Writing, might, with great Pleasure both to himself and them, 'run over together with them the best *Roman* Historians, 'Poets, and Orators, and point out their more remarkable 'Beauties; give them a short Scheme of Chronology, a little 'View of Geography, Medals, Astronomy, or what else might 'best feed the busy inquisitive Humour so natural to that Age. 'Such of them as had the least Spark of Genius, when it was 'once awakened by the shining Thoughts and great Sentiments 'of those admired Writers, could not, I believe, be easily with-'held from attempting that more difficult Sister Language, 'whose exalted Beauties they would have heard so often cele-'brated as the Pride and Wonder of the whole Learned World. 'In the mean while, it would be requisite to exercise their

'Style in Writing any light Pieces that ask more of Fancy than 'of Judgment: and that frequently in their Native Language, 'which every one methinks should be most concerned to 'cultivate, especially Letters, in which a Gentleman must have 'so frequent Occasions to distinguish himself. A Set of genteel 'good-natured Youths fallen into such a Manner of Life, would 'form almost a little Academy, and doubtless prove no such 'contemptible Companions, as might not often tempt a wiser 'Man to mingle himself in their Diversions, and draw them 'into such serious Sports as might prove nothing less instruct-'ing than the gravest Lessons. I doubt not but it might be 'made some of their Favourite Plays, to contend which of 'them should recite a beautiful Part of a Poem or Oration 'most gracefully, or sometimes to join in acting a Scene of '*Terence, Sophocles*, or our own *Shakespear*. The Cause of *Milo* 'might again be pleaded before more favourable Judges, *Cæsar* 'a second time be taught to tremble, and another Race of '*Athenians* be afresh enraged at the Ambition of another '*Philip*. Amidst these noble Amusements, we could hope to 'see the early Dawnings of their Imagination daily brighten 'into Sense, their Innocence improve into Virtue, and their 'unexperienced Good-nature directed to a generous Love of 'their Country.

T. *I am*, &c.

No. 231.] *Saturday, November* 24, 1711. [*Addison.*

O Pudor! O Pietas!——— Mart.

LOOKING over the Letters which I have lately received from my Correspondents, I met with the following one, which is written with such a Spirit of Politeness, that I could not but be very much pleased with it my self, and question not but it will be as acceptable to the Reader.

Mr. SPECTATOR,[1]

'You, who are no Stranger to Publick Assemblies, cannot 'but have observed the Awe they often strike on such as are 'obliged to exert any Talent before them. This is a sort of 'elegant Distress, to which ingenuous Minds are the most liable, 'and may therefore deserve some remarks in your Paper. Many 'a brave Fellow, who has put his Enemy to Flight in the Field, 'has been in the utmost Disorder upon making a Speech before

[1] This letter is by John Hughes.

'a Body of his Friends at home: One would think there was 'some kind of Fascination in the Eyes of a large Circle of 'People, when darting altogether upon one Person. I have 'seen a new Actor in a Tragedy so bound up by it as to be 'scarce able to speak or move, and have expected he would 'have died above three Acts before the Dagger or Cup of 'Poison were brought in. It would not be amiss, if such an 'one were at first introduced as a Ghost or a Statue, till he 'recovered his Spirits, and grew fit for some living Part.

'As this sudden Desertion of one's self shews a Diffidence, 'which is not displeasing, it implies at the same time the 'greatest Respect to an Audience that can be. It is a sort of 'mute Eloquence, which pleads for their Favour much better 'than Words could do; and we find their Generosity naturally 'moved to support those who are in so much Perplexity to 'entertain them. I was extremely pleased with a late Instance 'of this Kind at the Opera of *Almahide*, in the Encouragement 'given to a young Singer,[1] whose more than ordinary Concern 'on her first Appearance, recommended her no less than her 'agreeable Voice, and just Performance. Meer Bashfulness 'without Merit is awkward; and Merit without Modesty, 'insolent. But modest Merit has a double Claim to Acceptance, 'and generally meets with as many Patrons as Beholders.

I am, &c.

It is impossible that a Person should exert himself to Advantage in an Assembly, whether it be his Part either to sing or speak, who lies under too great Oppressions of Modesty. I remember, upon talking with a Friend of mine concerning the Force of Pronunciation, our Discourse led us into the Enumeration of the several Organs of Speech which an Orator ought to have in Perfection, as the Tongue, the Teeth [the Lips,] the Nose, the Palate, and the Wind-pipe. Upon which, says my Friend, you have omitted the most material Organ of them all, and that is the Forehead.

But notwithstanding an Excess of Modesty obstructs the Tongue, and renders it unfit for its Offices, a due Proportion of it is thought so requisite to an Orator, that Rhetoricians have recommended it to their Disciples as a Particular in their Art. *Cicero* tells us that he never liked an Orator who did not appear in some little Confusion at the Beginning of his Speech, and confesses that he himself never entered upon an Oration without Trembling and Concern. It is indeed a kind of

[1] Mrs. Barbier.

Deference which is due to a great Assembly, and seldom fails to raise a Benevolence in the Audience towards the Person who speaks. My Correspondent has taken notice that the bravest Men often appear timorous on these Occasions, as indeed we may observe, that there is generally no Creature more impudent than a Coward.

———*Linguâ melior, sed frigida bello*
Dextera———

A bold Tongue and a feeble Arm are the Qualifications of *Drances* in *Virgil;* as *Homer*, to express a Man both timorous and sawcy, makes use of a kind of Point, which is very rarely to be met with in his Writings; namely, that he had the Eyes of a Dog, but the Heart of a Deer.[1]

A just and reasonable Modesty does not only recommend Eloquence, but sets off every great Talent which a Man can be possessed of. It heightens all the Virtues which it accompanies like the Shades in Paintings, it raises and rounds every Figure, and makes the Colours more beautiful, though not so glaring as they would be without it.

Modesty is not only an Ornament, but also a Guard to Virtue. It is a kind of quick and delicate *Feeling* in the Soul, which makes her shrink and withdraw her self from every thing that has Danger in it. It is such an exquisite Sensibility, as warns her to shun the first Appearance of every thing which is hurtful.

I cannot at present recollect either the Place or Time of what I am going to mention; but I have read somewhere in the History of Ancient *Greece*, that the Women of the Country were seized with an unaccountable Melancholy, which disposed several of them to make away with themselves. The Senate, after having tried many Expedients to prevent this Self-Murder, which was so frequent among them, published an Edict, That if any Woman whatever should lay violent Hands upon her self, her Corps should be exposed naked in the Street, and dragged about the City in the most publick Manner. This Edict immediately put a Stop to the Practice which was before so common. We may see in this Instance the Strength of Female Modesty, which was able to overcome the Violence even of Madness and Despair. The Fear of Shame in the Fair Sex, was in those Days more prevalent than that of Death.

If Modesty has so great an Influence over our Actions, and is in many Cases so impregnable a Fence to Virtue; what

[1] Iliad, i. 225.

can more undermine Morality than that Politeness which reigns among the unthinking Part of Mankind, and treats as unfashionable the most ingenuous Part of our Behaviour; which recommends Impudence as good Breeding, and keeps a Man always in Countenance, not because he is Innocent, but because he is Shameless?

Seneca thought Modesty so great a Check to Vice, that he prescribes to us the Practice of it in Secret, and advises us to raise it in ourselves upon imaginary Occasions, when such as are real do not offer themselves; for this is the Meaning of his Precept, that when we are by ourselves, and in our greatest Solitudes, we should fancy that *Cato* stands before us, and sees every thing we do. In short, if you banish Modesty out of the World, she carries away with her half the Virtue that is in it.

After these Reflections on Modesty, as it is a Virtue; I must observe, that there is a vicious Modesty, which justly deserves to be ridiculed, and which those Persons very often discover, who value themselves most upon a well-bred Confidence. This happens when a Man is ashamed to act up to his Reason, and would not upon any Consideration be surprized in the Practice of those Duties, for the Performance of which he was sent into the World. Many an impudent Libertine would blush to be caught in a serious Discourse, and would scarce be able to show his Head, after having disclosed a religious Thought. Decency of Behaviour, all outward Show of Virtue, and Abhorrence of Vice, are carefully avoided by this Set of Shame-faced People, as what would disparage their Gayety of Temper, and infallibly bring them to Dishonour. This is such a Poorness of Spirit, such a despicable Cowardice, such a degenerate abject State of Mind, as one would think Human Nature incapable of, did we not meet with frequent Instances of it in ordinary Conversation.

There is another Kind of vicious Modesty which makes a Man ashamed of his Person, his Birth, his Profession, his Poverty, or the like Misfortunes, which it was not in his Choice to prevent, and is not in his Power to rectify. If a Man appears ridiculous by any of the afore-mentioned Circumstances, he becomes much more so by being out of Countenance for them. They should rather give him Occasion to exert a noble Spirit, and to palliate those Imperfections which are not in his Power, by those Perfections which are; or to use a very witty Allusion of an eminent Author, he should imitate *Cæsar*, who, because his Head was bald, cover'd that Defect with Laurels. C.

No. 232.] *Monday, November* 26, 1711. [*Hughes.*[1]

Nihil largiundo gloriam adeptus est.—Sallust.

MY wise and good Friend, Sir *Andrew Freeport*, divides himself almost equally between the Town and the Country: His Time in Town is given up to the Publick, and the Management of his private Fortune; and after every three or four Days spent in this Manner, he retires for as many to his Seat within a few Miles of the Town, to the Enjoyment of himself, his Family, and his Friend. Thus Business and Pleasure, or rather, in Sir *Andrew*, Labour and Rest, recommend each other. They take their Turns with so quick a Vicissitude, that neither becomes a Habit, or takes Possession of the whole Man; nor is it possible he should be surfeited with either. I often see him at our Club in good Humour, and yet sometimes too with an Air of Care in his Looks: But in his Country Retreat he is always unbent, and such a Companion as I could desire; and therefore I seldom fail to make one with him when he is pleased to invite me.

The other Day, assoon as we were got into his Chariot, two or three Beggars on each Side hung upon the Doors, and solicited our Charity with the usual Rhetorick of a sick Wife or Husband at home, three or four helpless little Children all starving with Cold and Hunger. We were forced to part with some Money to get rid of their Importunity; and then we proceeded on our Journey with the Blessings and Acclamations of these People.

'Well then, says Sir *Andrew*, we go off with the Prayers 'and good Wishes of the Beggars, and perhaps too our Healths 'will be drunk at the next Ale-house: So all we shall be able 'to value ourselves upon, is, that we have promoted the Trade 'of the Victualler and the Excises of the Government. But 'how few Ounces of Wooll do we see upon the Backs of those 'poor Creatures? And when they shall next fall in our Way, 'they will hardly be better dress'd; they must always live in 'Rags to look like Objects of Compassion. If their Families 'too are such as they are represented, 'tis certain they cannot 'be better clothed, and must be a great deal worse fed: One 'would think Potatoes should be all their Bread, and their 'Drink the pure Element; and then what goodly Customers 'are the Farmers like to have for their Wooll, Corn and Cattle? 'Such Customers, and such a Consumption, cannot choose but

[1] Or Henry Martyn?

'advance the landed Interest, and hold up the Rents of the 'Gentlemen.

'But of all Men living, we Merchants, who live by Buying 'and Selling, ought never to encourage Beggars. The Goods 'which we export are indeed the Product of the Lands, but 'much the greatest Part of their Value is the Labour of the 'People: but how much of these Peoples Labour shall we 'export whilst we hire them to sit still? The very Alms they 'receive from us, are the Wages of Idleness. I have often 'thought that no Man should be permitted to take Relief from 'the Parish, or to ask it in the Street, till he has first purchased 'as much as possible of his own Livelihood by the Labour of 'his own Hands; and then the Publick ought only to be taxed 'to make good the Deficiency. If this Rule was strictly 'observed, we should see every where such a Multitude of new 'Labourers, as would in all probability reduce the Prices of all 'our Manufactures. It is the very Life of Merchandise to buy 'cheap and sell dear. The Merchant ought to make his Out-'set as cheap as possible, that he may find the greater Profit 'upon his Returns; and nothing will enable him to do this 'like the Reduction of the Price of Labour upon all our Manu-'factures. This too would be the ready Way to increase the 'Number of our Foreign Markets: The Abatement of the 'Price of the Manufacture would pay for the Carriage of it to 'more distant Countries; and this Consequence would be 'equally beneficial both to the Landed and Trading Interests. 'As so great an Addition of labouring Hands would produce 'this happy Consequence both to the Merchant and the Gentle-'man; our Liberality to common Beggars, and every other 'Obstruction to the Increase of Labourers, must be equally 'pernicious to both.

Sir *Andrew* then went on to affirm, That the Reduction of the Prices of our Manufactures by the Addition of so many new Hands, would be no Inconvenience to any Man: But observing I was something startled at the Assertion, he made a short Pause, and then resumed the Discourse. 'It may 'seem, says he, a Paradox, that the Price of Labour should be 'reduced without an Abatement of Wages, or that Wages can 'be abated without any Inconvenience to the Labourer, and 'yet nothing is more certain than that both those Things may 'happen. The Wages of the Labourers make the greatest 'Part of the Price of every Thing that is useful; and if in Pro-'portion with the Wages the Prices of all other Things should 'be abated, every Labourer with less Wages would be still able

'to purchase as many Necessaries of Life; where then would be 'the Inconvenience? But the Price of Labour may be reduced 'by the Addition of more Hands to a Manufacture, and yet the 'Wages of Persons remain as high as ever. The admirable Sir '*William Petty*[1] has given Examples of this in some of his 'Writings: One of them, as I remember, is that of a Watch, 'which I shall endeavour to explain so as shall suit my present 'Purpose. It is certain that a single Watch could not be made 'so cheap in Proportion by one only Man, as a hundred 'Watches by a hundred; for as there is vast Variety in the 'Work, no one Person could equally suit himself to all the 'Parts of it; the Manufacture would be tedious, and at last 'but clumsily performed: But if an hundred Watches were to 'be made by a hundred Men, the Cases may be assigned to 'one, the Dials to another, the Wheels to another, the Springs 'to another, and every other Part to a proper Artist; as there 'would be no need of perplexing any one Person with too 'much Variety, every one would be able to perform his single 'Part with greater Skill and Expedition; and the hundred 'Watches would be finished in one fourth Part of the Time of 'the first one, and every one of them at one fourth Part of the 'Cost, tho' the Wages of every Man were equal. The Re-'duction of the Price of the Manufacture would increase the 'Demand of it, all the same Hands would be still employed 'and as well paid. The same Rule will hold in the Clothing, 'the Shipping, and all the other Trades whatsoever. And 'thus an Addition of Hands to our Manufactures will only 'reduce the Price of them; the Labourer will still have as 'much Wages, and will consequently be enabled to purchase 'more Conveniencies of Life; so that every Interest in the 'Nation would receive a Benefit from the Increase of our 'Working People.

'Besides, I see no Occasion for this Charity to common 'Beggars, since every Beggar is an Inhabitant of a Parish, and 'every Parish is taxed to the Maintenance of their own Poor.[2] 'For my own part, I cannot be mightily pleased with the Laws

[1] Surveyor-general of Ireland to Charles II. See his Discourse of Taxes (1689).

[2] Our idle poor till the time of Henry VIII. lived upon alms. After the dissolution of the monasteries experiments were made for their care, and by a statute 43 Eliz. overseers were appointed and Parishes charged to maintain their helpless poor and find work for the sturdy. In Queen Anne's time the Poor Law had been made more intricate and troublesome by the legislation on the subject that had been attempted after the Restoration.

'which have done this, which have provided better to feed than 'employ the Poor. We have a Tradition from our Forefathers, 'that after the first of those Laws was made, they were insulted 'with that famous Song;

Hang Sorrow, and cast away Care,
The Parish is bound to find us, &c.

'And if we will be so good-natured as to maintain them without 'Work, they can do no less in Return than sing us *The Merry* '*Beggars.*

'What then? Am I against all Acts of Charity? God 'forbid! I know of no Virtue in the Gospel that is in more 'pathetical Expressions recommended to our Practice. *I was* '*hungry and* [*ye*[1]] *gave me no Meat, thirsty and ye gave me no* '*Drink, naked and ye clothed me not, a Stranger and ye took me* '*not in, sick and in prison and ye visited me not.* Our Blessed 'Saviour treats the Exercise or Neglect of Charity towards a 'poor Man, as the Performance or Breach of this Duty towards 'himself. I shall endeavour to obey the Will of my Lord and 'Master: And therefore if an industrious Man shall submit to 'the hardest Labour and coarsest Fare, rather than endure the 'Shame of taking Relief from the Parish, or asking it in the 'Street, this is the Hungry, the Thirsty, the Naked; and I 'ought to believe, if any Man is come hither for Shelter against 'Persecution or Oppression, this is the Stranger, and I ought 'to take him in. If any Countryman of our own is fallen into 'the Hands of Infidels, and lives in a State of miserable 'Captivity, this is the Man in Prison, and I should contribute 'to his Ransom. I ought to give to an Hospital of Invalids, 'to recover as many useful Subjects as I can; but I shall 'bestow none of my Bounties upon an Alms-house of idle 'People; and for the same Reason I should not think it a 'Reproach to me if I had withheld my Charity from those 'common Beggars. But we prescribe better Rules than we 'are able to practise; we are ashamed not to give into the 'mistaken Customs of our Country: But at the same time, I 'cannot but think it a Reproach worse than that of common 'Swearing, that the Idle and the Abandoned are suffered in 'the Name of Heaven and all that is sacred, to extort from 'Christian and tender Minds a Supply to a profligate Way of 'Life, that is always to be supported, but never relieved. [Z.[2]]

[1] [*you*] throughout, and in first reprint. [2] [X.]

No. 233.] *Tuesday, Nov.* 27, 1711. [*Addison.*

——*Tanquam hæc sint nostri medicina furoris,*
Aut Deus ille malis hominum mitescere discat.—Virg.

I SHALL, in this Paper, discharge myself of the Promise I have made to the Publick, by obliging them with a Translation of the little *Greek* Manuscript, which is said to have been a Piece of those Records that were preserved in the Temple of *Apollo*, upon the Promontory of *Leucate:* It is a short History of the Lover's Leap, and is inscribed, *An Account of Persons Male and Female, who offered up their Vows in the Temple of the* Pythian Apollo, *in the Forty sixth Olympiad, and leaped from the Promontory of* Leucate *into the* Ionian *Sea, in order to cure themselves of the Passion of Love.*

This Account is very dry in many Parts, as only mentioning the Name of the Lover who leaped, the Person he leaped for, and relating, in short, that he was either cured, or killed, or maimed by the Fall. It indeed gives the Names of so many who died by it, that it would have looked like a Bill of Mortality, had I translated it at full length; I have therefore made an Abridgment of it, and only extracted such particular Passages as have something extraordinary, either in the Case, or in the Cure, or in the Fate of the Person who is mentioned in it. After this short Preface take the Account as follows.

Battus, the Son of *Menalcas* the *Sicilian*, leaped for *Bombyca* the Musician: Got rid of his Passion with the Loss of his Right Leg and Arm, which were broken in the Fall.

Melissa, in Love with *Daphnis*, very much bruised, but escaped with Life.

Cynisca, the Wife of *Æschines*, being in Love with *Lycus;* and *Æschines* her Husband being in Love with *Eurilla;* (which had made this married Couple very uneasy to one another for several Years) both the Husband and the Wife took the Leap by Consent; they both of them escaped, and have lived very happily together ever since.

Larissa, a Virgin of *Thessaly*, deserted by *Plexippus*, after a Courtship of three Years; she stood upon the Brow of the Promontory for some time, and after having thrown down a Ring, a Bracelet, and a little Picture, with other Presents which she had received from *Plexippus*, she threw her self into the Sea, and was taken up alive.

N. B. Larissa, before she leaped, made an Offering of a Silver *Cupid* in the Temple of *Apollo.*

Simætha, in Love with *Daphnis* the *Myndian*, perished in the Fall.

Charixus, the Brother of *Sappho*, in Love with *Rhodope* the Courtesan, having spent his whole Estate upon her, was advised by his Sister to leap in the Beginning of his Amour, but would not hearken to her till he was reduced to his last Talent; being forsaken by *Rhodope*, at length resolved to take the Leap. Perished in it.

Aridæus, a beautiful Youth of *Epirus*, in Love with *Praxinoe*, the Wife of *Thespis*, escaped without Damage, saving only that two of his Fore-Teeth were struck out and his Nose a little flatted.

Cleora, a Widow of *Ephesus*, being inconsolable for the Death of her Husband, was resolved to take this Leap in order to get rid of her Passion for his Memory; but being arrived at the Promontory, she there met with *Dimmachus* the *Miletian*, and after a short Conversation with him, laid aside the Thoughts of her Leap, and married him in the Temple of *Apollo*.

N. B. Her Widow's Weeds are still to be seen hanging up in the Western Corner of the Temple.

Olphis, the Fisherman, having received a Box on the Ear from *Thestylis* the Day before, and being determined to have no more to do with her, leaped, and escaped with Life.

Atalanta, an old Maid, whose Cruelty had several Years before driven two or three despairing Lovers to this Leap; being now in the fifty fifth Year of her Age, and in Love with an Officer of *Sparta*, broke her Neck in the Fall.

Hipparchus being passionately fond of his own Wife who was enamoured of *Bathyllus*, leaped, and died of his Fall; upon which his Wife married her Gallant.

Tettyx, the Dancing-Master, in Love with *Olympia* an *Athenian* Matron, threw himself from the Rock with great Agility, but was crippled in the Fall.

Diagoras, the Usurer, in Love with his Cook-Maid; he peeped several times over the Precipice, but his Heart misgiving him, he went back, and married her that Evening.

Cinædus, after having entered his own Name in the *Pythian* Records, being asked the Name of the Person whom he leaped for, and being ashamed to discover it, he was set aside, and not suffered to leap.

Eunica, a Maid of *Paphos*, aged Nineteen, in Love with *Eurybates*. Hurt in the Fall, but recovered.

N. B. This was her second Time of Leaping.

Hesperus, a young Man of *Tarentum*, in Love with his

Master's Daughter. Drowned, the Boats not coming in soon enough to his Relief.

Sappho, the *Lesbian*, in Love with *Phaon*, arrived at the Temple of *Apollo*, habited like a Bride in Garments as white as Snow. She wore a Garland of Myrtle on her Head, and carried in her Hand the little Musical Instrument of her own Invention. After having sung an Hymn to *Apollo*, she hung up her Garland on one Side of his Altar, and her Harp on the other. She then tuck'd up her Vestments, like a *Spartan* Virgin, and amidst thousands of Spectators, who were anxious for her Safety, and offered up Vows for her Deliverance, [marched [1]] directly forwards to the utmost Summit of the Promontory, where after having repeated a Stanza of her own Verses, which we could not hear, she threw herself off the Rock with such an Intrepidity as was never before observed in any who had attempted that dangerous Leap. Many who were present related, that they saw her fall into the Sea, from whence she never rose again; tho' there were others who affirmed, that she never came to the Bottom of her Leap, but that she was changed into a Swan as she fell, and that they saw her hovering in the Air under that Shape. But whether or no the Whiteness and Fluttering of her Garments might not deceive those who looked upon her, or whether she might not really be metamorphosed into that musical and melancholy Bird, is still a Doubt among the *Lesbians*.

Alcæus, the famous *Lyrick* Poet, who had for some time been passionately in Love with *Sappho*, arrived at the Promontory of *Leucate* that very Evening, in order to take the Leap upon her Account; but hearing that *Sappho* had been there before him, and that her Body could be no where found, he very generously lamented her Fall, and is said to have written his hundred and twenty fifth Ode upon that Occasion.

Leaped in this Olympiad [250 [2]]	
Males	124
Females	126
Cured	[120 [3]]
Males	51
Females	69

C.

[1] [she marched]

[2] [350], and in first reprint.

[3] [150], corrected by an Erratum.

No. 234.] *Wednesday, Nov.* 28, 1711. [*Steele.*

[*Vellem in amicitia erraremus.*—Hor.[1]]

YOU very often hear People, after a Story has been told with some entertaining Circumstances, tell it over again with Particulars that destroy the Jest, but give Light into the Truth of the Narration. This sort of Veracity, though it is impertinent, has something amiable in it, because it proceeds from the Love of Truth, even in frivolous Occasions. If such honest Amendments do not promise an agreeable Companion, they do a sincere Friend; for which Reason one should allow them so much of our Time, if we fall into their Company, as to set us right in Matters that can do us no manner of Harm, whether the Facts be one Way or the other. Lies which are told out of Arrogance and Ostentation a Man should detect in his own Defence, because he should not be triumphed over; Lies which are told out of Malice he should expose, both for his own sake and that of the rest of Mankind, because every Man should rise against a common Enemy: But the officious Liar many have argued is to be excused, because it does some Man good, and no Man hurt. The Man who made more than ordinary speed from a Fight in which the *Athenians* were beaten, and told them they had obtained a complete Victory, and put the whole City into the utmost Joy and Exultation, was check'd by the Magistrates for his Falshood; but excused himself by saying, O *Athenians!* am I your Enemy because I gave you two happy Days? This Fellow did to a whole People what an Acquaintance of mine does every Day he lives in some eminent Degree to particular Persons. He is ever lying People into good Humour, and, as *Plato* said, it was allowable in Physicians to lie to their Patients to keep up their Spirits, I am half doubtful whether my Friend's Behaviour is not as excusable. His Manner is to express himself surprised at the Chearful Countenance of a Man whom he observes diffident of himself; and generally by that means makes his Lie a Truth. He will, as if he did not know any [thing [2]] of the Circumstance, ask one whom he knows at Variance with another, what is the meaning that Mr. such a one, naming his Adversary, does not applaud him with that Heartiness which formerly he has heard him? He said indeed, (continues he) I would rather have that Man for my Friend than any Man in *England;* but for

[1] [*Splendide mendax.*—Hor.] [2] [think]

an Enemy——This melts the Person he talks to, who expected nothing but downright Raillery from that Side. According as he sees his Practices succeeded, he goes to the opposite Party, and tells him, he cannot imagine how it happens that some People know one another so little; you spoke with so much Coldness of a Gentleman who said more Good of you, than, let me tell you, any Man living deserves. The Success of one of these Incidents was, that the next time that one of the Adversaries spied the other, he hems after him in the publick Street, and they must crack a Bottle at the next Tavern, that used to turn out of the other's Way to avoid one another's Eyeshot. He will tell one Beauty she was commended by another, nay, he will say she gave the Woman he speaks to, the Preference in a Particular for which she her self is admired. The pleasantest Confusion imaginable is made through the whole Town by my Friend's indirect Offices; you shall have a Visit returned after half a Year's Absence, and mutual Railing at each other every Day of that Time. They meet with a thousand Lamentations for so long a Separation, each Party naming herself for the greater Delinquent, if the other can possibly be so good as to forgive her, which she has no Reason in the World, but from the Knowledge of her Goodness, to hope for. Very often a whole Train of Railers of each Side tire their Horses in setting Matters right which they have said during the War between the Parties; and a whole Circle of Acquaintance are put into a thousand pleasing Passions and Sentiments, instead of the Pangs of Anger, Envy, Detraction, and Malice.

The worst Evil I ever observed this Man's Falsehood occasion, has been that he turned Detraction into Flattery. He is well skilled in the Manners of the World, and by over-looking what Men really are, he grounds his Artifices upon what they have a Mind to be. Upon this Foundation, if two distant Friends are brought together, and the Cement seems to be weak, he never rests till he finds new Appearances to take off all Remains of Ill-will, and that by new Misunderstandings they are thoroughly reconciled.

To the SPECTATOR.

SIR, *Devonshire, Nov.* 14, 1711.

'There arrived in this Neighbourhood two Days ago one of 'your gay Gentlemen of the Town, who being attended at his 'Entry with a Servant of his own, besides a Countryman he had 'taken up for a Guide, excited the Curiosity of the Village to 'learn whence and what he might be. The Countryman (to

'whom they applied as most easy of Access) knew little more 'than that the Gentleman came from *London* to travel and see 'Fashions, and was, as he heard say, a Free-thinker: What 'Religion that might be, he could not tell; and for his own 'Part, if they had not told him the Man was a Free-thinker, he 'should have guessed, by his way of talking, he was little better 'than a Heathen; excepting only that he had been a good 'Gentleman to him, and made him drunk twice in one Day, 'over and above what they had bargained for.

'I do not look upon the Simplicity of this, and several odd 'Inquiries with which I shall not trouble you to be wondered 'at, much less can I think that our Youths of fine Wit, and 'enlarged Understandings, have any Reason to laugh. There 'is no Necessity that every Squire in *Great Britain* should 'know what the Word Free-thinker stands for; but it were 'much to be wished, that they who value themselves upon that 'conceited Title were a little better instructed in what it ought 'to stand for; and that they would not perswade themselves a 'Man is really and truly a Free-thinker in any tolerable Sense, 'meerly by virtue of his being an Atheist, or an Infidel of any 'other Distinction. It may be doubted, with good Reason, 'whether there ever was in Nature a more abject, slavish, and 'bigotted Generation than the Tribe of *Beaux Esprits*, at 'present so prevailing in this Island. Their Pretension to be 'Free-thinkers, is no other than Rakes have to be Free-livers, 'and Savages to be Free-men, that is, they can think whatever 'they have a Mind to, and give themselves up to whatever 'Conceit the Extravagancy of their Inclination, or their Fancy, 'shall suggest; they can think as wildly as they talk and act, 'and will not endure that their Wit should be controuled by 'such formal Things as Decency and common Sense: Deduc-'tion, Coherence, Consistency, and all the Rules of Reason 'they accordingly disdain, as too precise and mechanical for 'Men of a liberal Education.

'This, as far as I could ever learn from their Writings, or my 'own Observation, is a true Account of the *British* Free-'thinker. Our Visitant here, who gave occasion to this Paper, 'has brought with him a new System of common Sense, the 'Particulars of which I am not yet acquainted with, but will 'lose no Opportunity of informing my self whether it contain 'any [thing [1]] worth Mr. SPECTATOR's Notice. In the mean 'time, Sir, I cannot but think it would be for the good of 'Mankind, if you would take this Subject into your own

[1] [think]

'Consideration, and convince the hopeful Youth of our Nation, 'that Licentiousness is not Freedom; or, if such a Paradox will 'not be understood, that a Prejudice towards Atheism is not 'Impartiality.

I am, SIR, Your most humble Servant,
PHILONOUS.

No. 235.] *Thursday, November* 29, 1711. [*Addison.*

——Populares
Vincentum strepitus—— Hor.

THERE is nothing which lies more within the Province of a Spectator than publick Shows and Diversions; and as among these there are none which can pretend to vie with those elegant Entertainments that are exhibited in our Theatres, I think it particularly incumbent on me to take Notice of every thing that is remarkable in such numerous and refined Assemblies.

It is observed, that of late Years there has been a certain Person in the upper Gallery of the Playhouse, who when he is pleased with any Thing that is acted upon the Stage, expresses his Approbation by a loud Knock upon the Benches or the Wainscot, which may be heard over the whole Theatre. This Person is commonly known by the Name of the *Trunk-maker in the upper Gallery*. Whether it be, that the Blow he gives on these Occasions resembles that which is often heard in the Shops of such Artizans, or that he was supposed to have been a real Trunk-maker, who after the finishing of his Day's Work used to unbend his Mind at these publick Diversions with his Hammer in his Hand, I cannot certainly tell. There are some, I know, who have been foolish enough to imagine it is a Spirit which haunts the upper Gallery, and from Time to Time makes those strange Noises; and the rather, because he is observed to be louder than ordinary every Time the Ghost of *Hamlet* appears. Others have reported, that it is a dumb Man, who has chosen this Way of uttering himself when he is transported with any Thing he sees or hears. Others will have it to be the Playhouse Thunderer, that exerts himself after this Manner in the upper Gallery, when he has nothing to do upon the Roof.

But having made it my Business to get the best Information I could in a Matter of this Moment, I find that the Trunk-maker, as he is commonly called, is a large black Man, whom no body knows. He generally leans forward on a huge Oaken

Plant with great Attention to every thing that passes upon the Stage. He is never seen to smile; but upon hearing any thing that pleases him, he takes up his Staff with both Hands, and lays it upon the next Piece of Timber that stands in his Way with exceeding Vehemence: After which, he composes himself in his former Posture, till such Time as something new sets him again at Work.

It has been observed, his Blow is so well timed, that the most judicious Critick could never except against it. As soon as any shining Thought is expressed in the Poet, or any uncommon Grace appears in the Actor, he smites the Bench or Wainscot. If the Audience does not concur with him, he smites a second Time, and if the Audience is not yet awaked, looks round him with great Wrath, and repeats the Blow a third Time, which never fails to produce the Clap. He sometimes lets the Audience begin the Clap of themselves, and at the Conclusion of their Applause ratifies it with a single Thwack.

He is of so great Use to the Play-house, that it is said a former Director of it, upon his not being able to pay his Attendance by reason of Sickness, kept one in Pay to officiate for him till such time as he recovered; but the Person so employed, tho' he laid about him with incredible Violence, did it in such wrong Places, that the Audience soon found out that it was not their old Friend the Trunk-maker.

It has been remarked, that he has not yet exerted himself with Vigour this Season. He sometimes plies at the Opera; and upon *Nicolini's* first Appearance, was said to have demolished three Benches in the Fury of his Applause. He has broken half a dozen Oaken Plants upon *Doggat*,[1] and seldom goes away from a Tragedy of *Shakespear*, without leaving the Wainscot extremely shattered.

The Players do not only connive at his obstreperous Approbation, but very cheerfully repair at their own Cost whatever Damages he makes. They had once a Thought of erecting a kind of Wooden Anvil for his Use that should be made of a very sounding Plank, in order to render his Stroaks more deep and mellow; but as this might not have been distinguished from the Musick of a Kettle-Drum, the Project was laid aside.

In the mean while, I cannot but take notice of the great Use

[1] Thomas Doggett, an excellent comic actor, who was for many years joint-manager with Wilkes and Cibber, died in 1721, and bequeathed the Coat and Badge that are rowed for by Thames Watermen every first of August, from London Bridge to Chelsea.

it is to an Audience, that a Person should thus preside over their Heads like the Director of a Consort, in order to awaken their Attention, and beat time to their Applauses; or, to raise my Simile, I have sometimes fancied the Trunk-maker in the upper Gallery to be like *Virgil's* Ruler of the Wind, seated upon the Top of a Mountain, who, when he struck his Sceptre upon the Side of it, roused an Hurricane, and set the whole Cavern in an Uproar.[1]

It is certain, the Trunk-maker has saved many a good Play, and brought many a graceful Actor into Reputation, who would not otherwise have been taken notice of. It is very visible, as the Audience is not a little abashed, if they find themselves betrayed into a Clap, when their Friend in the upper Gallery does not come into it; so the Actors do not value themselves upon the Clap, but regard it as a meer *Brutum fulmen*, or empty Noise, when it has not the Sound of the Oaken Plant in it. I know it has been given out by those who are Enemies to the Trunk-maker, that he has sometimes been bribed to be in the Interest of a bad Poet, or a vicious Player; but this is a Surmise which has no Foundation: his Stroaks are always just, and his Admonitions seasonable; he does not deal about his Blows at Random, but always hits the right Nail upon the Head. [The [2]] inexpressible Force wherewith he lays them on, sufficiently shows the Evidence and Strength of his Conviction. His Zeal for a good Author is indeed outrageous, and breaks down every Fence and Partition, every Board and Plank, that stands within the Expression of his Applause.

As I do not care for terminating my Thoughts in barren Speculations, or in Reports of pure Matter of Fact, without drawing something from them for the Advantage of my Countrymen, I shall take the Liberty to make an humble Proposal, that whenever the Trunk-maker shall depart this Life, or whenever he shall have lost the Spring of his Arm by Sickness, old Age, Infirmity, or the like, some able-bodied Critick should be advanced to this Post, and have a competent Salary settled on him for Life, to be furnished with Bamboos for Operas, Crab-tree-Cudgels for Comedies, and Oaken Plants for Tragedy, at the publick Expence. And to the End that this Place should be always disposed of according to Merit, I would have none preferred to it, who has not given convincing Proofs both of a sound Judgment and a strong Arm, and who could not, upon Occasion, either knock down an Ox, or write a Comment upon *Horace's* Art of Poetry. In short, I would have him a due

[1] Æneid I. 85. [2] [That]

Composition of *Hercules* and *Apollo*, and so rightly qualified for this important Office, that the *Trunk-maker* may not be missed by our Posterity. C.

No. 236.] *Friday, November* 30, 1711. [*Steele.*

———*Dare Jura maritis.*—Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOU have not spoken in so direct a manner upon the Subject 'of Marriage as that important Case deserves. It would 'not be improper to observe upon the Peculiarity in the Youth 'of *Great Britain*, of railing and laughing at that Institution; 'and when they fall into it, from a profligate Habit of Mind, 'being insensible of the [Satisfaction [1]] in that Way of Life, and 'treating their Wives with the most barbarous Disrespect.

'Particular Circumstances and Cast of Temper, must teach a 'Man the Probability of mighty Uneasinesses in that State, (for 'unquestionably some there are whose very Dispositions are 'strangely averse to conjugal Friendship;) but no one, I believe, 'is by his own natural Complexion prompted to teaze and 'torment another for no Reason but being nearly allied to him: 'And can there be any thing more base, or serve to sink a Man 'so much below his own distinguishing Characteristick, (I mean 'Reason) than returning Evil for Good in so open a Manner, as 'that of treating an helpless Creature with Unkindness, who has 'had so good an Opinion of him as to believe what he said 'relating to one of the greatest Concerns of Life, by delivering 'her Happiness in this World to his Care and Protection? 'Must not that Man be abandoned even to all manner of 'Humanity, who can deceive a Woman with Appearances of 'Affection and Kindness, for no other End but to torment her 'with more Ease and Authority? Is any Thing more unlike a 'Gentleman, than when his Honour is engaged for the perform-'ing his Promises, because nothing but that can oblige him 'to it, to become afterwards false to his Word, and be alone the 'Occasion of Misery to one whose Happiness he but lately 'pretended was dearer to him than his own? Ought such a 'one to be trusted in his common Affairs? or treated but as one 'whose Honesty consisted only in his Incapacity of being 'otherwise?

'There is one Cause of this Usage no less absurd than

[1] [Satisfactions]

'common, which takes place among the more unthinking Men; 'and that is the Desire to appear to their Friends free and at 'Liberty, and without those Trammels they have so much 'ridiculed. [To avoid[1]] this they fly into the other Extream, 'and grow Tyrants that they may seem Masters. Because an 'uncontroulable Command of their own Actions is a certain 'Sign of entire Dominion, they won't so much as recede from 'the Government even in one Muscle of their Faces. A kind 'Look they believe would be fawning, and a civil Answer 'yielding the Superiority. To this must we attribute an 'Austerity they betray in every Action: What but this can put 'a Man out of Humour in his Wife's Company, tho' he is so 'distinguishingly pleasant every where else? The Bitterness 'of his Replies, and the Severity of his Frowns to the tenderest 'of Wives, clearly demonstrate, that an ill-grounded Fear of 'being thought too submissive, is at the Bottom of this, as 'I am willing to call it, affected Moroseness; but if it be such 'only, put on to convince his Acquaintance of his entire 'Dominion, let him take Care of the Consequence, which will 'be certain, and worse than the present Evil; his seeming In-'difference will by Degrees grow into real Contempt, and if it 'doth not wholly alienate the Affections of his Wife for ever 'from him, make both him and her more miserable than if it 'really did so.

'However inconsistent it may appear, to be thought a well-'bred Person has no small Share in this clownish Behaviour: 'A Discourse therefore relating to good Breeding towards a 'loving and a tender Wife, would be of great Use to this Sort 'of Gentlemen. Could you but once convince them, that to 'be civil at least is not beneath the Character of a Gentleman, 'nor even tender Affection towards one who would make it 'reciprocal, betrays any Softness or Effeminacy that the most 'masculine Disposition need be ashamed of; could you satisfy 'them of the Generosity of voluntary Civility, and the Greatness 'of Soul that is conspicuous in Benevolence without immediate 'Obligations; could you recommend to People's Practice the 'Saying of the Gentleman quoted in one of your Speculations, '*That he thought it incumbent upon him to make the Inclinations 'of a Woman of Merit go along with her Duty:* Could you, I 'say, perswade these Men of the Beauty and Reasonableness 'of this Sort of Behaviour, I have so much Charity for some

[1] [For this Reason should they appear the least like what they were so much used to laugh at, they would become the Jest of themselves, and the Object of that Raillery they formerly bestowed on others. To avoid]

'of them at least, to believe you would convince them of a 'Thing they are only ashamed to allow: Besides, you would 'recommend that State in its truest, and consequently its most 'agreeable Colours; and the Gentlemen who have for any 'Time been such professed Enemies to it, when Occasion 'should serve, would return you their Thanks for assisting 'their Interest in prevailing over their Prejudices. Marriage 'in general would by this Means be a more easy and com- 'fortable Condition; the Husband would be no where so well 'satisfied as in his own Parlour, nor the Wife so pleasant as in 'the Company of her Husband: A Desire of being agreeable 'in the Lover would be increased in the Husband, and the 'Mistress be more amiable by becoming the Wife. Besides 'all which, I am apt to believe we should find the Race of 'Men grow wiser as their Progenitors grew kinder, and the 'Affection of the Parents would be conspicuous in the Wisdom 'of their Children; in short, Men would in general be much 'better humoured than they are, did not they so frequently 'exercise the worst Turns of their Temper where they ought to 'exert the best.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'I am a Woman who left the Admiration of this whole Town, 'to throw myself ([for[1]] Love of Wealth) into the Arms of a 'Fool. When I married him, I could have had any one of 'several Men of Sense who languished for me; but my Case 'is just. I believed my superior Understanding would form 'him into a tractable Creature. But, alas, my Spouse has 'Cunning and Suspicion, the inseparable Companions of little 'Minds; and every Attempt I make to divert, by putting on 'an agreeable Air, a sudden Chearfulness, or kind Behaviour, 'he looks upon as the first Act towards an Insurrection against 'his undeserved Dominion over me. Let every one who is 'still to chuse, and hopes to govern a Fool, remember

TRISTISSA.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *St. Martins, November* 25.

'This is to complain of an evil Practice which I think 'very well deserves a Redress, though you have not as yet 'taken any Notice of it: If you mention it in your Paper, it 'may perhaps have a very good Effect. What I mean is the 'Disturbance some People give to others at Church, by their 'Repetition of the Prayers after the Minister, and that not 'only in the Prayers, but also the Absolution and the Com-

[1] [by], and in first reprint.

'mandments fare no better, which are in a particular Manner 'the Priest's Office: This I have known done in so audible 'a manner, that sometimes their Voices have been as loud as 'his. As little as you would think it, this is frequently done 'by People seemingly devout. This irreligious Inadvertency 'is a Thing extremely offensive: But I do not recommend it 'as a Thing I give you Liberty to ridicule, but hope it may be 'amended by the bare Mention.

T. *SIR, Your very humble Servant, T. S.*

No. 237.] *Saturday, December* 1, 1711. [*Addison.*

Visu carentem magna pars veri latet.—Senec. in Œdip.

IT is very reasonable to believe, that Part of the Pleasure which happy Minds shall enjoy in a future State, will arise from an enlarged Contemplation of the Divine Wisdom in the Government of the World, and a Discovery of the secret and amazing Steps of Providence, from the Beginning to the End of Time. Nothing seems to be an Entertainment more adapted to the Nature of Man, if we consider that Curiosity is one of the strongest and most lasting Appetites implanted in us, and that Admiration is one of our most pleasing Passions; and what a perpetual Succession of Enjoyments will be afforded to both these, in a Scene so large and various as shall then be laid open to our View in the Society of superior Spirits, who perhaps will join with us in so delightful a Prospect!

It is not impossible, on the contrary, that Part of the Punishment of such as are excluded from Bliss, may consist not only in their being denied this Privilege, but in having their Appetites at the same time vastly encreased, without any Satisfaction afforded to them. In these, the vain Pursuit of Knowledge shall, perhaps, add to their Infelicity, and bewilder them into Labyrinths of Error, Darkness, Distraction and Uncertainty of every thing but their own evil State. *Milton* has thus represented the fallen Angels reasoning together in a kind of Respite from their Torments, and creating to themselves a new Disquiet amidst their very Amusements; he could not properly have described the Sports of condemned Spirits, without that Cast of Horror and Melancholy he has so judiciously mingled with them.

Others apart sate on a Hill retired,
In Thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high

Of Providence, Foreknowledge, Will, and Fate,
Fixt Fate, Freewill, Foreknowledge absolute,
And found no End in wandring Mazes lost.[1]

In our present Condition, which is a middle State, our Minds are, as it were, chequered with Truth and Falshood; and as our Faculties are narrow, and our Views imperfect, it is impossible but our Curiosity must meet with many Repulses. The Business of Mankind in this Life being rather to act than to know, their Portion of Knowledge is dealt to them accordingly.

From hence it is, that the Reason of the Inquisitive has so long been exercised with Difficulties, in accounting for the promiscuous Distribution of Good and Evil to the Virtuous and the Wicked in this World. From hence come all those pathetical Complaints of so many tragical Events, which happen to the Wise and the Good; and of such surprising Prosperity, which is often the Lot[2] of the Guilty and the Foolish; that Reason is sometimes puzzled, and at a loss what to pronounce upon so mysterious a Dispensation.

Plato expresses his Abhorrence of some Fables of the Poets, which seem to reflect on the Gods as the Authors of Injustice; and lays it down as a Principle, That whatever is permitted to befal a just Man, whether Poverty, Sickness, or any of those Things which seem to be Evils, shall either in Life or Death conduce to his Good. My Reader will observe how agreeable this Maxim is to what we find delivered by a greater Authority. *Seneca* has written a Discourse purposely on this Subject,[3] in which he takes Pains, after the Doctrine of the *Stoicks*, to shew that Adversity is not in itself an Evil; and mentions a noble Saying of *Demetrius*, That *nothing would be more unhappy than a Man who had never known Affliction.* He compares Prosperity to the Indulgence of a fond Mother to a Child, which often proves his Ruin; but the Affection of the Divine Being to that of a wise Father who would have his Sons exercised with Labour, Disappointment, and Pain, that they may gather Strength, and improve their Fortitude. On this Occasion the Philosopher rises into the celebrated Sentiment, That there is not on Earth a Spectator more worthy the Regard of a Creator intent on his Works than a brave Man superior to his Sufferings; to which he adds, That it must be a Pleasure to *Jupiter* himself to look down from Heaven, and see *Cato* amidst the Ruins of his Country preserving his Integrity.

[1] Paradise Lost, B. II. v. 557—561.
[2] In Saturday's Spectator, *for* 'reward' *read* 'lot.' Erratum in No. 238.
[3] De Constantia Sapientis.

This Thought will appear yet more reasonable, if we consider human Life as a State of Probation, and Adversity as the Post of Honour in it, assigned often to the best and most select Spirits.

But what I would chiefly insist on here, is, that we are not at present in a proper Situation to judge of the Counsels by which Providence acts, since but little arrives at our Knowledge, and even that little we discern imperfectly; or according to the elegant Figure in Holy Writ, *We see but in part, and as in a Glass darkly.* [It is to be considered, that Providence [1]] in its Oeconomy regards the whole System of Time and Things together, [so that] we cannot discover the beautiful Connection between Incidents which lie widely separated in Time, and by losing so many Links of the Chain, our Reasonings become broken and imperfect. Thus those Parts in the moral World which have not an absolute, may yet have a relative Beauty, in respect of some other Parts concealed from us, but open to his Eye before whom *Past*, *Present*, and *To come*, are set together in one Point of View: and those Events, the Permission of which seems now to accuse his Goodness, may in the Consummation of Things both magnify his Goodness, and exalt his Wisdom. And this is enough to check our Presumption, since it is in vain to apply our Measures of Regularity to Matters of which we know neither the Antecedents nor the Consequents, the Beginning nor the End.

I shall relieve my Reader from this abstracted Thought, by relating here a *Jewish* Tradition concerning *Moses*,[2] which seems to be a kind of Parable, illustrating what I have last mentioned. That great Prophet, it is said, was called up by a Voice from Heaven to the top of a Mountain; where, in a Conference with the Supreme Being, he was permitted to propose to him some Questions concerning his Administration of the Universe. In the midst of this Divine [Colloquy [3]] he was commanded to look down on the Plain below. At the Foot of the Mountain there issued out a clear Spring of Water, at which a Soldier alighted from his Horse to drink. He was no sooner gone than a little Boy came to the same Place, and finding a Purse of Gold which the Soldier had dropped, took it up and went away with it. Immediately after this came an infirm old Man, weary with Age and Travelling, and having quenched his Thirst, sat down to rest himself by the Side of the Spring. The Soldier missing his Purse returns to search

[1] [Since Providence therefore], and in 1st rep.
[2] Henry More's Divine Dialogues. [3] [Conference]

for it, and demands it of the old Man, who affirms he had not seen it, and appeals to Heaven in witness of his Innocence. The Soldier not believing his Protestations, kills him. *Moses* fell on his Face with Horror and Amazement, when the Divine Voice thus prevented his Expostulation: 'Be not surprised, '*Moses*, nor ask why the Judge of the whole Earth has suffer'd 'this Thing to come to pass: The Child is the Occasion that 'the Blood of the old Man is spilt; but know, that the old 'Man whom thou saw'st, was the Murderer of that Child's 'Father.[1]

No. 238.] *Monday, December* 3, 1711. [*Steele.*

Nequicquam populo bibulas donaveris Aures;
Respue quod non es——— Persius, Sat. 4.

AMONG all the Diseases of the Mind, there is not one more epidemical or more pernicious than the Love of Flattery. For as where the Juices of the Body are prepared to receive a malignant Influence, there the Disease rages with most Violence; so in this Distemper of the Mind, where there is ever a Propensity and Inclination to suck in the Poison, it cannot be but that the whole Order of reasonable Action must be overturn'd, for, like Musick, it

——So softens and disarms the Mind,
That not one Arrow can Resistance find.

First we flatter ourselves, and then the Flattery of others is sure of Success. It awakens our Self-Love within, a Party which is ever ready to revolt from our better Judgment, and join the Enemy without. Hence it is, that the Profusion of Favours we so often see poured upon the Parasite, are represented to us, by our Self-Love, as Justice done to Man, who so agreeably reconciles us to our selves. When we are overcome by such soft Insinuations and ensnaring Compliances, we gladly recompense the Artifices that are made use of to blind our Reason, and which triumph over the Weaknesses of our Temper and Inclinations.

But were every Man perswaded from how mean and low a Principle this Passion is derived, there can be no doubt but the Person who should attempt to gratify it, would then be as

[1] No letter appended to original issue or reissue. Printed in Addison's Works, 1720. The paper has been claimed for John Hughes in the Preface to his Poems (1735).

contemptible as he is now successful. 'Tis the Desire of some Quality we are not possessed of, or Inclination to be something we are not, which are the Causes of our giving ourselves up to that Man, who bestows upon us the Characters and Qualities of others; which perhaps suit us as ill and were as little design'd for our wearing, as their Cloaths. Instead of going out of our own complectional Nature into that of others, 'twere a better and more laudable Industry to improve our own, and instead of a miserable Copy become a good Original; for there is no Temper, no Disposition so rude and untractable, but may in its own peculiar Cast and Turn be brought to some agreeable Use in Conversation, or in the Affairs of Life. A Person of a rougher Deportment, and less tied up to the usual Ceremonies of Behaviour, will, like *Manly* in the Play,[1] please by the Grace which Nature gives to every Action wherein she is complied with; the Brisk and Lively will not want their Admirers, and even a more reserved and melancholy Temper may at some times be agreeable.

When there is not Vanity enough awake in a Man to undo him, the Flatterer stirs up that dormant Weakness, and inspires him with Merit enough to be a Coxcomb. But if Flattery be the most sordid Act that can be complied with, the Art of Praising justly is as commendable: For 'tis laudable to praise well; as Poets at one and the same time give Immortality, and receive it themselves for a Reward: Both are pleased, the one whilst he receives the Recompence of Merit, the other whilst he shews he knows how to discern it; but above all, that Man is happy in this Art, who, like a skilful Painter, retains the Features and Complection, but still softens the Picture into the most agreeable Likeness.

There can hardly, I believe, be imagin'd a more desirable Pleasure, than that of Praise unmix'd with any Possibility of Flattery. Such was that which *Germanicus* enjoyed, when, the Night before a Battle, desirous of some sincere Mark of the Esteem of his Legions for him, he is described by *Tacitus* listening in a Disguise to the Discourse of a Soldier, and wrapt up in the Fruition of his Glory, whilst with an undesigned Sincerity they praised his noble and majestick Mien, his Affability, his Valour, Conduct, and Success in War. How must a Man have his Heart full-blown with Joy in such an Article of Glory as this? What a Spur and Encouragement still to proceed in those Steps which had already brought him to so pure a Taste of the greatest of mortal Enjoyments?

[1] Wycherley's Plain Dealer.

It sometimes happens, that even Enemies and envious Persons bestow the sincerest Marks of Esteem when they least design it. Such afford a greater Pleasure, as extorted by Merit, and freed from all Suspicion of Favour or Flattery. Thus it is with *Malvolio;* he has Wit, Learning, and Discernment, but temper'd with an Allay of Envy, Self-Love and Detraction: *Malvolio* turns pale at the Mirth and good Humour of the Company, if it center not in his Person; he grows jealous and displeased when he ceases to be the only Person admired, and looks upon the Commendations paid to another as a Detraction from his Merit, and an Attempt to lessen the Superiority he affects; but by this very Method, he bestows such Praise as can never be suspected of Flattery. His Uneasiness and Distastes are so many sure and certain Signs of another's Title to that Glory he desires, and has the Mortification to find himself not possessed of.

A good Name is fitly compared to a precious Ointment,[1] and when we are praised with Skill and Decency, 'tis indeed the most agreeable Perfume, but if too strongly admitted into a Brain of a less vigorous and happy Texture, 'twill, like too strong an Odour, overcome the Senses, and prove pernicious to those Nerves 'twas intended to refresh. A generous Mind is of all others the most sensible of Praise and Dispraise; and a noble Spirit is as much invigorated with its due Proportion of Honour and Applause, as 'tis depressed by Neglect and Contempt: But 'tis only Persons far above the common Level who are thus affected with either of these Extreams; as in a Thermometer, 'tis only the purest and most sublimated Spirit that is either contracted or dilated by the Benignity or Inclemency of the Season.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'The Translations which you have lately given us from the '*Greek*, in some of your last Papers, have been the Occasion 'of my looking into some of those Authors; among whom I 'chanced on a Collection of Letters which pass under the 'Name of *Aristænetus.* Of all the Remains of Antiquity, I 'believe there can be Nothing produc'd of an Air so gallant and 'polite; each Letter contains a little Novel or Adventure, which 'is told with all the Beauties of Language and heightened with 'a Luxuriance of Wit. There are several of them translated,[2]

[1] Eccles. vii. 1.

[2] In a volume of translated 'Letters on Wit, Politicks, and Morality,' edited by Abel Boyer, in 1701. The letters ascribed to Aristænetus of Nice in Bithynia, who died A.D. 358, but which were written after the fifth

'but with such wide Deviations from the Original, and in a 'Style so far differing from the Authors, that the Translator 'seems rather to have taken Hints for the expressing his own 'Sense and Thoughts, than to have endeavoured to render 'those of *Aristænetus*. In the following Translation, I have 'kept as near the Meaning of the *Greek* as I could, and have 'only added a few Words to make the Sentences in *English* fit 'together a little better than they would otherwise have done. 'The Story seems to be taken from that of *Pygmalion* and the 'Statue in *Ovid*: Some of the Thoughts are of the same Turn, 'and the whole is written in a kind of Poetical Prose.

Philopinax to *Chromation*.

"Never was Man more overcome with so fantastical a "Passion as mine. I have painted a beautiful Woman, and "am despairing, dying for the Picture. My own Skill has "undone me; 'tis not the Dart of *Venus*, but my own Pencil "has thus wounded me. Ah me! with what Anxiety am I "necessitated to adore my own Idol? How miserable am I, "whilst every one must as much pity the Painter as he praises "the Picture, and own my Torment more than equal to my "Art. But why do I thus complain? Have there not been "more unhappy and unnatural Passions than mine? Yes, "I have seen the Representations of *Phædra*, *Narcissus*, and "*Pasiphae*. *Phædra* was unhappy in her Love; that of "*Pasiphae* was monstrous; and whilst the other caught at his "beloved Likeness, he destroyed the watery Image, which "ever eluded his Embraces. The Fountain represented "*Narcissus* to himself, and the Picture both that and him, "thirsting after his adored Image. But I am yet less unhappy, "I enjoy her Presence continually, and if I touch her, I destroy "not the beauteous Form, but she looks pleased, and a sweet "Smile sits in the charming Space which divides her Lips. "One would swear that Voice and Speech were issuing out, "and that one's Ears felt the melodious Sound. How often "have I, deceived by a Lover's Credulity, hearkned if she "had not something to whisper me? and when frustrated of "my Hopes, how often have I taken my Revenge in Kisses "from her Cheeks and Eyes, and softly wooed her to my "Embrace, whilst she (as to me it seem'd) only withheld her

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century, were afterwards translated as 'Letters of Love and Gallantry, 'written in Greek by Aristænetus.' This volume, 12mo (1715), was dedicated to Eustace Budgell, who is named in the Preface as the author of the Spectator papers signed X.

"Tongue the more to inflame me. But, Madman that I am, "shall I be thus taken with the Representation only of a beaute- "ous Face, and flowing Hair, and thus waste myself and melt "to Tears for a Shadow? Ah, sure 'tis something more, 'tis "a Reality! for see her Beauties shine out with new Lustre, "and she seems to upbraid me with such unkind Reproaches. "Oh may I have a living Mistress of this Form, that when I "shall compare the Work of Nature with that of Art, I may "be still at a loss which to choose, and be long perplex'd "with the pleasing Uncertainty. T.

No. 239.] *Tuesday, December* 4, 1711. [*Addison.*

———*Bella, horrida bella!*—Virg.

I HAVE sometimes amused myself with considering the several Methods of managing a Debate which have obtained in the World.

The first Races of Mankind used to dispute, as our ordinary People do now-a-days, in a kind of wild Logick, uncultivated by Rules of Art.

Socrates introduced a catechetical Method of Arguing. He would ask his Adversary Question upon Question, till he had convinced him out of his own Mouth that his Opinions were wrong. This Way of Debating drives an Enemy up into a Corner, seizes all the Passes through which he can make an Escape, and forces him to surrender at Discretion.

Aristotle changed this Method of Attack, and invented a great Variety of little Weapons, call'd Syllogisms. As in the *Socratick* Way of Dispute you agree to every thing which your Opponent advances, in the *Aristotelick* you are still denying and contradicting some Part or other of what he says. *Socrates* conquers you by Stratagem, *Aristotle* by Force: The one takes the Town by Sap, the other Sword in Hand.

The Universities of *Europe*, for many Years, carried on their Debates by Syllogism, insomuch that we see the Knowledge of several Centuries laid out into Objections and Answers, and all the good Sense of the Age cut and minced into almost an Infinitude of Distinctions.

When our Universities found that there was no End of Wrangling this Way, they invented a kind of Argument, which is not reducible to any Mood or Figure in *Aristotle*. It was

called the *Argumentum Basilinum* (others write it *Bacilinum* or *Baculinum*) which is pretty well express'd in our *English* Word *Club-Law*. When they were not able to confute their Antagonist, they knock'd him down. It was their Method in these polemical Debates, first to discharge their Syllogisms, and afterwards to betake themselves to their Clubs, till such Time as they had one Way or other confounded their Gainsayers. There is in *Oxford* a narrow [Defile,[1]] (to make use of a military Term) where the Partizans used to encounter, for which Reason it still retains the Name of *Logic-Lane*. I have heard an old Gentleman, a Physician, make his Boasts, that when he was a young Fellow he marched several Times at the Head of a Troop of *Scotists*,[2] and cudgel'd a Body of *Smiglesians*[3] half the length of *High-street*, 'till they had dispersed themselves for Shelter into their respective Garrisons.

This Humour, I find, went very far in *Erasmus's* Time. For that Author tells us,[4] That upon the Revival of *Greek* Letters, most of the Universities in *Europe* were divided into *Greeks* and *Trojans*. The latter were those who bore a mortal Enmity to the Language of the *Grecians*, insomuch that if they met with any who understood it, they did not fail to treat him as a Foe. *Erasmus* himself had, it seems, the Misfortune to fall into the Hands of a Party of *Trojans*, who laid him on with so many Blows and Buffets that he never forgot their Hostilities to his dying Day.

There is a way of managing an Argument not much unlike the former, which is made use of by States and Communities, when they draw up a hundred thousand Disputants on each Side, and convince one another by Dint of Sword. A certain Grand Monarch[5] was so sensible of his Strength in this way of Reasoning, that he writ upon his Great Guns—*Ratio ultima Regum*, *The Logick of Kings;* but, God be thanked, he is now pretty well baffled at his own Weapons. When one has to do with a Philosopher of this kind, one should remember the old Gentleman's Saying, who had been engaged in an Argument

[1] [Defilé]

[2] The followers of the famous scholastic philosopher, Duns Scotus (who taught at Oxford and died in 1308), were Realists, and the Scotists were as Realists opposed to the Nominalists, who, as followers of Thomas Aquinas, were called Thomists. Abuse, in later time, of the followers of Duns gave its present sense to the word Dunce.

[3] The followers of Martin Smiglecius, a Polish Jesuit, who taught Philosophy for four years and Theology for ten years at Vilna, in Lithuania, and died at Kalisch in 1618. Besides theological works he published a book of Disputations upon Logic.

[4] Erasm. Epist.

[5] Louis XIV.

with one of the *Roman* Emperors.[1] Upon his Friend's telling him, That he wonder'd he would give up the Question, when he had visibly the Better of the Dispute; *I am never asham'd*, says he, *to be confuted by one who is Master of fifty Legions.*

I shall but just mention another kind of Reasoning, which may be called arguing by Poll; and another which is of equal Force, in which Wagers are made use of as Arguments, according to the celebrated Line in *Hudibras*.[2]

But the most notable way of managing a Controversy, is that which we may call *Arguing by Torture*. This is a Method of Reasoning which has been made use of with the poor Refugees, and which was so fashionable in our Country during the Reign of Queen *Mary*, that in a Passage of an Author quoted by Monsieur *Bayle*,[3] it is said the Price of Wood was raised in *England*, by reason of the Executions that were made in *Smithfield*. These Disputants convince their Adversaries with a *Sorites*,[4] commonly called a Pile of Faggots. The Rack is also a kind of Syllogism which has been used with good Effect, and has made Multitudes of Converts. Men were formerly disputed out of their Doubts, reconciled to Truth by Force of Reason, and won over to Opinions by the Candour, Sense and Ingenuity of those who had the Right on their Side; but this Method of Conviction operated too slowly. Pain was found to be much more enlightning than Reason. Every Scruple was looked upon as Obstinacy, and not to be removed but by several Engines invented for that Purpose. In a Word, the Application of Whips, Racks, Gibbets, Gallies, Dungeons, Fire and Faggot, in a Dispute, may be look'd upon as Popish Refinements upon the old Heathen Logick.

There is another way of Reasoning which seldom fails, tho' it be of a quite different Nature to that I have last mentioned. I mean, convincing a Man by ready Money, or as it is ordinarily called, bribing a Man to an Opinion. This Method has often proved successful, when all the others have been made use of to no purpose. A Man who is furnished with Arguments from the Mint, will convince his Antagonist much sooner than one who draws them from Reason and Philosophy. Gold is a wonderful Clearer of the Understanding; it dissipates every Doubt and Scruple in an Instant; accommodates itself to the meanest

[1] Adrian, cited in Bacon's Apophthegms.

[2] Hudibras, Pt. II. c. 1, v. 297. See note to No. 145.

[3] And. Ammonius in Bayle's Life of him, but the saying was of the reign of Henry VIII.

[4] A Sorites, in Logic,—from σωρός, a heap—is a pile of syllogisms so compacted that the conclusion of one serves as a premiss to the next.

Capacities; silences the Loud and Clamorous, and brings over the most Obstinate and Inflexible. *Philip of Macedon* was a Man of most invincible Reason this Way. He refuted by it all the Wisdom of *Athens*, confounded their Statesmen, struck their Orators dumb, and at length argued them out of all their Liberties.

Having here touched upon the several Methods of Disputing, as they have prevailed in different Ages of the World, I shall very suddenly give my Reader an Account of the whole Art of Cavilling; which shall be a full and satisfactory Answer to all such Papers and Pamphlets as have yet appeared against the SPECTATOR. C.

No. 240.] *Wednesday, December* 5, 1711. [*Steele.*

——Aliter not fit, Avite, liber.—Mart.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AM of one of the most genteel Trades in the City, and understand thus much of liberal Education, as to have 'an ardent Ambition of being useful to Mankind, and to think 'That the chief End of Being as to this Life. I had these 'good Impressions given me from the handsome Behaviour of 'a learned, generous, and wealthy Man towards me when I 'first began the World. Some Dissatisfaction between me and 'my Parents made me enter into it with less Relish of Business 'than I ought; and to turn off this Uneasiness I gave my self 'to criminal Pleasures, some Excesses, and a general loose 'Conduct. I know not what the excellent Man above-'mentioned saw in me, but he descended from the Superiority 'of his Wisdom and Merit, to throw himself frequently into my 'Company. This made me soon hope that I had something 'in me worth cultivating, and his Conversation made me 'sensible of Satisfactions in a regular Way, which I had never 'before imagined. When he was grown familiar with me, he 'opened himself like a good Angel, and told me, he had long 'laboured to ripen me into a Preparation to receive his Friend-'ship and Advice, both which I should daily command, and 'the Use of any Part of his Fortune, to apply the Measures he 'should propose to me, for the Improvement of my own. I 'assure you, I cannot recollect the Goodness and Confusion of 'the good Man when he spoke to this Purpose to me, without 'melting into Tears; but in a word, Sir, I must hasten to tell

'you, that my Heart burns with Gratitude towards him, and 'he is so happy a Man, that it can never be in my Power to 'return him his Favours in Kind, but I am sure I have made 'him the most agreeable Satisfaction I could possibly, [in being 'ready to serve others to my utmost Ability,] as far as is con-'sistent with the Prudence he prescribes to me. Dear Mr. 'SPECTATOR, I do not owe to him only the good Will and 'Esteem of my own Relations, (who are People of Distinction) 'the present Ease and Plenty of my Circumstances, but also 'the Government of my Passions, and Regulation of my 'Desires. I doubt not, Sir, but in your Imagination such 'Virtues as these of my worthy Friend, bear as great a Figure 'as Actions which are more glittering in the common Estima-'tion. What I would ask of you, is to give us a whole *Spectator* 'upon Heroick Virtue in common Life, which may incite Men 'to the same generous Inclinations, as have by this admirable 'Person been shewn to, and rais'd in,

SIR, Your most humble Servant.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am a Country Gentleman, of a good plentiful Estate, and 'live as the rest of my Neighbours with great Hospitality. I 'have been ever reckoned among the Ladies the best Company 'in the World, and have Access as a sort of Favourite. I 'never came in Publick but I saluted them, tho' in great 'Assemblies, all round, where it was seen how genteelly I 'avoided hampering my Spurs in their Petticoats, while I 'moved amongst them; and on the other side how prettily 'they curtsied and received me, standing in proper Rows, and 'advancing as fast as they saw their Elders, or their Betters, 'dispatch'd by me. But so it is, Mr. SPECTATOR, that all our 'good Breeding is of late lost by the unhappy Arrival of a 'Courtier, or Town Gentleman, who came lately among us: 'This Person where-ever he came into a Room made a pro-'found Bow, and fell back, then recovered with a soft Air, and 'made a Bow to the next, and so to one or two more, and 'then took the Gross of the Room, by passing by them in a 'continued Bow till he arrived at the Person he thought proper 'particularly to entertain. This he did with so good a Grace 'and Assurance, that it is taken for the present Fashion; and 'there is no young Gentlewoman within several Miles of this 'Place has been kissed ever since his first Appearance among 'us. We Country Gentlemen cannot begin again and learn 'these fine and reserved Airs; and our Conversation is at a 'Stand, till we have your Judgment for or against Kissing, by

'way of Civility or Salutation; which is impatiently expected 'by your Friends of both Sexes, but by none so much as

Your humble Servant, Rustick Sprightly.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *December* 3, 1711.

'I was the other Night at *Philaster*,[1] where I expected to 'hear your famous Trunk-maker, but was happily disappointed 'of his Company, and saw another Person who had the like 'Ambition to distinguish himself in a noisy manner, partly by 'Vociferation or talking loud, and partly by his bodily Agility. 'This was a very lusty Fellow, but withal a sort of Beau, who 'getting into one of the Side-boxes on the Stage before the 'Curtain drew, was disposed to shew the whole Audience his 'Activity by leaping over the Spikes; he pass'd from thence to 'one of the entering Doors, where he took Snuff with a toler- 'able good Grace, display'd his fine Cloaths, made two or three 'feint Passes at the Curtain with his Cane, then faced about 'and appear'd at t'other Door: Here he affected to survey the 'whole House, bow'd and smil'd at random, and then shew'd 'his Teeth, which were some of them indeed very white: 'After this he retired behind the Curtain, and obliged us with 'several Views of his Person from every Opening.

'During the Time of Acting, he appear'd frequently in the 'Prince's Apartment, made one at the Hunting-match, and was 'very forward in the Rebellion. If there were no Injunctions 'to the contrary, yet this Practice must be confess'd to diminish 'the Pleasure of the Audience, and for that Reason pre- 'sumptuous and unwarrantable: But since her Majesty's late 'Command has made it criminal,[2] you have Authority to take 'Notice of it.

SIR, Your humble Servant,

T. Charles Easy.

No. 241.] *Thursday, December* 6, 1711. [*Addison.*

> ——*Semperque relinqui*
> *Sola sibi, semper longam incomitata videtur*
> *Ire viam*—— Virg.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THOUGH you have considered virtuous Love in most of 'its Distresses, I do not remember that you have given

[1] Beaumont and Fletcher's 'Philaster' had been acted on the preceding Friday, Nov. 30. The Hunt is in the Fourth Act, the Rebellion in the Fifth.

[2] At this time there had been added to the playbills the line 'By her 'Majesty's Command no Person is to be admitted behind the Scenes.'

'us any Dissertation upon the Absence of Lovers, or laid down 'any Methods how they should support themselves under those 'long Separations which they are sometimes forced to undergo. 'I am at present in this unhappy Circumstance, having parted 'with the best of Husbands, who is abroad in the Service of 'his Country, and may not possibly return for some Years. 'His warm and generous Affection while we were together, 'with the Tenderness which he expressed to me at parting, 'make his Absence almost insupportable. I think of him every 'Moment of the Day, and meet him every Night in my Dreams. 'Every thing I see puts me in mind of him. I apply myself 'with more than ordinary Diligence to the Care of his Family 'and his Estate; but this, instead of relieving me, gives me 'but so many Occasions of wishing for his Return. I frequent 'the Rooms where I used to converse with him, and not meeting him there, sit down in his Chair, and fall a weeping. I 'love to read the Books he delighted in, and to converse with 'the Persons whom he esteemed. I visit his Picture a hundred 'times a Day, and place myself over-against it whole Hours 'together. I pass a great part of my Time in the Walks where 'I used to lean upon his Arm, and recollect in my Mind the 'Discourses which have there passed between us: I look over 'the several Prospects and Points of View which we used to 'survey together, fix my Eye upon the Objects which he has 'made me take notice of, and call to mind a thousand [agreeable] Remarks which he has made on those Occasions. I 'write to him by every Conveyance, and contrary to other 'People, am always in good Humour when an East-Wind 'blows, because it seldom fails of bringing me a Letter from 'him. Let me entreat you, Sir, to give me your Advice upon 'this Occasion, and to let me know how I may relieve my self 'in this my Widowhood.

I am, SIR, Your most humble Servant,
ASTERIA.

Absence is what the Poets call Death in Love, and has given Occasion to abundance of beautiful Complaints in those Authors who have treated of this Passion in Verse. *Ovid's* Epistles are full of them. *Otway's Monimia* talks very tenderly upon this Subject.[1]

——It was not kind
To leave me like a Turtle, here alone,
To droop and mourn the Absence of my Mate.

[1] Orphan, Act II.

When thou art from me, every Place is desert:
And I, methinks, am savage and forlorn.
Thy Presence only 'tis can make me blest,
Heal my unquiet Mind, and tune my Soul.

The Consolations of Lovers on these Occasions are very extraordinary. Besides those mentioned by *Asteria*, there are many other Motives of Comfort, which are made use of by absent Lovers.

I remember in one of *Scudery's* Romances, a Couple of honourable Lovers agreed at their parting to set aside one half Hour in the Day to think of each other during a tedious Absence. The Romance tells us, that they both of them punctually observed the Time thus agreed upon; and that whatever Company or Business they were engaged in, they left it abruptly as soon as the Clock warned them to retire. The Romance further adds, That the Lovers expected the Return of this stated Hour with as much Impatience, as if it had been a real Assignation, and enjoyed an imaginary Happiness that was almost as pleasing to them as what they would have found from a real Meeting. It was an inexpressible Satisfaction to these divided Lovers, to be assured that each was at the same time employ'd in the same kind of Contemplation, and making equal Returns of Tenderness and Affection.

If I may be allowed to mention a more serious Expedient for the alleviating of Absence, I shall take notice of one which I have known two Persons practise, who joined Religion to that Elegance of Sentiments with which the Passion of Love generally inspires its Votaries. This was, at the Return of such an Hour, to offer up a certain Prayer for each other, which they had agreed upon before their Parting. The Husband, who is a Man that makes a Figure in the polite World, as well as in his own Family, has often told me, that he could not have supported an Absence of three Years without this Expedient.

[*Strada*, in one of his Prolusions,[1]] gives an Account of a chimerical Correspondence between two Friends by the Help of a certain Loadstone, which had such Virtue in it, that if it touched two several Needles, when one of the Needles so touched [began[2]] to move, the other, tho' at never so great a Distance, moved at the same Time, and in the same Manner. He tells us, that the two Friends, being each of them possessed of one of these Needles, made a kind of a Dial-plate, in-

[1] [In one of Strada's Prolusions he] Lib. II. Prol. 6.
[2] [begun], and in first reprint.

scribing it with the four and twenty Letters, in the same manner as the Hours of the Day are marked upon the ordinary Dial-plate. They then fixed one of the Needles on each of these Plates in such a manner, that it could move round without Impediment, so as to touch any of the four and twenty Letters. Upon their Separating from one another into distant Countries, they agreed to withdraw themselves punctually into their Closets at a certain Hour of the Day, and to converse with one another by means of this their Invention. Accordingly when they were some hundred Miles asunder, each of them shut himself up in his Closet at the Time appointed, and immediately cast his Eye upon his Dial-plate. If he had a mind to write any thing to his Friend, he directed his Needle to every Letter that formed the Words which he had occasion for, making a little Pause at the end of every Word or Sentence, to avoid Confusion. The Friend, in the mean while, saw his own sympathetick Needle moving of itself to every Letter which that of his Correspondent pointed at. By this means they talked together across a whole Continent, and conveyed their Thoughts to one another in an Instant over Cities or Mountains, Seas or Desarts.

If Monsieur *Scudery*, or any other Writer of Romance, had introduced a Necromancer, who is generally in the Train of a Knight-Errant, making a Present to two Lovers of a Couple of those above-mentioned Needles, the Reader would not have been a little pleased to have seen them corresponding with one another when they were guarded by Spies and Watches, or separated by Castles and Adventures.

In the mean while, if ever this Invention should be revived or put in practice, I would propose, that upon the Lover's Dial-plate there should be written not only the four and twenty Letters, but several entire Words which have always a Place in passionate Epistles, as *Flames*, *Darts*, *Die*, *Language*, *Absence*, *Cupid*, *Heart*, *Eyes*, *Hang*, *Drown*, and the like. This would very much abridge the Lover's Pains in this way of writing a Letter, as it would enable him to express the most useful and significant Words with a single Touch of the Needle.

C.

No. 242.] *Friday, December* 7, 1711. [*Steele.*

Creditur, ex medio quia res arcessit, habere
Sudoris minimum——— Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOUR Speculations do not so generally prevail over Mens Manners as I could wish. A former Paper of yours[1] 'concerning the Misbehaviour of People, who are necessarily 'in each other's Company in travelling, ought to have been 'a lasting Admonition against Transgressions of that Kind: 'But I had the Fate of your Quaker, in meeting with a rude 'Fellow in a Stage-Coach, who entertained two or three Women 'of us (for there was no Man besides himself) with Language 'as indecent as was ever heard upon the Water. The impertinent Observations which the Coxcomb made upon our Shame 'and Confusion were such, that it is an unspeakable Grief to 'reflect upon them. As much as you have declaimed against 'Duelling, I hope you will do us the Justice to declare, that if 'the Brute has Courage enough to send to the Place where he 'saw us all alight together to get rid of him, there is not one of 'us but has a Lover who shall avenge the Insult. It would 'certainly be worth your Consideration, to look into the frequent 'Misfortunes of this kind, to which the Modest and Innocent 'are exposed, by the licentious Behaviour of such as are as 'much Strangers to good Breeding as to Virtue. Could we 'avoid hearing what we do not approve, as easily as we can 'seeing what is disagreeable, there were some Consolation; 'but since [in a Box at a Play,[2]] in an Assembly of Ladies, or 'even in a Pew at Church, it is in the Power of a gross Coxcomb to utter what a Woman cannot avoid hearing, how 'miserable is her Condition who comes within the Power of 'such Impertinents? And how necessary is it to repeat Invectives against such a Behaviour? If the Licentious had not 'utterly forgot what it is to be modest, they would know that 'offended Modesty labours under one of the greatest Sufferings 'to which human Life can be exposed. If one of these Brutes 'could reflect thus much, tho' they want Shame, they would 'be moved, by their Pity, to abhor an impudent Behaviour in 'the Presence of the Chaste and Innocent. If you will oblige 'us with a *Spectator* on this Subject, and procure it to be pasted 'against every Stage-Coach in *Great-Britain*, as the Law of the 'Journey, you will highly oblige the whole Sex, for which you

[1] No. 132. [2] [at a Box in a Play,]

'have professed so great an Esteem; and in particular, the two 'Ladies my late Fellow-Sufferers, and,

SIR, Your most humble Servant,
Rebecca Ridinghood.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'The Matter which I am now going to send you, is an 'unhappy Story in low Life, and will recommend it self, so 'that you must excuse the Manner of expressing it. A poor 'idle drunken Weaver in *Spittle-Fields* has a faithful laborious 'Wife, who by her Frugality and Industry had laid by her as 'much Money as purchased her a Ticket in the present Lottery. 'She had hid this very privately in the Bottom of a Trunk, and 'had given her Number to a Friend and Confident, who had 'promised to keep the Secret, and bring her News of the 'Success. The poor Adventurer was one Day gone abroad, when 'her careless Husband, suspecting she had saved some Money, 'searches every Corner, till at length he finds this same Ticket; 'which he immediately carries abroad, sells, and squanders 'away the Money without the Wife's suspecting any thing of 'the Matter. A Day or two after this, this Friend, who was a 'Woman, comes and brings the Wife word, that she had a 'Benefit of Five Hundred Pounds. The poor Creature over-'joyed, flies up Stairs to her Husband, who was then at Work, 'and desires him to leave his Loom for that Evening, and 'come and drink with a Friend of his and hers below. The 'Man received this chearful Invitation as bad Husbands some-'times do, and after a cross Word or two told her he wou'dn't 'come. His Wife with Tenderness renewed her Importunity, 'and at length said to him, My Love! I have within these few 'Months, unknown to you, scraped together as much Money 'as has bought us a Ticket in the Lottery, and now here is 'Mrs. *Quick* [come[1]] to tell me, that 'tis come up this Morning 'a Five hundred Pound Prize. The Husband replies imme-'diately, You lye, you Slut, you have no Ticket, for I have 'sold it. The poor Woman upon this Faints away in a Fit, 'recovers, and is now run distracted. As she had no Design 'to defraud her Husband, but was willing only to participate 'in his good Fortune, every one pities her, but thinks her 'Husband's Punishment but just. This, Sir, is Matter of Fact, 'and would, if the Persons and Circumstances were greater, in 'a well-wrought Play be called *Beautiful Distress*. I have only 'sketched it out with Chalk, and know a good Hand can make 'a moving Picture with worse Materials. *SIR*, &c.

[1] [comes], and in first reprint.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am what the World calls a warm Fellow, and by good 'Success in Trade I have raised myself to a Capacity of making 'some Figure in the World; but no matter for that. I have 'now under my Guardianship a couple of Nieces, who will 'certainly make me run mad; which you will not wonder at, 'when I tell you they are Female Virtuosos, and during the 'three Years and a half that I have had them under my Care, 'they never in the least inclined their Thoughts towards any 'one single Part of the Character of a notable Woman. Whilst 'they should have been considering the proper Ingredients for 'a Sack-posset, you should hear a Dispute concerning the '[magnetick [1]] Virtue of the Loadstone, or perhaps the Pressure 'of the Atmosphere: Their Language is peculiar to themselves, 'and they scorn to express themselves on the meanest Trifle 'with Words that are not of a *Latin* Derivation. But this were 'supportable still, would they suffer me to enjoy an uninter-'rupted Ignorance; but, unless I fall in with their abstracted 'Idea of Things (as they call them) I must not expect to smoak 'one Pipe in Quiet. In a late Fit of the Gout I complained 'of the Pain of that Distemper when my Niece *Kitty* begged 'Leave to assure me, that whatever I might think, several great 'Philosophers, both ancient and modern, were of Opinion, that 'both Pleasure and Pain were imaginary [Distinctions [2]], and 'that there was no such thing as either *in rerum Natura*. I 'have often heard them affirm that the Fire was not hot; and 'one Day when I, with the Authority of an old Fellow, desired 'one of them to put my blue Cloak on my Knees; she 'answered, Sir, I will reach the Cloak; but take notice, I do 'not do it as allowing your Description; for it might as well 'be called Yellow as Blue; for Colour is nothing but the 'various Infractions of the Rays of the Sun. Miss *Molly* told 'me one Day; That to say Snow was white, is allowing a 'vulgar Error; for as it contains a great Quantity of nitrous 'Particles, it [might more reasonably [3]] be supposed to be 'black. In short, the young Husseys would persuade me, that 'to believe one's Eyes is a sure way to be deceived; and have 'often advised me, by no means, to trust any thing so fallible 'as my Senses. What I have to beg of you now is, to turn one 'Speculation to the due Regulation of Female Literature, so 'far at least, as to make it consistent with the Quiet of such

[1] [magnetical], and in first reprint.
[2] [Distractions], and in first reprint.
[3] [may more seasonably], and in first reprint.

'whose Fate it is to be liable to its Insults; and to tell us the 'Difference between a Gentleman that should make Cheese-'cakes and raise Paste, and a Lady that reads *Locke*, and 'understands the Mathematicks. In which you will extreamly 'oblige

Your hearty Friend and humble Servant,

T. Abraham Thrifty.

No. 243.] *Saturday, December* 8, 1711. [*Addison.*

Formam quidem ipsam, Marce fili, et tanquam faciem Honesti vides: quæ si oculis cerneretur, mirabiles amores (*ut ait Plato*) *excitaret Sapientiæ.*— Tull. Offic.

I DO not remember to have read any Discourse written expressly upon the Beauty and Loveliness of Virtue, without considering it as a Duty, and as the Means of making us happy both now and hereafter. I design therefore this Speculation as an Essay upon that Subject, in which I shall consider Virtue no further than as it is in it self of an amiable Nature, after having premised, that I understand by the Word Virtue such a general Notion as is affixed to it by the Writers of Morality, and which by devout Men generally goes under the Name of Religion, and by Men of the World under the Name of Honour.

Hypocrisy it self does great Honour, or rather Justice, to Religion, and tacitly acknowledges it to be an Ornament to human Nature. The Hypocrite would not be at so much Pains to put on the Appearance of Virtue, if he did not know it was the most proper and effectual means to gain the Love and Esteem of Mankind.

We learn from *Hierocles*, it was a common Saying among the Heathens, that the Wise Man hates no body, but only loves the Virtuous.

Tully has a very beautiful Gradation of Thoughts to shew how amiable Virtue is. We love a virtuous Man, says he, who lives in the remotest Parts of the Earth, though we are altogether out of the Reach of his Virtue. and can receive from it no Manner of Benefit; nay, one who died several Ages ago, raises a secret Fondness and Benevolence for him in our Minds, when we read his Story: Nay, what is still more, one who has been the Enemy of our Country, provided his Wars were regulated by Justice and Humanity, as in the Instance of *Pyrrhus* whom *Tully* mentions on this Occasion in Opposition to *Hannibal*. Such is the natural Beauty and Loveliness of Virtue.

Stoicism, which was the Pedantry of Virtue, ascribes all good Qualifications, of what kind soever, to the virtuous Man. Accordingly [*Cato*,[1]] in the Character *Tully* has left of him, carried Matters so far, that he would not allow any one but a virtuous Man to be handsome. This indeed looks more like a Philosophical Rant than the real Opinion of a Wise Man; yet this was what *Cato* very seriously maintained. In short, the Stoics thought they could not sufficiently represent the Excellence of Virtue, if they did not comprehend in the Notion of it all possible Perfection[s]; and therefore did not only suppose, that it was transcendently beautiful in it self, but that it made the very Body amiable, and banished every kind of Deformity from the Person in whom it resided.

It is a common Observation, that the most abandoned to all Sense of Goodness, are apt to wish those who are related to them of a different Character; and it is very observable, that none are more struck with the Charms of Virtue in the fair Sex, than those who by their very Admiration of it are carried to a Desire of ruining it.

A virtuous Mind in a fair Body is indeed a fine Picture in a good Light, and therefore it is no Wonder that it makes the beautiful Sex all over Charms.

As Virtue in general is of an amiable and lovely Nature, there are some particular kinds of it which are more so than others, and these are such as dispose us to do Good to Mankind. Temperance and Abstinence, Faith and Devotion, are in themselves perhaps as laudable as any other Virtues; but those which make a Man popular and beloved, are Justice, Charity, Munificence, and, in short, all the good Qualities that render us beneficial to each other. For which Reason even an extravagant Man, who has nothing else to recommend him but a false Generosity, is often more beloved and esteemed than a Person of a much more finished Character, who is defective in this Particular.

The two great Ornaments of Virtue, which shew her in the most advantageous Views, and make her altogether lovely, are Chearfulness and Good-Nature. These generally go together, as a Man cannot be agreeable to others who is not easy within himself. They are both very requisite in a virtuous Mind, to keep out Melancholy from the many serious Thoughts it is engaged in, and to hinder its natural Hatred of Vice from souring into Severity and Censoriousness.

If Virtue is of this amiable Nature, what can we think of

[1] [we find that *Cato*,]

those who can look upon it with an Eye of Hatred and Ill-will, or can suffer their Aversion for a Party to blot out all the Merit of the Person who is engaged in it. A Man must be excessively stupid, as well as uncharitable, who believes that there is no Virtue but on his own Side, and that there are not Men as honest as himself who may differ from him in Political Principles. Men may oppose one another in some Particulars, but ought not to carry their Hatred to those Qualities which are of so amiable a Nature in themselves, and have nothing to do with the Points in Dispute. Men of Virtue, though of different Interests, ought to consider themselves as more nearly united with one another, than with the vicious Part of Mankind, who embark with them in the same civil Concerns. We should bear the same Love towards a Man of Honour, who is a living Antagonist, which *Tully* tells us in the forementioned Passage every one naturally does to an Enemy that is dead. In short, we should esteem Virtue though in a Foe, and abhor Vice though in a Friend.

I speak this with an Eye to those cruel Treatments which Men of all Sides are apt to give the Characters of those who do not agree with them. How many Persons of undoubted Probity, and exemplary Virtue, on either Side, are blackned and defamed? How many Men of Honour exposed to publick Obloquy and Reproach? Those therefore who are either the Instruments or Abettors in such Infernal Dealings, ought to be looked upon as Persons who make use of Religion to promote their Cause, not of their Cause to promote Religion. C.

No. 244.] *Monday, December* 10, 1711. [*Steele.*

——*Judex et callidus audis.*—Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Covent-Garden, Dec.* 7.

'I CANNOT, without a double Injustice, forbear expressing 'to you the Satisfaction which a whole Clan of Virtuosos 'have received from those Hints which you have lately given 'the Town on the Cartons of the inimitable *Raphael*.[1] It 'should be methinks the Business of a SPECTATOR to improve 'the Pleasures of Sight, and there cannot be a more immediate 'Way to it than recommending the Study and Observation of 'excellent Drawings and Pictures. When I first went to view

[1] In No. 226. Signor Dorigny's scheme was advertised in Nos. 205, 206, 207, 208, and 210.

'those of *Raphael* which you have celebrated, I must confess I 'was but barely pleased; the next time I liked them better, 'but at last as I grew better acquainted with them, I fell deeply 'in love with them, like wise Speeches they sunk deep into my 'Heart; for you know, *Mr.* SPECTATOR, that a Man of Wit 'may extreamly affect one for the Present, but if he has not 'Discretion, his Merit soon vanishes away, while a Wise Man 'that has not so great a Stock of Wit, shall nevertheless give 'you a far greater and more lasting Satisfaction: Just so it is in 'a Picture that is smartly touched but not well studied; one 'may call it a witty Picture, tho' the Painter in the mean time 'may be in Danger of being called a Fool. On the other 'hand, a Picture that is thoroughly understood in the Whole, 'and well performed in the Particulars, that is begun on the 'Foundation of Geometry, carried on by the Rules of Perspec-'tive, Architecture, and Anatomy, and perfected by a good 'Harmony, a just and natural Colouring, and such Passions 'and Expressions of the Mind as are almost peculiar to '*Raphael*; this is what you may justly style a wise Picture, and 'which seldom fails to strike us Dumb, till we can assemble all 'our Faculties to make but a tolerable Judgment upon it. 'Other Pictures are made for the Eyes only, as Rattles are 'made for Childrens Ears; and certainly that Picture that only 'pleases the Eye, without representing some well-chosen Part 'of Nature or other, does but shew what fine Colours are to be 'sold at the Colour-shop, and mocks the Works of the Creator. 'If the best Imitator of Nature is not to be esteemed the best 'Painter, but he that makes the greatest Show and Glare of 'Colours; it will necessarily follow, that he who can array 'himself in the most gaudy Draperies is best drest, and he that 'can speak loudest the best Orator. Every Man when he 'looks on a Picture should examine it according to that share 'of Reason he is Master of, or he will be in Danger of making 'a wrong Judgment. If Men as they walk abroad would make 'more frequent Observations on those Beauties of Nature which 'every Moment present themselves to their View, they would 'be better Judges when they saw her well imitated at home: 'This would help to correct those Errors which most Pre-'tenders fall into, who are over hasty in their Judgments, and 'will not stay to let Reason come in for a share in the Deci-'sion. 'Tis for want of this that Men mistake in this Case, 'and in common Life, a wild extravagant Pencil for one that 'is truly bold and great, an impudent Fellow for a Man of 'true Courage and Bravery, hasty and unreasonable Actions for

'Enterprizes of Spirit and Resolution, gaudy Colouring for that 'which is truly beautiful, a false and insinuating Discourse for 'simple Truth elegantly recommended. The Parallel will hold 'through all the Parts of Life and Painting too; and the Vir-'tuosos above-mentioned will be glad to see you draw it with 'your Terms of Art. As the Shadows in Picture represent the 'serious or melancholy, so the Lights do the bright and lively 'Thoughts: As there should be but one forcible Light in a 'Picture which should catch the Eye and fall on the Hero, so 'there should be but one Object of our Love, even the Author 'of Nature. These and the like Reflections well improved, might 'very much contribute to open the Beauty of that Art, and 'prevent young People from being poisoned by the ill Gusto 'of an extravagant Workman that should be imposed upon us.

I am, SIR, Your most humble Servant.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'Though I am a Woman, yet I am one of those who confess 'themselves highly pleased with a Speculation you obliged the 'World with some time ago,[1] from an old *Greek* Poet you call '*Simonides*, in relation to the several Natures and Distinctions 'of our own Sex. I could not but admire how justly the 'Characters of Women in this Age, fall in with the Times of '*Simonides*, there being no one of those Sorts I have not at 'some time or other of my Life met with a Sample of. But, 'Sir, the Subject of this present Address, are a Set of Women 'comprehended, I think, in the Ninth Specie of that Specula-'tion, called the Apes; the Description of whom I find to be, '"That they are such as are both ugly and ill-natured, who '"have nothing beautiful themselves, and endeavour to detract '"from or ridicule every thing that appears so in others." 'Now, Sir, this Sect, as I have been told, is very frequent in the 'great Town where you live; but as my Circumstance of Life 'obliges me to reside altogether in the Country, though not 'many Miles from *London*, I can't have met with a great 'Number of 'em, nor indeed is it a desirable Acquaintance, as 'I have lately found by Experience. You must know, Sir, that 'at the Beginning of this Summer a Family of these Apes came 'and settled for the Season not far from the Place where I live. 'As they were Strangers in the Country, they were visited by 'the Ladies about 'em, of whom I was, with an Humanity usual 'in those that pass most of their Time in Solitude. The Apes 'lived with us very agreeably our own Way till towards the End

[1] No. 209.

'of the Summer, when they began to bethink themselves of 'returning to Town; then it was, *Mr.* SPECTATOR, that they 'began to set themselves about the proper and distinguishing 'Business of their Character; and, as 'tis said of evil Spirits, 'that they are apt to carry away a Piece of the House they are 'about to leave, the Apes, without Regard to common Mercy, 'Civility, or Gratitude, thought fit to mimick and fall foul on 'the Faces, Dress, and Behaviour of their innocent Neighbours, 'bestowing abominable Censures and disgraceful Appellations, 'commonly called Nicknames, on all of them; and in short, 'like true fine Ladies, made their honest Plainness and Sincerity 'Matter of Ridicule. I could not but acquaint you with these 'Grievances, as well at the Desire of all the Parties injur'd, as 'from my own Inclination. I hope, Sir, if you can't propose 'entirely to reform this Evil, you will take such Notice of it in 'some of your future Speculations, as may put the deserving 'Part of our Sex on their Guard against these Creatures; and 'at the same time the Apes may be sensible, that this sort of 'Mirth is so far from an innocent Diversion, that it is in the 'highest Degree that Vice which is said to comprehend all 'others.[1]

I am, SIR, Your humble Servant,

T. Constantia Field.

No. 245.] *Tuesday, December* 11, 1711. [*Addison.*

Ficta Voluptatis causâ sint proxima Veris.—Hor.

THERE is nothing which one regards so much with an Eye of Mirth and Pity as Innocence, when it has in it a Dash of Folly. At the same time that one esteems the Virtue, one is tempted to laugh at the Simplicity which accompanies it. When a Man is made up wholly of the Dove, without the least Grain of the Serpent in his Composition, he becomes ridiculous in many Circumstances of Life, and very often discredits his best Actions. The *Cordeliers* tell a Story of their Founder St *Francis*, that as he passed the Streets in the Dusk of the Evening, he discovered a young Fellow with a Maid in a Corner; upon which the good Man, say they, lifted up his Hands to Heaven with a secret Thanksgiving, that there was still so much Christian Charity in the World. The Innocence of the Saint made him mistake the Kiss of a Lover for a Salute

[1] Ingratitude. Ingratum si dixeris, omnia dixeris.

of Charity. I am heartily concerned when I see a virtuous Man without a competent Knowledge of the World; and if there be any Use in these my Papers, it is this, that without presenting Vice under any false alluring Notions, they give my Reader an Insight into the Ways of Men, and represent human Nature in all its changeable Colours. The Man who has not been engaged in any of the Follies of the World, or, as *Shakespear* expresses it, *hackney'd in the Ways of Men*, may here find a Picture of its Follies and Extravagancies. The Virtuous and the Innocent may know in Speculation what they could never arrive at by Practice, and by this Means avoid the Snares of the Crafty, the Corruptions of the Vicious, and the Reasonings of the Prejudiced. Their Minds may be opened without being vitiated.

It is with an Eye to my following Correspondent, Mr. *Timothy Doodle*, who seems a very well-meaning Man, that I have written this short Preface, to which I shall subjoin a Letter from the said Mr. *Doodle*.

SIR,

'I could heartily wish that you would let us know your 'Opinion upon several innocent Diversions which are in use 'among us, and which are very proper to pass away a Winter 'Night for those who do not care to throw away their Time at 'an Opera, or at the Play-house. I would gladly know in 'particular, what Notion you have of Hot-Cockles; as also 'whether you think that Questions and Commands, Mottoes, 'Similes, and Cross-Purposes have not more Mirth and Wit in 'them, than those publick Diversions which are grown so very 'fashionable among us. If you would recommend to our Wives 'and Daughters, who read your Papers with a great deal of 'Pleasure, some of those Sports and Pastimes that may be 'practised within Doors, and by the Fire-side, we who are 'Masters of Families should be hugely obliged to you. I need 'not tell you that I would have these Sports and Pastimes not 'only merry but innocent, for which Reason I have not men-'tioned either Whisk or Lanterloo, nor indeed so much as One 'and Thirty. After having communicated to you my Request 'upon this Subject, I will be so free as to tell you how my Wife 'and I pass away these tedious Winter Evenings with a great 'deal of Pleasure. Tho' she be young and handsome, and 'good-humoured to a Miracle, she does not care for gadding 'abroad like others of her Sex. There is a very friendly Man, 'a Colonel in the Army, whom I am mightily obliged to for his

'Civilities, that comes to see me almost every Night; for he is 'not one of those giddy young Fellows that cannot live out of 'a Play-house. When we are together, we very often make a 'Party at Blind-Man's Buff, which is a Sport that I like the 'better, because there is a good deal of Exercise in it. The 'Colonel and I are blinded by Turns, and you would laugh 'your Heart out to see what Pains my Dear takes to hoodwink 'us, so that it is impossible for us to see the least Glimpse of 'Light. The poor Colonel sometimes hits his Nose against a 'Post, and makes us die with laughing. I have generally the 'good Luck not to hurt myself, but am very often above half 'an Hour before I can catch either of them; for you must know 'we hide ourselves up and down in Corners, that we may have 'the more Sport. I only give you this Hint as a Sample of 'such Innocent Diversions as I would have you recommend; 'and am, *Most esteemed SIR, your ever loving Friend,*

Timothy Doodle.

The following Letter was occasioned by my last *Thursday's* Paper upon the Absence of Lovers, and the Methods therein mentioned of making such Absence supportable.

SIR,

'Among the several Ways of Consolation which absent Lovers 'make use of while their Souls are in that State of Departure, 'which you say is Death in Love, there are some very material 'ones that have escaped your Notice. Among these, the first 'and most received is a crooked Shilling, which has adminis-'tered great Comfort to our Forefathers, and is still made use 'of on this Occasion with very good Effect in most Parts of Her 'Majesty's Dominions. There are some, I know, who think a 'Crown-Piece cut into two equal Parts, and preserved by the 'distant Lovers, is of more sovereign Virtue than the former. 'But since Opinions are divided in this Particular, why may not 'the same Persons make use of both? The Figure of a Heart, 'whether cut in Stone or cast in Metal, whether bleeding upon 'an Altar, stuck with Darts, or held in the Hand of a *Cupid*, 'has always been looked upon as Talismanick in Distresses of 'this Nature. I am acquainted with many a brave Fellow, who 'carries his Mistress in the Lid of his Snuff-box, and by that 'Expedient has supported himself under the Absence of a whole 'Campaign. For my own Part, I have tried all these Remedies, 'but never found so much Benefit from any as from a Ring, in 'which my Mistress's Hair is platted together very artificially in 'a kind of True-Lover's Knot. As I have received great

'Benefit from this Secret, I think myself obliged to communi-
'cate it to the Publick, for the Good of my Fellow-Subjects. I
'desire you will add this Letter as an Appendix to your
'Consolations upon Absence, and am,

Your very humble Servant, T. B.

I shall conclude this Paper with a Letter from an University Gentleman, occasioned by my last *Tuesday's* Paper, wherein I gave some Account of the great Feuds which happened formerly in those learned Bodies, between the modern *Greeks* and *Trojans*.

SIR,

'This will give you to understand, that there is at present in
'the Society, whereof I am a Member, a very considerable
'Body of *Trojans*, who, upon a proper Occasion, would not
'fail to declare ourselves. In the mean while we do all we can
'to annoy our Enemies by Stratagem, and are resolved by the
'first Opportunity to attack Mr. *Joshua Barnes*,[1] whom we look
'upon as the *Achilles* of the opposite Party. As for myself, I
'have had the Reputation ever since I came from School, of
'being a trusty *Trojan*, and am resolved never to give Quarter
'to the smallest Particle of *Greek*, where-ever I chance to meet
'it. It is for this Reason I take it very ill of you, that you
'sometimes hang out *Greek* Colours at the Head of your Paper,
'and sometimes give a Word of the Enemy even in the Body
'of it. When I meet with any thing of this nature, I throw
'down your Speculations upon the Table, with that Form of
'Words which we make use of when we declare War upon an
'Author.

Græcum est, non potest legi.[2]

'I give you this Hint, that you may for the future abstain from
'any such Hostilities at your Peril.

C. *Troilus.*

[1] Professor of Greek at Cambridge, who edited Homer, Euripides, Anacreon, &c., and wrote in Greek verse a History of Esther. He died in 1714.

[2] 'It is Greek. It cannot be read.' This passed into a proverb from Franciscus Accursius, a famous Jurisconsult and son of another Accursius, who was called the Idol of the Jurisconsults. Franciscus Accursius was a learned man of the 13th century, who, in expounding Justinian, whenever he came to one of Justinian's quotations from Homer, said *Græcum est, nec potest legi*. Afterwards, in the first days of the revival of Greek studies in Europe, it was often said, as reported by Claude d'Espence, for example, that to know anything of Greek made a man suspected, to know anything of Hebrew almost made him a heretic.

No. 246.] *Wednesday, December* 12, 1711. [*Steele.*

———Οὐκ ἄρα σοί γε πατὴρ ἦν ἱππότα Πηλεύς,
Οὐδὲ Θέτις μήτηρ, γλαυκὴ δὲ σ' ἔτικτε θάλασσα,
Πέτραι τ' ἠλίβατοι, ὅτι τοι νόος ἐστὶν ἀπηνής.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'AS your Paper is Part of the Equipage of the Tea-Table, I conjure you to print what I now write to you; for I have 'no other Way to communicate what I have to say to the fair 'Sex on the most important Circumstance of Life, even the 'Care of Children. I do not understand that you profess your 'Paper is always to consist of Matters which are only to 'entertain the Learned and Polite, but that it may agree with 'your Design to publish some which may tend to the Informa-'tion of Mankind in general; and when it does so, you do 'more than writing Wit and Humour. Give me leave then to 'tell you, that of all the Abuses that ever you have as yet en-'deavoured to reform, certainly not one wanted so much your 'Assistance as the Abuse in [nursing[1]] Children. It is un-'merciful to see, that a Woman endowed with all the Per-'fections and Blessings of Nature, can, as soon as she is 'delivered, turn off her innocent, tender, and helpless Infant, 'and give it up to a Woman that is (ten thousand to one) 'neither in Health nor good Condition, neither sound in Mind 'nor Body, that has neither Honour nor Reputation, neither 'Love nor Pity for the poor Babe, but more Regard for the 'Money than for the whole Child, and never will take further 'Care of it than what by all the Encouragement of Money and 'Presents she is forced to; like *Æsop's* Earth, which would 'not nurse the Plant of another Ground, altho' never so much 'improved, by reason that Plant was not of its own Production. 'And since another's Child is no more natural to a Nurse than 'a Plant to a strange and different Ground, how can it be sup-'posed that the Child should thrive? and if it thrives, must it 'not imbibe the gross Humours and Qualities of the Nurse, 'like a Plant in a different Ground, or like a Graft upon a 'different Stock? Do not we observe, that a Lamb sucking 'a Goat changes very much its Nature, nay even its Skin and 'Wooll into the Goat Kind? The Power of a Nurse over a 'Child, by infusing into it, with her Milk, her Qualities and 'Disposition, is sufficiently and daily observed: Hence came 'that old Saying concerning an ill-natured and malicious Fellow,

[1] [nursing of], and in first reprint.

'that he had imbibed his Malice with his Nurse's Milk, or that 'some Brute or other had been his Nurse. Hence *Romulus* 'and *Remus* were said to have been nursed by a Wolf, *Telephus* 'the Son of *Hercules* by a Hind, *Pelias* the Son of *Neptune* by 'a Mare, and *Ægisthus* by a Goat; not that they had actually 'suck'd such Creatures, as some Simpletons have imagin'd, but 'that their Nurses had been of such a Nature and Temper, and 'infused such into them.

'Many Instances may be produced from good Authorities 'and daily Experience, that Children actually suck in the 'several Passions and depraved Inclinations of their Nurses, 'as Anger, Malice, Fear, Melancholy, Sadness, Desire, and 'Aversion. This *Diodorus*, *lib.* 2, witnesses, when he speaks, 'saying, That *Nero* the Emperor's Nurse had been very much 'addicted to Drinking; which Habit *Nero* received from his 'Nurse, and was so very particular in this, that the People took 'so much notice of it, as instead of *Tiberius Nero*, they call'd 'him *Biberius Mero*. The same *Diodorus* also relates of '*Caligula*, Predecessor to *Nero*, that his Nurse used to moisten 'the Nipples of her Breast frequently with Blood, to make '*Caligula* take the better Hold of them; which, says *Diodorus*, 'was the Cause that made him so blood-thirsty and cruel all 'his Life-time after, that he not only committed frequent 'Murder by his own Hand, but likewise wished that all human 'Kind were but one Neck, that he might have the Pleasure to 'cut it off. Such like Degeneracies astonish the Parents, [who] 'not knowing after whom the Child can take, [see[1]] one to 'incline to Stealing, another to Drinking, Cruelty, Stupidity; 'yet all these are not minded. Nay it is easy to demonstrate, 'that a Child, although it be born from the best of Parents, 'may be corrupted by an ill-tempered Nurse. How many 'Children do we see daily brought into Fits, Consumptions, 'Rickets, &c., merely by sucking their Nurses when in a Pas-'sion or Fury? But indeed almost any Disorder of the Nurse 'is a Disorder to the Child, and few Nurses can be found in 'this Town but what labour under some Distemper or other. 'The first Question that is generally asked a young Woman 'that wants to be a Nurse, [Why[2]] she should be a Nurse to 'other People's Children; is answered, by her having an ill 'Husband, and that she must make Shift to live. I think now 'this very Answer is enough to give any Body a Shock if duly 'considered; for an ill Husband may, or ten to one if he does 'not, bring home to his Wife an ill Distemper, or at least

[1] [seeing], and in 1st r.

[2] [is, why], and in 1st r.

'Vexation and Disturbance. Besides as she takes the Child 'out of meer Necessity, her Food will be accordingly, or else 'very coarse at best; whence proceeds an ill-concocted and 'coarse Food for the Child; for as the Blood, so is the Milk; 'and hence I am very well assured proceeds the Scurvy, the 'Evil, and many other Distempers. I beg of you, for the Sake 'of the many poor Infants that may and will be saved, by 'weighing this Case seriously, to exhort the People with the 'utmost Vehemence to let the Children suck their own '[Mothers,[1]] both for the Benefit of Mother and Child. For 'the general Argument, that a Mother is weakned by giving 'suck to her Children, is vain and simple; I will maintain that 'the Mother grows stronger by it, and will have her Health 'better than she would have otherwise: She will find it the 'greatest Cure and Preservative for the Vapours and future 'Miscarriages, much beyond any other Remedy whatsoever: 'Her Children will be like Giants, whereas otherwise they are 'but living Shadows and like unripe Fruit; and certainly if a 'Woman is strong enough to bring forth a Child, she is beyond 'all Doubt strong enough to nurse it afterwards. It grieves me 'to observe and consider how many poor Children are daily 'ruin'd by careless Nurses; and yet how tender ought they to 'be of a poor Infant, since the least Hurt or Blow, especially 'upon the Head, may make it senseless, stupid, or otherwise 'miserable for ever?

'But I cannot well leave this Subject as yet; for it seems to 'me very unnatural, that a Woman that has fed a Child as Part 'of her self for nine Months, should have no Desire to nurse it 'farther, when brought to Light and before her Eyes, and when 'by its Cry it implores her Assistance and the Office of a 'Mother. Do not the very cruellest of Brutes tend their young 'ones with all the Care and Delight imaginable? For how 'can she be call'd a Mother that will not nurse her young 'ones? The Earth is called the Mother of all Things, not 'because she produces, but because she maintains and nurses 'what she produces. The Generation of the Infant is the 'Effect of Desire, but the Care of it argues Virtue and Choice. 'I am not ignorant but that there are some Cases of Necessity 'where a Mother cannot give Suck, and then out of two Evils 'the least must be chosen; but there are so very few, that I 'am sure in a Thousand there is hardly one real Instance; for 'if a Woman does but know that her Husband can spare about 'three or six Shillings a Week extraordinary, (altho' this is but

[1] [Mother,]

'seldom considered) she certainly, with the Assistance of her 'Gossips, will soon perswade the good Man to send the Child 'to Nurse, and easily impose upon him by pretending In-'disposition. This Cruelty is supported by Fashion, and Nature 'gives Place to Custom. *SIR*,

T. *Your humble Servant.*

No. 247.] *Thursday, December* 13, 1711. [*Addison.*

———Τῶν δ' ἀκάματος ῥέει αὐδὴ
Ἐκ στομάτων ἡδεῖα——— Hes.

WE are told by some antient Authors, that *Socrates* was instructed in Eloquence by a Woman, whose Name, if I am not mistaken, was *Aspasia*. I have indeed very often looked upon that Art as the most proper for the Female Sex, and I think the Universities would do well to consider whether they should not fill the Rhetorick Chairs with She Professors.

It has been said in the Praise of some Men, that they could Talk whole Hours together upon any Thing; but it must be owned to the Honour of the other Sex, that there are many among them who can Talk whole Hours together upon Nothing. I have known a Woman branch out into a long Extempore Dissertation upon the Edging of a Petticoat, and chide her Servant for breaking a China Cup, in all the Figures of Rhetorick.

Were Women admitted to plead in Courts of Judicature, I am perswaded they would carry the Eloquence of the Bar to greater Heights than it has yet arrived at. If any one doubts this, let him but be present at those Debates which frequently arise among the Ladies [of the [1]] *British* Fishery.

The first Kind therefore of Female Orators which I shall take notice of, are those who are employed in stirring up the Passions, a Part of Rhetorick in which *Socrates* his Wife had perhaps made a greater Proficiency than his above-mentioned Teacher.

The second Kind of Female Orators are those who deal in Invectives, and who are commonly known by the Name of the Censorious. The Imagination and Elocution of this Set of Rhetoricians is wonderful. With what a Fluency of Invention, and Copiousness of Expression, will they enlarge upon every

[1] [that belong to our]

little Slip in the Behaviour of another? With how many different Circumstances, and with what Variety of Phrases, will they tell over the same Story? I have known an old Lady make an unhappy Marriage the Subject of a Month's Conversation. She blamed the Bride in one Place; pitied her in another; laughed at her in a third; wondered at her in a fourth; was angry with her in a fifth; and in short, wore out a Pair of Coach-Horses in expressing her Concern for her. At length, after having quite exhausted the Subject on this Side, she made a Visit to the new-married Pair, praised the Wife for the prudent Choice she had made, told her the unreasonable Reflections which some malicious People had cast upon her, and desired that they might be better acquainted. The Censure and Approbation of this Kind of Women are therefore only to be consider'd as Helps to Discourse.

A third Kind of Female Orators may be comprehended under the Word *Gossips*. Mrs. *Fiddle Faddle* is perfectly accomplished in this Sort of Eloquence; she launches out into Descriptions of Christenings, runs Divisions upon an Headdress, knows every Dish of Meat that is served up in her Neighbourhood, and entertains her Company a whole Afternoon together with the Wit of her little Boy, before he is able to speak.

The Coquet may be looked upon as a fourth Kind of Female Orator. To give her self the larger Field for Discourse, she hates and loves in the same Breath, talks to her Lap-dog or Parrot, is uneasy in all kinds of Weather, and in every Part of the Room: She has false Quarrels and feigned Obligations to all the Men of her Acquaintance; sighs when she is not sad, and Laughs when she is not Merry. The Coquet is in particular a great Mistress of that Part of Oratory which is called Action, and indeed seems to speak for no other Purpose, but as it gives her an Opportunity of stirring a Limb, or varying a Feature, of glancing her Eyes, or playing with her Fan.

As for News-mongers, Politicians, Mimicks, Story-Tellers, with other Characters of that nature, which give Birth to Loquacity, they are as commonly found among the Men as the Women; for which Reason I shall pass them over in Silence.

I have often been puzzled to assign a Cause why Women should have this Talent of a ready Utterance in so much greater Perfection than Men. I have sometimes fancied that they have not a retentive Power, or the Faculty of suppressing their Thoughts, as Men have, but that they are necessitated to

speak every Thing they think, and if so, it would perhaps furnish a very strong Argument to the *Cartesians*, for the supporting of their [Doctrine,[1]] that the Soul always thinks. But as several are of Opinion that the Fair Sex are not altogether Strangers to the Art of Dissembling and concealing their Thoughts, I have been forced to relinquish that Opinion, and have therefore endeavoured to seek after some better Reason. In order to it, a Friend of mine, who is an excellent Anatomist, has promised me by the first Opportunity to dissect a Woman's Tongue, and to examine whether there may not be in it certain Juices which render it so wonderfully voluble [or[2]] flippant, or whether the Fibres of it may not be made up of a finer or more pliant Thread, or whether there are not in it some particular Muscles which dart it up and down by such sudden Glances and Vibrations; or whether in the last Place, there may not be certain undiscovered Channels running from the Head and the Heart, to this little Instrument of Loquacity, and conveying into it a perpetual Affluence of animal Spirits. Nor must I omit the Reason which *Hudibras* has given, why those who can talk on Trifles speak with the greatest Fluency; namely, that the Tongue is like a Race-Horse, which runs the faster the lesser Weight it carries.

Which of these Reasons soever may be looked upon as the most probable, I think the *Irishman's* Thought was very natural, who after some Hours Conversation with a Female Orator, told her, that he believed her Tongue was very glad when she was asleep, for that it had not a Moment's Rest all the while she was awake.

That excellent old Ballad of *The Wanton Wife of Bath* has the following remarkable Lines.

> *I think, quoth* Thomas, *Womens Tongues*
> *Of Aspen Leaves are made.*

And *Ovid*, though in the Description of a very barbarous Circumstance, tells us, That when the Tongue of a beautiful Female was cut out, and thrown upon the Ground, it could not forbear muttering even in that Posture.

> *———Comprensam forcipe linguam*
> *Abstulit ense fero. Radix micat ultima linguæ.*
> *Ipsa jacet, terræque tremens immurmurat atræ;*
> *Utque salire solet mutilatæ cauda colubræ*
> *Palpitat:———*[3]

If a tongue would be talking without a Mouth, what could it have done when it had all its Organs of Speech, and Accom-

[1] [Opinion,] [2] [and] [3] Met. l. 6, v. 556.

plices of Sound about it? I might here mention the Story of the Pippin-Woman, had not I some Reason to look upon it as fabulous.

I must confess I am so wonderfully charmed with the Musick of this little Instrument, that I would by no Means discourage it. All that I aim at by this Dissertation is, to cure it of several disagreeable Notes, and in particular of those little Jarrings and Dissonances which arise from Anger, Censoriousness, Gossiping and Coquetry. In short, I would always have it tuned by Good-Nature, Truth, Discretion and Sincerity. C.

No. 248.] *Friday, December* 14, 1711. [*Steele.*

Hoc maximè Officii est, ut quisque maximè opis indigeat, ita ei potissimùm opitulari.—Tull.

THERE are none who deserve Superiority over others in the Esteem of Mankind, who do not make it their Endeavour to be beneficial to Society; and who upon all Occasions which their Circumstances of Life can administer, do not take a certain unfeigned Pleasure in conferring Benefits of one kind or other. Those whose great Talents and high Birth have placed them in conspicuous Stations of Life, are indispensably obliged to exert some noble Inclinations for the Service of the World, or else such Advantages become Misfortunes, and Shade and Privacy are a more eligible Portion. Where Opportunities and Inclinations are given to the same Person, we sometimes see sublime Instances of Virtue, which so dazzle our Imaginations, that we look with Scorn on all which in lower Scenes of Life we may our selves be able to practise. But this is a vicious Way of Thinking; and it bears some Spice of romantick Madness, for a Man to imagine that he must grow ambitious, or seek Adventures, to be able to do great Actions. It is in every Man's Power in the World who is above meer Poverty, not only to do Things worthy but heroick. The great Foundation of civil Virtue is Self-Denial; and there is no one above the Necessities of Life, but has Opportunities of exercising that noble Quality, and doing as much as his Circumstances will bear for the Ease and Convenience of other Men; and he who does more than ordinarily Men practise upon such Occasions as occur in his Life, deserves

the Value of his Friends as if he had done Enterprizes which are usually attended with the highest Glory. Men of publick Spirit differ rather in their Circumstances than their Virtue; and the Man who does all he can in a low Station, is more [a[1]] Hero than he who omits any worthy Action he is able to accomplish in a great one. It is not many Years ago since *Lapirius*, in Wrong of his elder Brother, came to a great Estate by Gift of his Father, by reason of the dissolute Behaviour of the First-born. Shame and Contrition reformed the Life of the disinherited Youth, and he became as remarkable for his good Qualities as formerly for his Errors. *Lapirius*, who observed his Brother's Amendment, sent him on a New-Years Day in the Morning the following Letter:

Honoured Brother,

'I enclose to you the Deeds whereby my Father gave me 'this House and Land: Had he lived 'till now, he would not 'have bestowed it in that Manner; he took it from the Man 'you were, and I restore it to the Man you are. I am,

SIR,

Your affectionate Brother,
and humble Servant, P. T.

As great and exalted Spirits undertake the Pursuit of hazardous Actions for the Good of others, at the same Time gratifying their Passion for Glory; so do worthy Minds in the domestick Way of Life deny themselves many Advantages, to satisfy a generous Benevolence which they bear to their Friends oppressed with Distresses and Calamities. Such Natures one may call Stores of Providence, which are actuated by a secret Celestial Influence to undervalue the ordinary Gratifications of Wealth, to give Comfort to an Heart loaded with Affliction, to save a falling Family, to preserve a Branch of Trade in their Neighbourhood, and give Work to the Industrious, preserve the Portion of the helpless Infant, and raise the Head of the mourning Father. People whose Hearts are wholly bent towards Pleasure, or intent upon Gain, never hear of the noble Occurrences among Men of Industry and Humanity. It would look like a City Romance, to tell them of the generous Merchant who the other Day sent this Billet to an eminent Trader under Difficulties to support himself, in whose Fall many hundreds besides himself had perished; but because I think there is more Spirit and true Gallantry in it than in any Letter I have ever read from *Strephon* to *Phillis*, I shall insert it even in the mercantile honest Stile in which it was sent.

[1] [an]

SIR,

I Have heard of the Casualties which have involved you 'in extreme Distress at this Time; and knowing you to be a 'Man of great Good-Nature, Industry and Probity, have resolved 'to stand by you. Be of good Chear, the Bearer brings with 'him five thousand Pounds, and has my Order to answer your 'drawing as much more on my Account. I did this in Haste, 'for fear I should come too late for your Relief; but you may 'value your self with me to the Sum of fifty thousand Pounds; 'for I can very chearfully run the Hazard of being so much 'less rich than I am now, to save an honest Man whom 'I love.

Your Friend and Servant, [W. S.[1]]

I think there is somewhere in *Montaigne* Mention made of a Family-book, wherein all the Occurrences that happened from one Generation of that House to another were recorded. Were there such a Method in the Families, which are concerned in this Generosity, it would be an hard Task for the greatest in *Europe* to give, in their own, an Instance of a Benefit better placed, or conferred with a more graceful Air. It has been heretofore urged, how barbarous and inhuman is any unjust Step made to the Disadvantage of a Trader; and by how much such an Act towards him is detestable, by so much an Act of Kindness towards him is laudable. I remember to have heard a Bencher of the *Temple* tell a Story of a Tradition in their House, where they had formerly a Custom of chusing Kings for such a Season, and allowing him his Expences at the Charge of the Society: One of our Kings, said my Friend, carried his Royal Inclination a little too far, and there was a Committee ordered to look into the Management of his Treasury. Among other Things it appeared, that his Majesty walking *incog.* in the Cloister, had overheard a poor Man say to another, Such a small Sum would make me the happiest Man in the World. The King out of his Royal Compassion privately inquired into his Character, and finding him a proper Object of Charity, sent him the Money. When the Committee read their Report, the House passed his Account with a Plaudite without further Examination, upon the Recital of this Article in them.

		l.	s.	d.
T.	*For making a Man happy*	10	00	00

[1] [W. P.] corrected by an Erratum in No. 152 to W. S.

No. 249.] *Saturday, December* 15, 1711. [*Addison.*

Γέλως ἄκαιρος ἐν βροτοῖς δεινὸν κακὸν.—Frag. Vet. Poet.

WHEN I make Choice of a Subject that has not been treated on by others, I throw together my Reflections on it without any Order or Method, so that they may appear rather in the Looseness and Freedom of an Essay, than in the Regularity of a Set Discourse. It is after this Manner that I shall consider Laughter and Ridicule in my present Paper.

Man is the merriest Species of the Creation, all above and below him are Serious. He sees things in a different Light from other Beings, and finds his Mirth [a]rising from Objects that perhaps cause something like Pity or Displeasure in higher Natures. Laughter is indeed a very good Counterpoise to the Spleen; and it seems but reasonable that we should be capable of receiving Joy from what is no real Good to us, since we can receive Grief from what is no real Evil.

I have in my Forty-seventh Paper raised a Speculation on the Notion of a Modern Philosopher,[1] who describes the first Motive of Laughter to be a secret Comparison which we make between our selves, and the Persons we laugh at; or, in other Words, that Satisfaction which we receive from the Opinion of some Pre-eminence in our selves, when we see the Absurdities of another or when we reflect on any past Absurdities of our own. This seems to hold in most Cases, and we may observe that the vainest Part of Mankind are the most addicted to this Passion.

I have read a Sermon of a Conventual in the Church of *Rome*, on those Words of the Wise Man, *I said of Laughter, it is mad; and of Mirth, what does it?* Upon which he laid it down as a Point of Doctrine, that Laughter was the Effect of Original Sin, and that *Adam* could not laugh before the Fall.

Laughter, while it lasts, slackens and unbraces the Mind, weakens the Faculties, and causes a kind of Remissness and Dissolution in all the Powers of the Soul: And thus far it may be looked upon as a Weakness in the Composition of Human Nature. But if we consider the frequent Reliefs we receive from it, and how often it breaks the Gloom which is apt to depress the Mind and damp our Spirits, with transient unexpected Gleams of Joy, one would take care not to grow too Wise for so great a Pleasure of Life.

[1] Hobbes.

The Talent of turning Men into Ridicule, and exposing to Laughter those one converses with, is the Qualification of little ungenerous Tempers. A young Man with this Cast of Mind cuts himself off from all manner of Improvement. Every one has his Flaws and Weaknesses; nay, the greatest Blemishes are often found in the most shining Characters; but what an absurd Thing is it to pass over all the valuable Parts of a Man, and fix our Attention on his Infirmities? to observe his Imperfections more than his Virtues; and to make use of him for the Sport of others, rather than for our own Improvement?

We therefore very often find, that Persons the most accomplished in Ridicule are those who are very shrewd at hitting a Blot, without exerting any thing masterly in themselves. As there are many eminent Criticks who never writ a good Line, there are many admirable Buffoons that animadvert upon every single Defect in another, without ever discovering the least Beauty of their own. By this Means, these unlucky little Wits often gain Reputation in the Esteem of Vulgar Minds, and raise themselves above Persons of much more laudable Characters.

If the Talent of Ridicule were employed to laugh Men out of Vice and Folly, it might be of some Use to the World; but instead of this, we find that it is generally made use of to laugh Men out of Virtue and good Sense, by attacking every thing that is Solemn and Serious, Decent and Praiseworthy in Human Life.

We may observe, that in the First Ages of the World, when the great Souls and Master-pieces of Human Nature were produced, Men shined by a noble Simplicity of Behaviour, and were Strangers to those little Embellishments which are so fashionable in our present Conversation. And it is very remarkable, that notwithstanding we fall short at present of the Ancients in Poetry, Painting, Oratory, History, Architecture, and all the noble Arts and Sciences which depend more upon Genius than Experience, we exceed them as much in Doggerel, Humour, Burlesque, and all the trivial Arts of Ridicule. We meet with more Raillery among the Moderns, but more Good Sense among the Ancients.

The two great Branches of Ridicule in Writing are Comedy and Burlesque. The first ridicules Persons by drawing them in their proper Characters, the other by drawing them quite unlike themselves. Burlesque is therefore of two kinds; the first represents mean Persons in the Accoutrements of Heroes, the other describes great Persons acting and speaking like the

basest among the People. *Don Quixote* is an Instance of the first, and *Lucian's* Gods of the second. It is a Dispute among the Criticks, whether Burlesque Poetry runs best in Heroick Verse, like that of the *Dispensary*,[1] or in Doggerel, like that of *Hudibras*. I think where the low Character is to be raised, the Heroick is the proper Measure; but when an Hero is to be pulled down and degraded, it is done best in Doggerel.

If *Hudibras* had been set out with as much Wit and Humour in Heroick Verse as he is in Doggerel, he would have made a much more agreeable Figure than he does; though the generality of his Readers are so wonderfully pleased with the double Rhimes, that I do not expect many will be of my Opinion in this Particular.

I shall conclude this Essay upon Laughter with observing that the Metaphor of Laughing, applied to Fields and Meadows when they are in Flower, or to Trees when they are in Blossom, runs through all Languages; which I have not observed of any other Metaphor, excepting that of Fire and Burning when they are applied to Love. This shews that we naturally regard Laughter, as what is in it self both amiable and beautiful. For this Reason likewise *Venus* has gained the Title of [Φιλομείδης,] the Laughter-loving Dame, as *Waller* has Translated it, and is represented by *Horace* as the Goddess who delights in Laughter. *Milton*, in a joyous Assembly of imaginary Persons,[2] has given us a very Poetical Figure of Laughter. His whole Band of Mirth is so finely described, that I shall [set[3]] down [the Passage] at length.

But come thou Goddess fair and free,
In Heaven ycleped Euphrosyne,
And by Men, heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus *at a Birth,*
With two Sister Graces more,
To Ivy-crowned Bacchus *bore:*
Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods, and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's *Cheek,*
And love to live in Dimple sleek:

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[1] Sir Samuel Garth, poet and physician, who was alive at this time (died in 1719), satirized a squabble among the doctors in his poem of *the Dispensary*.

The piercing Caustics ply their spiteful Pow'r;
Emetics ranch, and keen Cathartics scour.
The deadly Drugs in double Doses fly;
And Pestles peal a martial Symphony.

[2] L'Allegro.

[3] [set it]

Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his Sides.
Come, and trip it, as you go,
On the light fantastick Toe:
And in thy right Hand lead with thee
The Mountain Nymph, sweet Liberty;
And if I give thee Honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy Crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved Pleasures free. C.

No. 250.] *Monday, December* 17, 1711. [

Disce docendus adhuc, quæ censet amiculus, ut si
Cæcus iter monstrare velit; tamen aspice si quid
Et nos, quod cures proprium fecisse, loquamur.—Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOU see the Nature of my Request by the *Latin* Motto which I address to you. I am very sensible I ought not 'to use many Words to you, who are one of but few; but the 'following Piece, as it relates to Speculation in Propriety of 'Speech, being a Curiosity in its Kind, begs your Patience. It 'was found in a Poetical Virtuoso's Closet among his Rarities; 'and since the several Treatises of Thumbs, Ears, and Noses, 'have obliged the World, this of Eyes is at your Service.

'The first Eye of Consequence (under the invisible Author of 'all) is the visible Luminary of the Universe. This glorious 'Spectator is said never to open his Eyes at his Rising in a 'Morning, without having a whole Kingdom of Adorers in '*Persian* Silk waiting at his Levée. Millions of Creatures 'derive their Sight from this Original, who, besides his being 'the great Director of Opticks, is the surest Test whether Eyes 'be of the same Species with that of an Eagle, or that of an 'Owl: The one he emboldens with a manly Assurance to look, 'speak, act or plead before the Faces of a numerous Assembly; 'the other he dazzles out of Countenance into a sheepish 'Dejectedness. The Sun-Proof Eye dares lead up a Dance in 'a full Court; and without blinking at the Lustre of Beauty, 'can distribute an Eye of proper Complaisance to a Room 'crowded with Company, each of which deserves particular 'Regard; while the other sneaks from Conversation, like a 'fearful Debtor, who never dares [to] look out, but when he can 'see no body, and no body him.

'The next Instance of Opticks is the famous *Argus*, who (to 'speak in the Language of *Cambridge*) was one of an Hundred; 'and being used as a Spy in the Affairs of Jealousy, was obliged 'to have all his Eyes about him. We have no Account of the 'particular Colours, Casts and Turns of this Body of Eyes; but 'as he was Pimp for his Mistress *Juno*, 'tis probable he used all 'the modern Leers, sly Glances, and other ocular Activities to 'serve his Purpose. Some look upon him as the then King at 'Arms to the Heathenish Deities; and make no more of his 'Eyes than as so many Spangles of his Herald's Coat.

'The next upon the Optick List is old *Janus*, who stood in a 'double-sighted Capacity, like a Person placed betwixt two 'opposite Looking-Glasses, and so took a sort of retrospective 'Cast at one View. Copies of this double-faced Way are not 'yet out of Fashion with many Professions, and the ingenious 'Artists pretend to keep up this Species by double-headed 'Canes and Spoons;[1] but there is no Mark of this Faculty, 'except in the emblematical Way of a wise General having an 'Eye to both Front and Rear, or a pious Man taking a Review 'and Prospect of his past and future State at the same Time.

'I must own, that the Names, Colours, Qualities, and Turns 'of Eyes vary almost in every Head; for, not to mention the 'common Appellations of the Black, the Blue, the White, the 'Gray, and the like; the most remarkable are those that borrow 'their Title[s] from Animals, by Vertue of some particular 'Quality or Resemblance they bear to the Eyes of the respective 'Creature[s]; as that of a greedy rapacious Aspect takes its 'Name from the Cat, that of a sharp piercing Nature from the 'Hawk, those of an amorous roguish Look derive their Title 'even from the Sheep, and we say such a[n] one has a Sheep's 'Eye, not so much to denote the Innocence as the simple Sly-'ness of the Cast: Nor is this metaphorical Inoculation a 'modern Invention, for we find *Homer* taking the Freedom to 'place the Eye of an Ox, Bull, or Cow in one of his principal 'Goddesses, by that frequent Expression of

Βοῶπις πότνια Ἥρη——[2]

'Now as to the peculiar Qualities of the Eye, that fine Part 'of our Constitution seems as much the Receptacle and Seat of 'our Passions, Appetites and Inclinations as the Mind it self; 'and at least it is the outward Portal to introduce them to the 'House within, or rather the common Thorough-fare to let our

[1] Apostle spoons and others with fancy heads upon their handles.
[2] The ox-eyed, venerable Juno.

'Affections pass in and out. Love, Anger, Pride, and Avarice, 'all visibly move in those little Orbs. I know a young Lady 'that can't see a certain Gentleman pass by without shewing a 'secret Desire of seeing him again by a Dance in her Eye-balls; 'nay, she can't for the Heart of her help looking Half a Street's 'Length after any Man in a gay Dress. You can't behold a 'covetous Spirit walk by a Goldsmith's Shop without casting a 'wistful Eye at the Heaps upon the Counter. Does not a 'haughty Person shew the Temper of his Soul in the supercilious 'Rowl of his Eye? and how frequently in the Height of Passion 'does that moving Picture in our Head start and stare, gather 'a Redness and quick Flashes of Lightning, and make all its 'Humours sparkle with Fire, as *Virgil* finely describes it.

————Ardentis ab ore
Scintillæ absistunt: oculis micat acribus ignis.[1]

'As for the various Turns of [the] Eye-sight, such as the 'voluntary or involuntary, the half or the whole Leer, I shall 'not enter into a very particular Account of them; but let me 'observe, that oblique Vision, when natural, was anciently the 'Mark of Bewitchery and magical Fascination, and to this Day 'tis a malignant ill Look; but when 'tis forced and affected it 'carries a wanton Design, and in Play-houses, and other publick 'Places, this ocular Intimation is often an Assignation for bad 'Practices: But this Irregularity in Vision, together with such 'Enormities as Tipping the Wink, the Circumspective Rowl, 'the Side-peep through a thin Hood or Fan, must be put in the 'Class of Heteropticks, as all wrong Notions of Religion are 'ranked under the general Name of Heterodox. All the 'pernicious Applications of Sight are more immediately under 'the Direction of a SPECTATOR; and I hope you will arm your 'Readers against the Mischiefs which are daily done by killing 'Eyes, in which you will highly oblige your wounded unknown 'Friend,

T. B.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'You professed in several Papers your particular Endeavours 'in the Province of SPECTATOR, to correct the Offences com- 'mitted by Starers, who disturb whole Assemblies without 'any Regard to Time, Place or Modesty. You complained 'also, that a Starer is not usually a Person to be convinced by 'Reason of the Thing, nor so easily rebuked, as to amend by 'Admonitions. I thought therefore fit to acquaint you with a 'convenient Mechanical Way, which may easily prevent or

[1] Æn. 12, v. 101.

'correct Staring, by an Optical Contrivance of new Perspective-'Glasses, short and commodious like Opera Glasses, fit for 'short-sighted People as well as others, these Glasses making 'the Objects appear, either as they are seen by the naked Eye, 'or more distinct, though somewhat less than Life, or bigger 'and nearer. A Person may, by the Help of this Invention, 'take a View of another without the Impertinence of Staring; 'at the same Time it shall not be possible to know whom or 'what he is looking at. One may look towards his Right or 'Left Hand, when he is supposed to look forwards: This is set 'forth at large in the printed Proposals for the Sale of these 'Glasses, to be had at Mr. *Dillon's* in *Long-Acre*, next Door to 'the *White-Hart*. Now, Sir, as your *Spectator* has occasioned 'the Publishing of this Invention for the Benefit of modest 'Spectators, the Inventor desires your Admonitions concerning 'the decent Use of it; and hopes, by your Recommendation, 'that for the future Beauty may be beheld without the Torture 'and Confusion which it suffers from the Insolence of Starers. 'By this means you will relieve the Innocent from an Insult 'which there is no Law to punish, tho' it is a greater Offence 'than many which are within the Cognizance of Justice.

'I am, *SIR*,

Your most humble Servant,

Q. Abraham Spy.

No. 251.] *Tuesday, December* 18, 1711. [*Addison.*

——— Linguæ centum sunt, oraque centum,
Ferrea Vox. ——— Virg.

THERE is nothing which more astonishes a Foreigner, and frights a Country Squire, than the *Cries of London*. My good Friend Sir ROGER often declares, that he cannot get them out of his Head or go to Sleep for them, the first Week that he is in Town. On the contrary, WILL. HONEYCOMB calls them the *Ramage de la Ville*, and prefers them to the Sounds of Larks and Nightingales, with all the Musick of the Fields and Woods. I have lately received a Letter from some very odd Fellow upon this Subject, which I shall leave with my Reader, without saying any thing further of it.

SIR,

'I am a Man of all Business, and would willingly turn my 'Head to any thing for an honest Livelihood. I have invented

'several Projects for raising many Millions of Money without 'burthening the Subject, but I cannot get the Parliament to 'listen to me, who look upon me, forsooth, as a Crack, and a 'Projector; so that despairing to enrich either my self or my 'Country by this Publick-spiritedness, I would make some 'Proposals to you relating to a Design which I have very much 'at Heart, and which may procure me [a[1]] handsome Subsist-'ence, if you will be pleased to recommend it to the Cities of '*London* and *Westminster*.

'The Post I would aim at, is to be Comptroller-General of 'the *London* Cries, which are at present under no manner of 'Rules or Discipline. I think I am pretty well qualified for 'this Place, as being a Man of very strong Lungs, of great 'Insight into all the Branches of our *British* Trades and 'Manufactures, and of a competent Skill in Musick.

'The Cries of *London* may be divided into Vocal and 'Instrumental. As for the latter they are at present under a 'very great Disorder. A Freeman of *London* has the Privilege 'of disturbing a whole Street for an Hour together, with the 'Twanking of a Brass-Kettle or a Frying-Pan. The Watch-'man's Thump at Midnight startles us in our Beds, as much as 'the Breaking in of a Thief. The Sowgelder's Horn has indeed 'something musical in it, but this is seldom heard within the 'Liberties. I would therefore propose, that no Instrument of 'this Nature should be made use of, which I have not tuned 'and licensed, after having carefully examined in what manner 'it may affect the Ears of her Majesty's liege Subjects.

'Vocal Cries are of a much larger Extent, and indeed so full 'of Incongruities and Barbarisms, that we appear a distracted 'City to Foreigners, who do not comprehend the Meaning of 'such enormous Outcries. Milk is generally sold in a note 'above *Ela*, and in Sounds so [exceeding[2]] shrill, that it often 'sets our Teeth [on[3]] Edge. The Chimney-sweeper is [con-'fined[4]] to no certain Pitch; he sometimes utters himself in 'the deepest Base, and sometimes in the sharpest Treble; 'sometimes in the highest, and sometimes in the lowest Note 'of the Gamut. The same Observation might be made on the 'Retailers of Small-coal, not to mention broken Glasses or 'Brick-dust. In these therefore, and the like Cases, it should 'be my Care to sweeten and mellow the Voices of these itinerant 'Tradesmen, before they make their Appearance in our Streets; 'as also to accommodate their Cries to their respective Wares; 'and to take care in particular, that those may not make the

[1] [an] [2] [exceedingly] [3] [an] [4] [contained]

'most Noise who have the least to sell, which is very observable 'in the Venders of Card-matches, to whom I cannot but apply 'that old Proverb of *Much Cry but little Wool.*

'Some of these last mentioned Musicians are so very loud 'in the Sale of these trifling Manufactures, that an honest 'Splenetick Gentleman of my Acquaintance bargained with 'one of them never to come into the Street where he lived: 'But what was the Effect of this Contract? Why, the whole 'Tribe of Card-match-makers which frequent that Quarter, 'passed by his Door the very next Day, in hopes of being 'bought off after the same manner.

'It is another great Imperfection in our *London* Cries, that 'there is no just Time nor Measure observed in them. Our 'News should indeed be published in a very quick Time, because 'it is a Commodity that will not keep cold. It should not, 'however, be cried with the same Precipitation as *Fire:* Yet 'this is generally the Case. A Bloody Battle alarms the Town 'from one End to another in an Instant. Every Motion of 'the *French* is Published in so great a Hurry, that one would 'think the Enemy were at our Gates. This likewise I would 'take upon me to regulate in such a manner, that there should 'be some Distinction made between the spreading of a Victory, 'a March, or an Incampment, a *Dutch*, a *Portugal* or a *Spanish* 'Mail. Nor must I omit under this Head, those excessive 'Alarms with which several boisterous Rusticks infest our 'Streets in Turnip Season; and which are more inexcusable, 'because these are Wares which are in no Danger of Cooling 'upon their Hands.

'There are others who affect a very slow Time, and are, in 'my Opinion, much more tuneable than the former; the Cooper 'in particular swells his last Note in an hollow Voice, that is 'not without its Harmony; nor can I forbear being inspired 'with a most agreeable Melancholy, when I hear that sad and 'solemn Air with which the Public are very often asked, if they 'have any Chairs to mend? Your own Memory may suggest 'to you many other lamentable Ditties of the same Nature, in 'which the Musick is wonderfully languishing and melodious.

'I am always pleased with that particular Time of the Year 'which is proper for the pickling of Dill and Cucumbers; but 'alas, this Cry, like the Song of the [Nightingale[1]], is not 'heard above two Months. It would therefore be worth while 'to consider, whether the same Air might not in some Cases be 'adapted to other Words.

[1] [Nightingales]

'It might likewise deserve our most serious Consideration, 'how far, in a well-regulated City, those Humourists are to be 'tolerated, who, not contented with the traditional Cries of 'their Forefathers, have invented particular Songs and Tunes 'of their own; Such as was, not many Years since, the Pastry-'man, commonly known by the Name of the Colly-Molly-Puff; 'and such as is at this Day the Vender of Powder and Wash-'balls, who, if I am rightly informed, goes under the Name of '*Powder-Watt.*

'I must not here omit one particular Absurdity which runs 'through this whole vociferous Generation, and which renders 'their Cries very often not only incommodious, but altogether 'useless to the Publick; I mean, that idle Accomplishment 'which they all of them aim at, of Crying so as not to be 'understood. Whether or no they have learned this from 'several of our affected Singers, I will not take upon me to 'say; but most certain it is, that People know the Wares they 'deal in rather by their Tunes than by their Words; insomuch 'that I have sometimes seen a Country Boy run out to buy 'Apples of a Bellows-mender, and Gingerbread from a Grinder 'of Knives and Scissars. Nay so strangely infatuated are some 'very eminent Artists of this particular Grace in a Cry, that 'none but their Acquaintance are able to guess at their Pro-'fession; for who else can know, that *Work if I had it*, should 'be the Signification of a Corn-Cutter?

'Forasmuch therefore as Persons of this Rank are seldom 'Men of Genius or Capacity, I think it would be very proper, 'that some Man of good Sense and sound Judgment should 'preside over these Publick Cries, who should permit none to 'lift up their Voices in our Streets, that have not tuneable 'Throats, and are not only able to overcome the Noise of the 'Croud, and the Rattling of Coaches, but also to vend their 'respective Merchandizes in apt Phrases, and in the most dis-'tinct and agreeable Sounds. I do therefore humbly recom-'mend my self as a Person rightly qualified for this Post; and 'if I meet with fitting Encouragement, shall communicate 'some other Projects which I have by me, that may no less 'conduce to the Emolument of the Public.

I am,

SIR, &c.,

Ralph Crotchet.

TO THE

DUKE OF *MARLBOROUGH.*[1]

My LORD,

AS it is natural to have a Fondness for what has cost us so much Time and Attention to produce, I hope Your Grace

[1] John Churchill, afterwards Duke of Marlborough, was at this time 62 years old, and past the zenith of his fame. He was born at Ashe, in Devonshire, in 1650, the son of Sir Winston Churchill, an adherent of Charles I. At the age of twelve John Churchill was placed as page in the household of the Duke of York. He first distinguished himself as a soldier in the defence of Tangier against the Moors. Between 1672 and 1677 he served in the auxiliary force sent by our King Charles II. to his master, Louis XIV. In 1672, after the siege of Maestricht, Churchill was praised by Louis at the head of his army, and made Lieutenant-colonel. Continuing in the service of the Duke of York, Churchill, about 1680, married Sarah Jennings, favourite of the Princess Anne. In 1682 Charles II. made Churchill a Baron, and three years afterwards he was made Brigadier-general when sent to France to announce the accession of James II. On his return he was made Baron Churchill of Sandridge. He helped to suppress Monmouth's insurrection, but before the Revolution committed himself secretly to the cause of the Prince of Orange; was made, therefore, by William III., Earl of Marlborough and Privy Councillor. After some military service he was for a short time imprisoned in the Tower on suspicion of treasonous correspondence with the exiled king. In 1697 he was restored to favour, and on the breaking out of the War of the Spanish Succession in 1701 he was chief commander of the Forces in the United Provinces. In this war his victories made him the most famous captain of the age. In December, 1702, he was made Duke, with a pension of five thousand a year. In the campaign of 1704 Marlborough planned very privately, and executed on his own responsibility, the boldest and most distant march that had ever been attempted in our continental wars. France, allied with Bavaria, was ready to force the way to Vienna, but Marlborough, quitting the Hague, carried his army to the Danube, where he took by storm a strong entrenched camp of the enemy upon the Schellenberg, and cruelly laid waste the towns and villages of the Bavarians, who never had taken arms; but, as he said, 'we are now 'going to burn and destroy the Elector's country, to oblige him to hearken 'to terms.' On the 13th of August, the army of Marlborough having been joined by the army under Prince Eugène, battle was given to the French and Bavarians under Marshal Tallard, who had his head-quarters at the village of Plentheim, or Blenheim. At the cost of eleven thousand killed and wounded in the armies of Marlborough and Eugène, and fourteen thousand killed and wounded on the other side, a decisive victory was secured, Tallard himself being made prisoner, and 26 battalions and 12 squadrons capitulating as prisoners of war. 121 of the enemy's standards and 179 colours were brought home and hung up in Westminster Hall. Austria was saved, and Louis XIV. utterly humbled at the time when he had expected confidently to make himself master of the destinies of Europe.

will forgive an endeavour to preserve this Work from Oblivion, by affixing to it Your memorable Name.

I shall not here presume to mention the illustrious Passages of Your Life, which are celebrated by the whole Age, and have been the Subject of the most sublime Pens; but if I could convey You to Posterity in your private Character, and describe the Stature, the Behaviour and Aspect of the Duke of *Marlborough*, I question not but it would fill the Reader with more agreeable Images, and give him a more delightful Entertainment than what can be found in the following, or any other Book.

One cannot indeed without Offence, to Your self, observe, that You excel the rest of Mankind in the least, as well as the greatest Endowments. Nor were it a Circumstance to be mentioned, if the Graces and Attractions of Your Person were not the only Preheminence You have above others, which is left, almost, unobserved by greater Writers.

Yet how pleasing would it be to those who shall read the surprising Revolutions in your Story, to be made acquainted with your ordinary Life and Deportment? How pleasing would it be to hear that the same Man who had carried Fire and Sword into the Countries of all that had opposed the Cause of Liberty, and struck a Terrour into the Armies of *France*, had, in the midst of His high Station, a Behaviour as gentle as is usual in the first Steps towards Greatness? And if it were possible to express that easie Grandeur, which did at once perswade and command; it would appear as clearly to those to come, as it does to his Contemporaries, that all the

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For this service Marlborough was made by the Emperor a Prince of the Empire, and his 'Most Illustrious Cousin' as the Prince of Mindelsheim. At home he was rewarded with the manor of Woodstock, upon which was built for him the Palace of Blenheim, and his pension of £5000 from the Post-office was annexed to his title. There followed other victories, of which the series was closed with that of Malplaquet, in 1709, for which a national thanksgiving was appointed. Then came a change over the face of home politics. England was weary of the war, which Marlborough was accused of prolonging for the sake of the enormous wealth he drew officially from perquisites out of the different forms of expenditure upon the army. The Tories gathered strength, and in the beginning of 1712 a commission on a charge of taking money from contractors for bread, and 2½ per cent. from the pay of foreign troops, having reported against him, Marlborough was dismissed from all his employments. Sarah, his duchess, had also been ousted from the Queen's favour, and they quitted England for a time, Marlborough writing, 'Provided that my destiny does not involve any 'prejudice to the public, I shall be very content with it; and shall account 'myself happy in a retreat in which I may be able wisely to reflect on the 'vicissitudes of this world.' It was during this season of his unpopularity that Steele and Addison dedicated to the Duke of Marlborough the fourth volume of the *Spectator*.

great Events which were brought to pass under the Conduct of so well-govern'd a Spirit, were the Blessings of Heaven upon Wisdom and Valour: and all which seem adverse fell out by divine Permission, which we are not to search into.

You have pass'd that Year of Life wherein the most able and fortunate Captain, before Your Time, declared he had lived enough both to Nature and to Glory;[1] and Your Grace may make that Reflection with much more Justice. He spoke it after he had arrived at Empire, by an Usurpation upon those whom he had enslaved; but the Prince of *Mindleheim* may rejoice in a Sovereignty which was the Gift of Him whose Dominions he had preserved.

Glory established upon the uninterrupted Success of honourable Designs and Actions is not subject to Diminution; nor can any Attempts prevail against it, but in the Proportion which the narrow Circuit of Rumour bears to the unlimited Extent of Fame.

We may congratulate Your Grace not only upon your high Atchievements, but likewise upon the happy Expiration of Your Command, by which your Glory is put out of the Power of Fortune: And when your Person shall be so too, that the Author and Disposer of all things may place You in that higher Mansion of Bliss and Immortality which is prepared for good Princes, Lawgivers, and Heroes, when HE in HIS due Time removes them from the Envy of Mankind, is the hearty Prayer of,

My LORD,
Your Grace's
Most Obedient,
Most Devoted
Humble Servant,
THE SPECTATOR.

No. 252.] *Wednesday, December* 19, 1711. [*Steele.*

[*Erranti, passimque oculos per cuncta ferenti.*—Virg.[2]]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AM very sorry to find by your Discourse upon the Eye, 'that you have not thoroughly studied the Nature and 'Force of that Part of a beauteous Face. Had you ever been 'in Love, you would have said ten thousand things, which it

[1] Julius Cæsar.
[2] [*Nescio quis Teneros oculus mihi fascinat Agnos.*—Virg.]

'seems did not occur to you: Do but reflect upon the Non-
'sense it makes Men talk, the Flames which it is said to kindle,
'the Transport it raises, the Dejection it causes in the bravest
'Men; and if you do believe those things are expressed to an
'Extravagance, yet you will own, that the Influence of it is
'very great which moves Men to that Extravagance. Certain
'it is, that the whole Strength of the Mind is sometimes seated
'there; that a kind Look imparts all, that a Year's Discourse
'could give you, in one Moment. What matters it what she
'says to you, see how she looks, is the Language of all who
'know what Love is. When the Mind is thus summed up
'and expressed in a Glance, did you never observe a sudden
'Joy arise in the Countenance of a Lover? Did you never
'see the Attendance of Years paid, over-paid in an Instant?
'You a SPECTATOR, and not know that the Intelligence of
'Affection is carried on by the Eye only; that Good-breeding
'has made the Tongue falsify the Heart, and act a Part of con-
'tinual Constraint, while Nature has preserved the Eyes to her
'self, that she may not be disguised or misrepresented. The
'poor Bride can give her Hand, and say, *I do*, with a languish-
'ing Air, to the Man she is obliged by cruel Parents to take
'for mercenary Reasons, but at the same Time she cannot
'look as if she loved; her Eye is full of Sorrow, and Reluct-
'ance sits in a Tear, while the Offering of the Sacrifice is
'performed in what we call the Marriage Ceremony. Do you
'never go to Plays? Cannot you distinguish between the Eyes
'of those who go to see, from those who come to be seen? I
'am a Woman turned of Thirty, and am on the Observation
'a little; therefore if you or your Correspondent had consulted
'me in your Discourse on the Eye, I could have told you that
'the Eye of *Leonora* is slyly watchful while it looks negligent:
'she looks round her without the Help of the Glasses you
'speak of, and yet seems to be employed on Objects directly
'before her. This Eye is what affects Chance-medley, and on a
'sudden, as if it attended to another thing, turns all its Charms
'against an Ogler. The Eye of *Lusitania* is an Instrument of
'premeditated Murder; but the Design being visible, destroys
'the Execution of it; and with much more Beauty than that of
'*Leonora*, it is not half so mischievous. There is a brave
'Soldier's Daughter in Town, that by her Eye has been the
'Death of more than ever her Father made fly before him. A
'beautiful Eye makes Silence eloquent, a kind Eye makes Con-
'tradiction an Assent, an enraged Eye makes Beauty deformed.
'This little Member gives Life to every other Part about us,

'and I believe the Story of *Argus* implies no more than that 'the Eye is in every Part, that is to say, every other Part 'would be mutilated, were not its Force represented more by 'the Eye than even by it self. But this is Heathen *Greek* to 'those who have not conversed by Glances. This, Sir, is a 'Language in which there can be no Deceit, nor can a Skilful 'Observer be imposed upon by Looks even among Politicians 'and Courtiers. If you do me the Honour to print this among 'your Speculations, I shall in my next make you a Present of 'Secret History, by Translating all the Looks of the next 'Assembly of Ladies and Gentlemen into Words, to adorn 'some future Paper. I am, *SIR*,

Your faithful Friend,
Mary Heartfree.

Dear Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I have a Sot of a Husband that lives a very scandalous Life. 'and wastes away his Body and Fortune in Debaucheries; and 'is immoveable to all the Arguments I can urge to him. I 'would gladly know whether in some Cases a Cudgel may not 'be allowed as a good Figure of Speech, and whether it may 'not be lawfully used by a Female Orator.

Your humble Servant,
Barbara Crabtree.

Mr. SPECTATOR,[1]

'Though I am a Practitioner in the Law of some standing, 'and have heard many eminent Pleaders in my Time, as well as 'other eloquent Speakers of both Universities, yet I agree with 'you, that Women are better qualified to succeed in Oratory 'than the Men, and believe this is to be resolved into natural 'Causes. You have mentioned only the Volubility of their 'Tongue; but what do you think of the silent Flattery of their 'pretty Faces, and the Perswasion which even an insipid Dis-'course carries with it when flowing from beautiful Lips, to 'which it would be cruel to deny any thing? It is certain too, 'that they are possessed of some Springs of Rhetorick which 'Men want, such as Tears, fainting Fits, and the like, which I 'have seen employed upon Occasion with good Success. You 'must know I am a plain Man and love my Money; yet I 'have a Spouse who is so great an Orator in this Way, that she 'draws from me what Sum she pleases. Every Room in my 'House is furnished with Trophies of her Eloquence, rich 'Cabinets, Piles of China, Japan Screens, and costly Jars; 'and if you were to come into my great Parlour, you would

[1] This letter is by John Hughes.

'fancy your self in an *India* Ware-house: Besides this she 'keeps a Squirrel, and I am doubly taxed to pay for the China 'he breaks. She is seized with periodical Fits about the Time 'of the Subscriptions to a new Opera, and is drowned in Tears 'after having seen any Woman there in finer Cloaths than her- 'self: These are Arts of Perswasion purely Feminine, and 'which a tender Heart cannot resist. What I would therefore 'desire of you, is, to prevail with your Friend who has promised 'to dissect a Female Tongue, that he would at the same time 'give us the Anatomy of a Female Eye, and explain the 'Springs and Sluices which feed it with such ready Supplies of 'Moisture; and likewise shew by what means, if possible, they 'may be stopped at a reasonable Expence: Or, indeed, since 'there is something so moving in the very Image of weeping 'Beauty, it would be worthy his Art to provide, that these elo- 'quent Drops may no more be lavished on Trifles, or employed 'as Servants to their wayward Wills; but reserved for serious 'Occasions in Life, to adorn generous Pity, true Penitence, or 'real Sorrow.

T. *I am*, &c.

No. 253.] *Thursday, December* 20, 1711. [*Addison.*

Indignor quicquam reprehendi, non quia crasse
Compositum, illepideve putetur, sed quia nuper.—Hor.

THERE is nothing which more denotes a great Mind, than the Abhorrence of Envy and Detraction. This Passion reigns more among bad Poets, than among any other Set of Men.

As there are none more ambitious of Fame, than those who are conversant in Poetry, it is very natural for such as have not succeeded in it to depreciate the Works of those who have. For since they cannot raise themselves to the Reputation of their Fellow-Writers, they must endeavour to sink it to their own Pitch, if they would still keep themselves upon a Level with them.

The greatest Wits that ever were produced in one Age, lived together in so good an Understanding, and celebrated one another with so much Generosity, that each of them receives an additional Lustre from his Contemporaries, and is more famous for having lived with Men of so extraordinary a Genius, than if he had himself been the [sole Wonder [1]] of the Age. I

[1] [single Product]

need not tell my Reader, that I here point at the Reign of *Augustus*, and I believe he will be of my Opinion, that neither *Virgil* nor *Horace* would have gained so great a Reputation in the World, had they not been the Friends and Admirers of each other. Indeed all the great Writers of that Age, for whom singly we have so great an Esteem, stand up together as Vouchers for one another's Reputation. But at the same time that *Virgil* was celebrated by *Gallus*, *Propertius*, *Horace*, *Varius*, *Tucca* and *Ovid*, we know that *Bavius* and *Mævius* were his declared Foes and Calumniators.

In our own Country a Man seldom sets up for a Poet, without attacking the Reputation of all his Brothers in the Art. The Ignorance of the Moderns, the Scribblers of the Age, the Decay of Poetry, are the Topicks of Detraction, with which he makes his Entrance into the World: But how much more noble is the Fame that is built on Candour and Ingenuity, according to those beautiful Lines of Sir *John Denham*, in his Poem on *Fletcher's* Works!

But whither am I stray'd? I need not raise
Trophies to thee from other Mens Dispraise:
Nor is thy Fame on lesser Ruins built,
Nor needs thy juster Title the foul Guilt
Of Eastern Kings, who, to secure their Reign,
Must have their Brothers, Sons, and Kindred slain.

I am sorry to find that an Author, who is very justly esteemed among the best Judges, has admitted some Stroaks of this Nature into a very fine Poem; I mean *The Art of Criticism*, which was publish'd some Months since, and is a Master-piece in its kind.[1] The Observations follow one another like those

[1] At the time when this paper was written Pope was in his twenty-fourth year. He wrote to express his gratitude to Addison and also to Steele. In his letter to Addison he said, 'Though it be the highest satisfaction to find 'myself commended by a Writer whom all the world commends, yet I am 'not more obliged to you for that than for your candour and frankness in 'acquainting me with the error I have been guilty of in speaking too freely 'of my brother moderns.' The only moderns of whom he spoke slightingly were men of whom after-time has ratified his opinion: John Dennis, Sir Richard Blackmore, and Luke Milbourne. When, not long afterwards, Dennis attacked with his criticism Addison's Cato, to which Pope had contributed the Prologue, Pope made this the occasion of a bitter satire on Dennis, called *The Narrative of Dr. Robert Norris* (a well-known quack who professed the cure of lunatics) *upon the Frenzy of J. D.* Addison then, through Steele, wrote to Pope's publisher of this 'manner of treating Mr. 'Dennis,' that he 'could not be privy' to it, and 'was sorry to hear of it.' In 1715, when Pope issued to subscribers the first volume of Homer, Tickell's translation of the first book of the Iliad appeared in the same week, and had particular praise at Button's from Addison, Tickell's friend and patron. Pope was now indignant, and expressed his irritation in the famous

in *Horace's Art of Poetry*, without that methodical Regularity which would have been requisite in a Prose Author. They are some of them uncommon, but such as the Reader must assent to, when he sees them explained with that Elegance and Perspicuity in which they are delivered. As for those which are the most known, and the most received, they are placed in so beautiful a Light, and illustrated with such apt Allusions, that they have in them all the Graces of Novelty, and make the Reader, who was before acquainted with them, still more convinced of their Truth and Solidity. And here give me leave to mention what Monsieur *Boileau* has so very well enlarged upon in the Preface to his Works, that Wit and fine Writing doth not consist so much in advancing Things that are new, as in giving Things that are known an agreeable Turn. It is impossible for us, who live in the lat[t]er Ages of the World, to make Observations in Criticism, Morality, or in any Art or Science, which have not been touched upon by others. We have little else left us, but to represent the common Sense of Mankind in more strong, more beautiful, or more uncommon Lights. If a Reader examines *Horace's Art of Poetry*, he will find but very few Precepts in it, which he may not meet with in *Aristotle*, and which were not commonly known by all the Poets of the *Augustan* Age. His Way of expressing and applying them, not his Invention of them, is what we are chiefly to admire.

For this Reason I think there is nothing in the World so

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satire first printed in 1723, and, finally, with the name of Addison transformed to Atticus, embodied in the Epistle to Arbuthnot published in 1735. Here, while seeing in Addison a man

Blest with each talent and each art to please,
And born to live, converse, and write with ease,

he said that should he, jealous of his own supremacy, 'damn with faint 'praise,' as one

Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint the fault and hesitate dislike,
Who when two wits on rival themes contest,
Approves of both, but likes the worse the best:
Like Cato, give his little Senate laws,
And sits attentive to his own applause;
While wits and templars every sentence raise:
And wonder with a foolish face of praise:
Who would not laugh if such a man there be?
Who would not weep if Addison were he?

But in this *Spectator* paper young Pope's *Essay on Criticism* certainly was not damned with faint praise by the man most able to give it a firm standing in the world.

tiresome as the Works of those Criticks who write in a positive Dogmatick Way, without either Language, Genius, or Imagination. If the Reader would see how the best of the *Latin* Criticks writ, he may find their Manner very beautifully described in the Characters of *Horace*, *Petronius*, *Quintilian*, and *Longinus*, as they are drawn in the Essay of which I am now speaking.

Since I have mentioned *Longinus*, who in his Reflections has given us the same kind of Sublime, which he observes in the several passages that occasioned them; I cannot but take notice, that our *English* Author has after the same manner exemplified several of his Precepts in the very Precepts themselves. I shall produce two or three Instances of this Kind. Speaking of the insipid Smoothness which some Readers are so much in Love with, he has the following Verses.

These Equal Syllables *alone require,*
Tho' oft the Ear *the* open Vowels *tire,*
While Expletives *their feeble Aid* do *join,*
And ten low Words oft creep in one dull Line.

The gaping of the Vowels in the second Line, the Expletive *do* in the third, and the ten Monosyllables in the fourth, give such a Beauty to this Passage, as would have been very much admired in an Ancient Poet. The Reader may observe the following Lines in the same View.

A needless Alexandrine *ends the Song,*
That like a wounded Snake, drags its slow Length along.

And afterwards,

'Tis not enough no Harshness gives Offence,
The Sound *must seem an* Eccho *to the* Sense.
Soft *is the Strain when* Zephyr *gently blows,*
And the smooth Stream *in* smoother Numbers *flows;*
But when loud Surges lash the sounding Shore,
The hoarse rough Verse *shou'd like the* Torrent *roar.*
When Ajax *strives some Rock's vast Weight to throw,*
The Line too labours, *and the Words move* slow;
Not so, when swift Camilla *scours the Plain,*
Flies o'er th' unbending Corn, and skims along the Main.

The beautiful Distich upon *Ajax* in the foregoing Lines, puts me in mind of a Description in *Homer's* Odyssey, which none of the Criticks have taken notice of.[1] It is where *Sisyphus* is represented lifting his Stone up the Hill, which is no sooner carried

[1] Odyssey Bk. XI. In Tickell's edition of Addison's works the latter part of this sentence is omitted; the same observation having been made by Dionysius of Halicarnassus.

to the Top of it, but it immediately tumbles to the Bottom. This double Motion of the Stone is admirably described in the Numbers of these Verses; As in the four first it is heaved up by several *Spondees* intermixed with proper Breathing places, and at last trundles down in a continual Line of *Dactyls*.

Καὶ μὴν Σίσυφον εἰσεῖδον, κρατέρ' ἄλγε' ἔχοντα,
Λᾶαν βαστάζοντα πελώριον ἀμφοτέρῃσιν.
Ἦτοι ὁ μὲν σκηριπτόμενος χερσίν τε ποσίν τε,
Λᾶαν ἄνω ὤθεσκε ποτὶ λόφον, ἀλλ' ὅτε μέλλοι
Ἄκρον ὑπερβαλέειν, τότ' ἀποστρέψασκε Κραταιΐς,
Αὖτις ἔπειτα πέδονδε κυλίνδετο λᾶας ἀναιδής.—

It would be endless to quote Verses out of *Virgil* which have this particular Kind of Beauty in the Numbers; but I may take an Occasion in a future Paper to shew several of them which have escaped the Observation of others.

I cannot conclude this Paper without taking notice that we have three Poems in our Tongue, which are of the same Nature, and each of them a Master-piece in its Kind; the Essay on Translated Verse,[1] the Essay on the Art of Poetry,[2] and the Essay upon Criticism. C.

[1] Wentworth Dillon, Earl of Roscommon, author of the 'Essay on Translated Verse,' was nephew and godson to Wentworth, Earl of Strafford. He was born in Ireland, in 1633, educated at the Protestant University of Caen, and was there when his father died. He travelled in Italy, came to England at the Restoration, held one or two court offices, gambled, took a wife, and endeavoured to introduce into England the principles of criticism with which he had found the polite world occupied in France. He planned a society for refining our language and fixing its standard. During the troubles of King James's reign he was about to leave the kingdom, when his departure was delayed by gout, of which he died in 1684. A foremost English representative of the chief literary movement of his time, he translated into blank verse Horace's Art of Poetry, and besides a few minor translations and some short pieces of original verse, which earned from Pope the credit that

in all Charles's days
Roscommon only boasts unspotted lays,

he wrote in heroic couplets an 'Essay on Translated Verse' that was admired by Dryden, Addison, and Pope, and was in highest honour wherever the French influence upon our literature made itself felt. Roscommon believed in the superior energy of English wit, and wrote himself with care and frequent vigour in the turning of his couplets. It is from this poem that we get the often quoted lines,

Immodest words admit of no Defence:
For Want of Decency is Want of Sense.

[2] The other piece with which Addison ranks Pope's Essay on Criticism, was by John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, who was living when the *Spectator* first appeared. He died, aged 72, in the year 1721. John Sheffield, by the death of his father, succeeded at the age of nine to the title of Earl of Mulgrave. In the reign of Charles II. he served by sea and

No. 254.] *Friday, December* 21, 1711. [*Steele.*

Σεμνὸς ἔρως ἀρετῆς, ὁ δὲ κυπρίδος ἄχος ὀφέλλει.

WHEN I consider the false Impressions which are received by the Generality of the World, I am troubled at none

land, and was, as well as Marlborough, in the French service. In the reign of James II. he was admitted into the Privy Council, made Lord Chamberlain, and, though still Protestant, attended the King to mass. He acquiesced in the Revolution, but remained out of office and disliked King William, who in 1694 made him Marquis of Normanby. Afterwards he was received into the Cabinet Council, with a pension of £3000. Queen Anne, to whom Walpole says he had made love before her marriage, highly favoured him. Before her coronation she made him Lord Privy Seal, next year he was made first Duke of Normanby, and then of Buckinghamshire, to exclude any latent claimant to the title, which had been extinct since the miserable death of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, the author of the *Rehearsal*. When the *Spectator* appeared John Sheffield had just built Buckingham House—now a royal palace—on ground granted by the Crown, and taken office as Lord Chamberlain. He wrote more verse than Roscommon and poorer verse. The *Essay on Poetry*, in which he followed the critical fashion of the day, he was praised into regarding as a masterpiece. He was continually polishing it, and during his lifetime it was reissued with frequent variations. It is polished quartz, not diamond; a short piece of about 360 lines, which has something to say of each of the chief forms of poetry, from songs to epics. Sheffield shows most natural force in writing upon plays, and here in objecting to perfect characters, he struck out the often-quoted line

A faultless monster which the world ne'er saw.

When he comes to the epics he is, of course, all for Homer and Virgil.

Read Homer once, and you can read no more;
For all books else appear so mean, so poor,
Verse will seem Prose; but still persist to read,
And Homer will be all the Books you need.

And then it is supposed that 'some Angel' had disclosed to M. Bossu, the French author of the treatise upon Epic Poetry then fashionable, the sacred mysteries of Homer. John Sheffield had a patronizing recognition for the genius of Shakespeare and Milton, and was so obliging as to revise Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar and confine the action of that play within the limits prescribed in the French gospel according to the Unities. Pope, however, had in the Essay on Criticism reckoned Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, among the sounder few

Who durst assert the juster ancient Cause
And have restor'd Wit's Fundamental Laws.
Such was the Muse, whose Rules and Practice tell,
Nature's chief Masterpiece is writing well.

With those last words which form the second line in the *Essay on Poetry* Pope's citation has made many familiar. Addison paid young Pope a valid compliment in naming him as a critic in verse with Roscommon, and, what

more than a certain Levity of Thought, which many young Women of Quality have entertained, to the Hazard of their Characters, and the certain Misfortune of their Lives. The first of the following Letters may best represent the Faults I would now point at, and the Answer to it the Temper of Mind in a contrary Character.

My dear Harriot,

'If thou art she, but oh how fallen, how changed, what an 'Apostate! how lost to all that's gay and agreeable! To be 'married I find is to be buried alive; I can't conceive it more 'dismal to be shut up in a Vault to converse with the Shades of 'my Ancestors, than to be carried down to an old Manor-'House in the Country, and confined to the Conversation of a 'sober Husband and an awkward Chamber-maid. For Variety 'I suppose you may entertain yourself with Madam in her 'Grogram Gown, the Spouse of your Parish Vicar, who has by 'this time I am sure well furnished you with Receipts for making 'Salves and Possets, distilling Cordial Waters, making Syrups, 'and applying Poultices.

'Blest Solitude! I wish thee Joy, my Dear, of thy loved 'Retirement, which indeed you would perswade me is very 'agreeable, and different enough from what I have here 'described: But, Child, I am afraid thy Brains are a little 'disordered with Romances and Novels: After six Months 'Marriage to hear thee talk of Love, and paint the Country 'Scenes so softly, is a little extravagant; one would think you 'lived the Lives of *Sylvan* Deities, or roved among the Walks 'of *Paradise*, like the first happy Pair. But pr'ythee leave 'these Whimsies, and come to Town in order to live and talk 'like other Mortals. However, as I am extremely interested 'in your Reputation, I would willingly give you a little good 'Advice at your first Appearance under the Character of a 'married Woman: 'Tis a little Insolence in me perhaps, to 'advise a Matron; but I am so afraid you'll make so silly a 'Figure as a fond Wife, that I cannot help warning you not to 'appear in any publick Places with your Husband, and never 'to saunter about St. *James's Park* together: If you presume 'to enter the Ring at *Hide-Park* together, you are ruined for 'ever; nor must you take the least notice of one another at the 'Play-house or Opera, unless you would be laughed at for a 'very loving Couple most happily paired in the Yoke of

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then passed on all hands for a valid compliment, in holding him worthy also to be named as a poet in the same breath with the Lord Chamberlain.

'Wedlock. I would recommend the Example of an Acquaint-
'ance of ours to your Imitation; she is the most negligent and
'fashionable Wife in the World; she is hardly ever seen in the
'same Place with her Husband, and if they happen to meet,
'you would think them perfect Strangers: She never was heard
'to name him in his Absence, and takes care he shall never be
'the Subject of any Discourse that she has a Share in. I hope
'you'll propose this Lady as a Pattern, tho' I am very much
'afraid you'll be so silly to think *Portia*, &c. *Sabine* and *Roman*
'Wives much brighter Examples. I wish it may never come
'into your Head to imitate those antiquated Creatures so far, as
'to come into Publick in the Habit as well as Air of a *Roman*
'Matron. You make already the Entertainment at Mrs.
'*Modish's* Tea-Table; she says, she always thought you a
'discreet Person, and qualified to manage a Family with
'admirable Prudence: she dies to see what demure and serious
'Airs Wedlock has given you, but she says she shall never
'forgive your Choice of so gallant a Man as *Bellamour* to
'transform him to a meer sober Husband; 'twas unpardonable:
'You see, my Dear, we all envy your Happiness, and no Person
'more than *Your humble Servant*, Lydia.

'Be not in pain, good Madam, for my Appearance in Town;
'I shall frequent no publick Places, or make any Visits where
'the Character of a modest Wife is ridiculous. As for your
'wild Raillery on Matrimony, 'tis all Hypocrisy; you, and all
'the handsome young Women of our Acquaintance, shew
'yourselves to no other Purpose than to gain a Conquest over
'some Man of Worth, in order to bestow your Charms and
'Fortune on him. There's no Indecency in the Confession,
'the Design is modest and honourable, and all your Affectation
'can't disguise it.

'I am married, and have no other Concern but to please
'the Man I Love; he's the End of every Care I have; if I
'dress, 'tis for him; if I read a Poem or a Play, 'tis to qualify
'myself for a Conversation agreeable to his Taste: He's almost
'the End of my Devotions; half my Prayers are for his Happi-
'ness. I love to talk of him, and never hear him named but
'with Pleasure and Emotion. I am your Friend, and wish your
'Happiness, but am sorry to see by the Air of your Letter
'that there are a Set of Women who are got into the Common-
'Place Raillery of every Thing that is sober, decent, and
'proper: Matrimony and the Clergy are the Topicks of People
'of little Wit and no Understanding. I own to you, I have

'learned of the Vicar's Wife all you tax me with: She is a 'discreet, ingenious, pleasant, pious Woman; I wish she had 'the handling of you and Mrs. *Modish;* you would find, if 'you were too free with her, she would soon make you as 'charming as ever you were, she would make you blush as 'much as if you had never been fine Ladies. The Vicar, 'Madam, is so kind as to visit my Husband, and his agree-'able Conversation has brought him to enjoy many sober 'happy Hours when even I am shut out, and my dear Master 'is entertained only with his own Thoughts. These Things, 'dear Madam, will be lasting Satisfactions, when the fine 'Ladies, and the Coxcombs by whom they form themselves, 'are irreparably ridiculous, ridiculous in old Age. I am,

Madam, your most humble Servant,

Mary Home.

Dear Mr. SPECTATOR,

'You have no Goodness in the World, and are not in earnest 'in any thing you say that is serious, if you do not send me a 'plain Answer to this: I happened some Days past to be at 'the Play, where during the Time of Performance, I could not 'keep my Eyes off from a beautiful young Creature who sat 'just before me, and who I have been since informed has no 'Fortune. It would utterly ruin my Reputation for Discretion 'to marry such a one, and by what I can learn she has a 'Character of great Modesty, so that there is nothing to be 'thought on any other Way. My Mind has ever since been 'so wholly bent on her, that I am much in danger of doing 'something very extravagant without your speedy Advice to,

SIR, Your most humble Servant.

I am sorry I cannot answer this impatient Gentleman, but by another Question.

Dear Correspondent,

'Would you marry to please other People, or your self? T.

No. 255.] *Saturday, December* 22, 1711. [*Addison.*

Laudis amore tumes? sunt certa piacula, quæ te
Ter pure lecto poterunt recreare libello.—Hor.

THE Soul, considered abstractedly from its Passions, is of a remiss and sedentary Nature, slow in its Resolves, and languishing in its Executions. The Use therefore of the

Passions is to stir it up, and to put it upon Action, to awaken the Understanding, to enforce the Will, and to make the whole Man more vigorous and attentive in the Prosecutions of his Designs. As this is the End of the Passions in general, so it is particularly of Ambition, which pushes the Soul to such Actions as are apt to procure Honour and Reputation to the Actor. But if we carry our Reflections higher, we may discover further Ends of Providence in implanting this Passion in Mankind.

It was necessary for the World, that Arts should be invented and improved, Books written and transmitted to Posterity, Nations conquered and civilized: Now since the proper and genuine Motives to these and the like great Actions, would only influence virtuous Minds; there would be but small Improvements in the World, were there not some common Principle of Action working equally with all Men. And such a Principle is Ambition or a Desire of Fame, by which [great [1]] Endowments are not suffered to lie idle and useless to the Publick, and many vicious Men over-reached, as it were, and engaged contrary to their natural Inclinations in a glorious and laudable Course of Action. For we may further observe, that Men of the greatest Abilities are most fired with Ambition: And that on the contrary, mean and narrow Minds are the least actuated by it: whether it be that [a Man's Sense of his own [2]] Incapacities makes [him [3]] despair of coming at Fame, or that [he has [4]] not enough range of Thought to look out for any Good which does not more immediately relate to [his [5]] Interest or Convenience, or that Providence, in the very Frame of [his Soul [6]], would not subject [him [7]] to such a Passion as would be useless to the World, and a Torment to [himself. [8]]

Were not this Desire of Fame very strong, the Difficulty of obtaining it, and the Danger of losing it when obtained, would be sufficient to deter a Man from so vain a Pursuit.

How few are there who are furnished with Abilities sufficient to recommend their Actions to the Admiration of the World, and to distinguish themselves from the rest of Mankind? Providence for the most part sets us upon a Level, and observes a kind of Proportion in its Dispensation towards us. If it renders us perfect in one Accomplishment, it generally leaves us defective in another, and seems careful rather of preserving every Person from being mean and deficient in his Qualifications, than of making any single one eminent or extraordinary.

[1] [all great] [2] [the Sense of their own] [3] [them]
[4] [they have] [5] [their] [6] [their Souls]
[7] [them] [8] [themselves]

And among those who are the most richly endowed by Nature, and accomplished by their own Industry, how few are there whose Virtues are not obscured by the Ignorance, Prejudice or Envy of their Beholders? Some Men cannot discern between a noble and a mean Action. Others are apt to attribute them to some false End or Intention; and others purposely misrepresent or put a wrong Interpretation on them.

But the more to enforce this Consideration, we may observe that those are generally most unsuccessful in their Pursuit after Fame, who are most desirous of obtaining it. It is *Salust's* Remark upon *Cato*, that the less he coveted Glory, the more he acquired it.[1]

Men take an ill-natur'd Pleasure in crossing our Inclinations, and disappointing us in what our Hearts are most set upon. When therefore they have discovered the passionate Desire of Fame in the Ambitious Man (as no Temper of Mind is more apt to show it self) they become sparing and reserved in their Commendations, they envy him the Satisfaction of an Applause, and look on their Praises rather as a Kindness done to his Person, than as a Tribute paid to his Merit. Others who are free from this natural Perverseness of Temper grow wary in their Praises of one, who sets too great a Value on them, lest they should raise him too high in his own Imagination, and by Consequence remove him to a greater Distance from themselves.

But further, this Desire of Fame naturally betrays the ambitious Man into such Indecencies as are a lessening to his Reputation. He is still afraid lest any of his Actions should be thrown away in private, lest his Deserts should be concealed from the Notice of the World, or receive any Disadvantage from the Reports which others make of them. This often sets him on empty Boasts and Ostentations of himself, and betrays him into vain fantastick Recitals of his own Performances: His Discourse generally leans one Way, and, whatever is the Subject of it, tends obliquely either to the detracting from others, or to the extolling of himself. Vanity is the natural Weakness of an ambitious Man, which exposes him to the secret Scorn and Derision of those he converses with, and ruins the Character he is so industrious to advance by it. For tho' his Actions are never so glorious, they lose their Lustre when they are drawn at large, and set to show by his own Hand; and as the World is more apt to find fault than to commend, the Boast will probably be censured when the great Action that occasioned it is forgotten.

[1] Sallust. Bell. Catil. c. 49.

Besides this very Desire of Fame is looked on as a Meanness [and[1]] Imperfection in the greatest Character. A solid and substantial Greatness of Soul looks down with a generous Neglect on the Censures and Applauses of the Multitude, and places a Man beyond the little Noise and Strife of Tongues. Accordingly we find in our selves a secret Awe and Veneration for the Character of one who moves above us in a regular and illustrious Course of Virtue, without any regard to our good or ill Opinions of him, to our Reproaches or Commendations. As on the contrary it is usual for us, when we would take off from the Fame and Reputation of an Action, to ascribe it to Vain-Glory, and a Desire of Fame in the Actor. Nor is this common Judgment and Opinion of Mankind ill-founded: for certainly it denotes no great Bravery of Mind to be worked up to any noble Action by so selfish a Motive, and to do that out of a Desire of Fame, which we could not be prompted to by a disinterested Love to Mankind, or by a generous Passion for the Glory of him that made us.

Thus is Fame a thing difficult to be obtained by all, but particularly by those who thirst after it, since most Men have so much either of Ill-nature, or of Wariness, as not to gratify [or[2]] sooth the Vanity of the Ambitious Man, and since this very Thirst after Fame naturally betrays him into such Indecencies as are a lessening to his Reputation, and is it self looked upon as a Weakness in the greatest Characters.

In the next Place, Fame is easily lost, and as difficult to be preserved as it was at first to be acquired. But this I shall make the Subject of a following Paper C.

No. 256.] *Monday, December* 24, 1711. [*Addison.*

Φήμη γάρ τε κακὴ πέλεται· κούφη μὲν ἀεῖραι
Ῥεῖα μάλ', ἀργαλέη δὲ φέρειν——— Hes.

THERE are many Passions and Tempers of Mind which naturally dispose us to depress and vilify the Merit of one rising in the Esteem of Mankind. All those who made their Entrance into the World with the same Advantages, and were once looked on as his Equals, are apt to think the Fame of his Merits a Reflection on their own Indeserts; and will therefore take care to reproach him with the Scandal of some past

[1] [and an] [2] [and]

Action, or derogate from the Worth of the present, that they may still keep him on the same Level with themselves. The like Kind of Consideration often stirs up the Envy of such as were once his Superiors, who think it a Detraction from their Merit to see another get ground upon them and overtake them in the Pursuits of Glory; and will therefore endeavour to sink his Reputation, that they may the better preserve their own. Those who were once his Equals envy and defame him, because they now see him their Superior; and those who were once his Superiors, because they look upon him as their Equal.

But further, a Man whose extraordinary Reputation thus lifts him up to the Notice and Observation of Mankind draws a Multitude of Eyes upon him that will narrowly inspect every Part of him, consider him nicely in all Views, and not be a little pleased when they have taken him in the worst and most disadvantageous Light. There are many who find a Pleasure in contradicting the common Reports of Fame, and in spreading abroad the Weaknesses of an exalted Character. They publish their ill-natur'd Discoveries with a secret Pride, and applaud themselves for the Singularity of their Judgment which has searched deeper than others, detected what the rest of the World have overlooked, and found a Flaw in what the Generality of Mankind admires. Others there are who proclaim the Errors and Infirmities of a great Man with an inward Satisfaction and Complacency, if they discover none of the like Errors and Infirmities in themselves; for while they are exposing another's Weaknesses, they are tacitly aiming at their own Commendations, who are not subject to the like Infirmities, and are apt to be transported with a secret kind of Vanity to see themselves superior in some respects to one of a sublime and celebrated Reputation. Nay, it very often happens, that none are more industrious in publishing the Blemishes of an extraordinary Reputation, than such as lie open to the same Censures in their own Characters, as either hoping to excuse their own Defects by the Authority of so high an Example, or raising an imaginary Applause to themselves for resembling a Person of an exalted Reputation, though in the blameable Parts of his Character. If all these secret Springs of Detraction fail, yet very often a vain Ostentation of Wit sets a Man on attacking an established Name, and sacrificing it to the Mirth and Laughter of those about him. A Satyr or a Libel on one of the common Stamp, never meets with that Reception and Approbation among its Readers, as what is aimed at a Person whose Merit places him upon an Eminence, and gives him a

more conspicuous Figure among Men. Whether it be that we think it shews greater Art to expose and turn to ridicule a Man whose Character seems so improper a Subject for it, or that we are pleased by some implicit kind of Revenge to see him taken down and humbled in his Reputation, and in some measure reduced to our own Rank, who had so far raised himself above us in the Reports and Opinions of Mankind.

Thus we see how many dark and intricate Motives there are to Detraction and Defamation, and how many malicious Spies are searching into the Actions of a great Man, who is not always the best prepared for so narrow an Inspection. For we may generally observe, that our Admiration of a famous Man lessens upon our nearer Acquaintance with him; and that we seldom hear the Description of a celebrated Person, without a Catalogue of some notorious Weaknesses and Infirmities. The Reason may be, because any little Slip is more conspicuous and observable in his Conduct than in another's, as it is not of a piece with the rest of his Character, or because it is impossible for a Man at the same time to be attentive to the more important [Part[1]] of his Life, and to keep a watchful Eye over all the inconsiderable Circumstances of his Behaviour and Conversation; or because, as we have before observed, the same Temper of Mind which inclines us to a Desire of Fame, naturally betrays us into such Slips and Unwarinesses as are not incident to Men of a contrary Disposition.

After all it must be confess'd, that a noble and triumphant Merit often breaks through and dissipates these little Spots and Sullies in its Reputation; but if by a mistaken Pursuit after Fame, or through human Infirmity, any false Step be made in the more momentous Concerns of Life, the whole Scheme of ambitious Designs is broken and disappointed. The smaller Stains and Blemishes may die away and disappear amidst the Brightness that surrounds them; but a Blot of a deeper Nature casts a Shade on all the other Beauties, and darkens the whole Character. How difficult therefore is it to preserve a great Name, when he that has acquired it is so obnoxious to such little Weaknesses and Infirmities as are no small Diminution to it when discovered, especially when they are so industriously proclaimed, and aggravated by such as were once his Superiors or Equals; by such as would set to show their Judgment or their Wit, and by such as are guilty or innocent of the same Slips or Misconducts in their own Behaviour?

But were there none of these Dispositions in others to

[1] [Parts]

censure a famous Man, nor any such Miscarriages in himself, yet would he meet with no small Trouble in keeping up his Reputation in all its Height and Splendour. There must be always a noble Train of Actions to preserve his Fame in Life and Motion. For when it is once at a Stand, it naturally flags and languishes. Admiration is a very short-liv'd Passion, that immediately decays upon growing familiar with its Object, unless it be still fed with fresh Discoveries, and kept alive by a new perpetual Succession of Miracles rising up to its View. And even the greatest Actions of a celebrated [Person [1]] labour under this Disadvantage, that however surprising and extraordinary they may be, they are no more than what are expected from him; but on the contrary, if they fall any thing below the Opinion that is conceived of him, tho' they might raise the Reputation of another, they are a Diminution to *his*.

One would think there should be something wonderfully pleasing in the Possession of Fame, that, notwithstanding all these mortifying Considerations, can engage a Man in so desperate a Pursuit; and yet if we consider the little Happiness that attends a great Character, and the Multitude of Disquietudes to which the Desire of it subjects an ambitious Mind, one would be still the more surprised to see so many restless Candidates for Glory.

Ambition raises a secret Tumult in the Soul, it inflames the Mind, and puts it into a violent Hurry of Thought: It is still reaching after an empty imaginary Good, that has not in it the Power to abate or satisfy it. Most other Things we long for can allay the Cravings of their proper Sense, and for a while set the Appetite at Rest: But Fame is a Good so wholly foreign to our Natures, that we have no Faculty in the Soul adapted to it, nor any Organ in the Body to relish it; an Object of Desire placed out of the Possibility of Fruition. It may indeed fill the Mind for a while with a giddy kind of Pleasure, but it is such a Pleasure as makes a Man restless and uneasy under it; and which does not so much satisfy the present Thirst, as it excites fresh Desires, and sets the Soul on new Enterprises. For how few ambitious Men are there, who have got as much Fame as they desired, and whose Thirst after it has not been as eager in the very Height of their Reputation, as it was before they became known and eminent among Men? There is not any Circumstance in *Cæsar's* Character which gives me a greater Idea of him, than a Saying which *Cicero* tells us [2] he frequently made use of in private Conversation, *That he*

[1] [Name]

[2] Oratio pro M. Marcello.

was satisfied with his Share of Life and Fame, Se satis vel ad Naturam, vel ad Gloriam vixisse. Many indeed have given over their Pursuits after Fame, but that has proceeded either from the Disappointments they have met in it, or from their Experience of the little Pleasure which attends it, or from the better Informations or natural Coldness of old Age; but seldom from a full Satisfaction and Acquiescence in their present Enjoyments of it.

Nor is Fame only unsatisfying in it self, but the Desire of it lays us open to many accidental Troubles which those are free from who have no such a tender Regard for it. How often is the ambitious Man cast down and disappointed, if he receives no Praise where he expected it? Nay how often is he mortified with the very Praises he receives, if they do not rise so high as he thinks they ought, which they seldom do unless increased by Flattery, since few Men have so good an Opinion of us as we have of our selves? But if the ambitious Man can be so much grieved even with Praise it self, how will he be able to bear up under Scandal and Defamation? For the same Temper of Mind which makes him desire Fame, makes him hate Reproach. If he can be transported with the extraordinary Praises of Men, he will be as much dejected by their Censures. How little therefore is the Happiness of an ambitious Man, who gives every one a Dominion over it, who thus subjects himself to the good or ill Speeches of others, and puts it in the Power of every malicious Tongue to throw him into a Fit of Melancholy, and destroy his natural Rest and Repose of Mind? Especially when we consider that the World is more apt to censure than applaud, and himself fuller of Imperfections than Virtues.

We may further observe, that such a Man will be more grieved for the Loss of Fame, than he could have been pleased with the Enjoyment of it. For tho' the Presence of this imaginary Good cannot make us happy, the Absence of it may make us miserable: Because in the Enjoyment of an Object we only find that Share of Pleasure which it is capable of giving us, but in the Loss of it we do not proportion our Grief to the real Value it bears, but to the Value our Fancies and Imaginations set upon it.

So inconsiderable is the Satisfaction that Fame brings along with it, and so great the Disquietudes, to which it makes us liable. The Desire of it stirs up very uneasy Motions in the Mind, and is rather inflamed than satisfied by the Presence of the Thing desired. The Enjoyment of it brings but very little

Pleasure, tho' the Loss or Want of it be very sensible and afflicting; and even this little Happiness is so very precarious, that it wholly depends on the Will of others. We are not only tortured by the Reproaches which are offered us, but are disappointed by the Silence of Men when it is unexpected; and humbled even by their Praises.[1] C.

No. 257.] *Tuesday, December* 25,[2] 1711. [*Addison.*

———Οὐχ' ἱῦδει Διὸς
'Οφθαλμός· ἐγγὺς δ' ἔστι κἀι παρὼν πόνῳ.—Incert. ex Stob.

THAT I might not lose myself upon a Subject of so great Extent as that of Fame, I have treated it in a particular Order and Method. I have first of all considered the Reasons why Providence may have implanted in our Mind such a Principle of Action. I have in the next Place shewn from many Considerations, first, that Fame is a thing difficult to be obtained, and easily lost; Secondly, that it brings the ambitious Man very little Happiness, but subjects him to much Uneasiness and Dissatisfaction. I shall in the last Place shew, that it hinders us from obtaining an End which we have Abilities to acquire, and which is accompanied with Fulness of Satisfaction. I need not tell my Reader, that I mean by this End that Happiness which is reserved for us in another World, which every one has Abilities to procure, and which will bring along with it Fulness of Joy and Pleasures for evermore.

How the Pursuit after Fame may hinder us in the Attainment of this great End, I shall leave the Reader to collect from the three following Considerations.

First, Because the strong Desire of Fame breeds several vicious Habits in the Mind.

Secondly, Because many of those Actions, which are apt to procure Fame, are not in their Nature conducive to this our ultimate Happiness.

Thirdly, Because if we should allow the same Actions to be the proper Instruments, both of acquiring Fame, and of procuring this Happiness, they would nevertheless fail in the Attainment of this last End, if they proceeded from a Desire of the first.

These three Propositions are self-evident to those who are

[1] [*I shall conclude this Subject in my next Paper.*]

[2] This being Christmas Day, Addison has continued to it a religious strain of thought.

versed in Speculations of Morality. For which Reason I shall not enlarge upon them, but proceed to a Point of the same Nature, which may open to us a more uncommon Field of Speculation.

From what has been already observed, I think we may make a natural Conclusion, that it is the greatest Folly to seek the Praise or Approbation of any Being, besides the Supreme, and that for these two Reasons, Because no other Being can make a right Judgment of us, and esteem us according to our Merits; and because we can procure no considerable Benefit or Advantage from the Esteem and Approbation of any other Being.

In the first Place, No other Being can make a right Judgment of us, and esteem us according to our Merits. Created Beings see nothing but our Outside, and can [therefore] only frame a Judgment of us from our exterior Actions and Behaviour; but how unfit these are to give us a right Notion of each other's Perfections, may appear from several Considerations. There are many Virtues, which in their own Nature are incapable of any outward Representation: Many silent Perfections in the Soul of a good Man, which are great Ornaments to human Nature, but not able to discover themselves to the Knowledge of others; they are transacted in private, without Noise or Show, and are only visible to the great Searcher of Hearts. What Actions can express the entire Purity of Thought which refines and sanctifies a virtuous Man? That secret Rest and Contentedness of Mind, which gives him a Perfect Enjoyment of his present Condition? That inward Pleasure and Complacency, which he feels in doing Good? That Delight and Satisfaction which he takes in the Prosperity and Happiness of another? These and the like Virtues are the hidden Beauties of a Soul, the secret Graces which cannot be discovered by a mortal Eye, but make the Soul lovely and precious in his Sight, from whom no Secrets are concealed. Again, there are many Virtues which want an Opportunity of exerting and shewing themselves in Actions. Every Virtue requires Time and Place, a proper Object and a fit Conjuncture of Circumstances, for the due Exercise of it. A State of Poverty obscures all the Virtues of Liberality and Munificence. The Patience and Fortitude of a Martyr or Confessor lie concealed in the flourishing Times of Christianity. Some Virtues are only seen in Affliction, and some in Prosperity; some in a private, and others in a publick Capacity. But the great Sovereign of the World beholds every Perfection in its Obscurity, and not only sees what we do, but

what we would do. He views our Behaviour in every Concurrence of Affairs, and sees us engaged in all the Possibilities of Action. He discovers the Martyr and Confessor without the Tryal of Flames and Tortures, and will hereafter entitle many to the Reward of Actions, which they had never the Opportunity of Performing. Another Reason why Men cannot form a right Judgment of us is, because the same Actions may be aimed at different Ends, and arise from quite contrary Principles. Actions are of so mixt a Nature, and so full of Circumstances, that as Men pry into them more or less, or observe some Parts more than others, they take different Hints, and put contrary Interpretations on them; so that the same Actions may represent a Man as hypocritical and designing to one, which make him appear a Saint or Hero to another. He therefore who looks upon the Soul through its outward Actions, often sees it through a deceitful Medium, which is apt to discolour and pervert the Object: So that on this Account also, *he* is the only proper Judge of our Perfections, who does not guess at the Sincerity of our Intentions from the Goodness of our Actions, but weighs the Goodness of our Actions by the Sincerity of our Intentions.

But further; it is impossible for outward Actions to represent the Perfections of the Soul, because they can never shew the Strength of those Principles from whence they proceed. They are not adequate Expressions of our Virtues, and can only shew us what Habits are in the Soul, without discovering the Degree and Perfection of such Habits. They are at best but weak Resemblances of our Intentions, faint and imperfect Copies that may acquaint us with the general Design, but can never express the Beauty and Life of the Original. But the great Judge of all the Earth knows every different State and Degree of human Improvement, from those weak Stirrings and Tendencies of the Will which have not yet formed themselves into regular Purposes and Designs, to the last entire Finishing and Consummation of a good Habit. He beholds the first imperfect Rudiments of a Virtue in the Soul, and keeps a watchful Eye over it in all its Progress, 'till it has received every Grace it is capable of, and appears in its full Beauty and Perfection. Thus we see that none but the Supreme Being can esteem us according to our proper Merits, since all others must judge of us from our outward Actions, which can never give them a just Estimate of us, since there are many Perfections of a Man which are not capable of appearing in Actions; many which, allowing no natural Incapacity of shewing themselves, want an Opportunity

of doing it; or should they all meet with an Opportunity of appearing by Actions, yet those Actions may be misinterpreted, and applied to wrong Principles; or though they plainly discovered the Principles from whence they proceeded, they could never shew the Degree, Strength and Perfection of those Principles.

And as the Supreme Being is the only proper Judge of our Perfections, so is he the only fit Rewarder of them. This is a Consideration that comes home to our Interest, as the other adapts it self to our Ambition. And what could the most aspiring, or the most selfish Man desire more, were he to form the Notion of a Being to whom he would recommend himself, than such a Knowledge as can discover the least Appearance of Perfection in him, and such a Goodness as will proportion a Reward to it.

Let the ambitious Man therefore turn all his Desire of Fame this Way; and, that he may propose to himself a Fame worthy of his Ambition, let him consider that if he employs his Abilities to the best Advantage, the Time will come when the supreme Governor of the World, the great Judge of Mankind, who sees every Degree of Perfection in others, and possesses all possible Perfection in himself, shall proclaim his Worth before Men and Angels, and pronounce to him in the Presence of the whole Creation that best and most significant of Applauses, *Well done, thou good and faithful Servant, enter thou into thy Master's Joy.* C.

No. 258.] *Wednesday, December* 26, 1711. [*Steele.*

Divide et Impera.

PLEASURE and Recreation of one Kind or other are absolutely necessary to relieve our Minds and Bodies from too constant Attention and Labour: Where therefore publick Diversions are tolerated, it behoves Persons of Distinction, with their Power and Example, to preside over them in such a Manner as to check any thing that tends to the Corruption of Manners, or which is too mean or trivial for the Entertainment of reasonable Creatures. As to the Diversions of this Kind in this Town, we owe them to the Arts of Poetry and Musick: My own private Opinion, with Relation to such Recreations, I have heretofore given with all the Frankness imaginable; what concerns those Arts at present the Reader

shall have from my Correspondents. The first of the Letters with which I acquit myself for this Day, is written by one who proposes to improve our Entertainments of Dramatick Poetry, and the other comes from three Persons, who, as soon as named, will be thought capable of advancing the present State of Musick.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am considerably obliged to you for your speedy Publication 'of my last in yours of the 18th Instant, and am in no small 'Hopes of being settled in the Post of *Comptroller of the Cries*. 'Of all the Objections I have hearkened after in publick Coffee-'houses there is but one that seems to carry any Weight with it, '*viz.* That such a Post would come too near the Nature of a 'Monopoly. Now, Sir, because I would have all Sorts of 'People made easy, and being willing to have more Strings 'than one to my Bow; in case that of *Comptroller* should fail 'me, I have since formed another Project, which, being grounded 'on the dividing a present Monopoly, I hope will give the 'Publick an Equivalent to their full Content. You know, Sir, 'it is allowed that the Business of the Stage is, as the *Latin* has 'it, *Jucunda et Idonea dicere Vitæ*. Now there being but one 'Dramatick Theatre licensed for the Delight and Profit of this 'extensive Metropolis, I do humbly propose, for the Conveni-'ence of such of its Inhabitants as are too distant from *Covent-'Garden*, that another *Theatre of Ease* may be erected in some 'spacious Part of the City; and that the Direction thereof 'may be made a Franchise in Fee to me, and my Heirs for 'ever. And that the Town may have no Jealousy of my ever 'coming to an Union with the Set of Actors now in being, I do 'further propose to constitute for my Deputy my near Kinsman 'and Adventurer, *Kit Crotchet*,[1] whose long Experience and 'Improvements in those Affairs need no Recommendation. ''Twas obvious to every Spectator what a quite different Foot 'the Stage was upon during his Government; and had he not 'been bolted out of his Trap-Doors, his Garrison might have 'held out for ever, he having by long Pains and Perseverance 'arriv'd at the Art of making his Army fight without Pay or 'Provisions. I must confess it, with a melancholy Amazement,

[1] Christopher Rich, of whom Steele wrote in No. 12 of the *Tatler* as Divito, who 'has a perfect art in being unintelligible in discourse and 'uncomeatable in business. But he, having no understanding in his polite 'way, brought in upon us, to get in his money, ladder-dancers, rope-dancers, 'jugglers, and mountebanks, to strut in the place of Shakespeare's heroes 'and Jonson's humorists.'

'I see so wonderful a Genius laid aside, and the late Slaves of 'the Stage now become its Masters, Dunces that will be sure 'to suppress all Theatrical Entertainments and Activities that 'they are not able themselves to shine in!

'Every Man that goes to a Play is not obliged to have either 'Wit or Understanding; and I insist upon it, that all who go 'there should see something which may improve them in a Way 'of which they are capable. In short, Sir, I would have some-'thing *done* as well as *said* on the Stage. A Man may have an 'active Body, though he has not a quick Conception; for the 'Imitation therefore of such as are, as I may so speak, corporeal 'Wits or nimble Fellows, I would fain ask any of the present 'Mismanagers, Why should not Rope-dancers, Vaulters, Tum-'blers, Ladder-walkers, and Posture-makers appear again on 'our Stage? After such a Representation, a Five-bar Gate 'would be leaped with a better Grace next Time any of the 'Audience went a Hunting. Sir, these Things cry loud for 'Reformation and fall properly under the Province of SPECTATOR 'General; but how indeed should it be otherwise, while Fellows '(that for Twenty Years together were never paid but as their 'Master was in the Humour) now presume to pay others more 'than ever they had in their Lives; and in Contempt of the 'Practice of Persons of Condition, have the Insolence to owe 'no Tradesman a Farthing at the End of the Week. Sir, all I 'propose is the publick Good; for no one can imagine I shall 'ever get a private Shilling by it: Therefore I hope you will 'recommend this Matter in one of your this Week's Papers, and 'desire when my House opens you will accept the Liberty of it 'for the Trouble you have receiv'd from,

SIR,
Your Humble Servant,

P.S. I have Assurances that the Trunk-maker will declare for us.

Ralph Crotchet.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

"We whose Names are subscribed,[1] think you the properest

[1] Thomas Clayton (see note on p. 72) had set Dryden's *Alexander's Feast* to music at the request of Steele and John Hughes; but its performance at his house in York Buildings was a failure. Clayton had adapted English words to Italian airs in the drama written for him by Motteux, of *Arsinoe, Queen of Cyprus*, and called it his own opera. Steele and Addison were taken by his desire to nationalize the opera, and put native music to words that were English and had literature in them. After *Camilla* at Drury Lane, produced under the superintendence of Nicolino Haym, Addison's *Rosamond* was produced, with music by Clayton and Mrs. Tofts in the part of Queen Eleanor. The music killed the piece on the third night of

'Person to signify what we have to offer the Town in Behalf of 'our selves, and the Art which we profess, *Musick*. We 'conceive Hopes of your Favour from the Speculations on the 'Mistakes which the Town run into with Regard to their 'Pleasure of this Kind; and believing your Method of judging 'is, that you consider Musick only valuable, as it is agreeable 'to, and heightens the Purpose of Poetry, we consent that That 'is not only the true Way of relishing that Pleasure, but also, 'that without it a Composure of Musick is the same thing as a 'Poem, where all the Rules of Poetical Numbers are observed, 'tho' the Words have no Sense or Meaning; to say it shorter, 'meer musical Sounds are in our Art no other than nonsense 'Verses are in Poetry. Musick therefore is to aggravate what 'is intended by Poetry; it must always have some Passion or 'Sentiment to express, or else Violins, Voices, or any other 'Organs of Sound, afford an Entertainment very little above the 'Rattles of Children. It was from this Opinion of the Matter, 'that when Mr. *Clayton* had finished his Studies in *Italy*, and 'brought over the Opera of *Arsinoe*, that Mr. *Haym* and Mr. '*Dieupart*, who had the Honour to be well known and received 'among the Nobility and Gentry, were zealously inclined to 'assist, by their Solicitations, in introducing so elegant an 'Entertainment as the *Italian* Musick grafted upon *English* 'Poetry. For this End Mr. *Dieupart* and Mr. *Haym*, according 'to their several Opportunities, promoted the Introduction of '*Arsinoe*, and did it to the best Advantage so great a Novelty

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performance. The coming of Handel and his opera of *Rinaldo* set Mr. Clayton aside, but the friendship of Steele and Addison abided with him, and Steele seems to have had a share in his enterprises at York Buildings. Of his colleagues who join in the signing of this letter, Nicola Francesco Haym was by birth a Roman, and resident in London as a professor of music. He published two good operas of sonatas for two violins and a bass, and joined Clayton and Dieupart in the service of the opera, until Handel's success superseded them. Haym was also a man of letters, who published two quartos upon Medals, a notice of rare Italian Books, an edition of Tasso's Gerusalemme, and two tragedies of his own. He wrote a *History of Music* in Italian, and issued proposals for its publication in English, but had no success. Finally he turned picture collector, and was employed in that quality by Dr. Mead and Sir Robert Walpole.

Charles Dieupart, a Frenchman, was a fine performer on the violin and harpsichord. At the representation of *Arsinoe* and the other earliest operas, he played the harpsichord and Haym the violoncello. Dieupart, after the small success of the design set forth in this letter, taught the harpsichord in families of distinction, but wanted self-respect enough to save him from declining into a player at obscure ale-houses, where he executed for the pleasure of dull ears solos of Corelli with the nicety of taste that never left him. He died old and poor in 1740.

'would allow. It is not proper to trouble you with Particulars 'of the just Complaints we all of us have to make; but so it is, 'that without Regard to our obliging Pains, we are all equally 'set aside in the present Opera. Our Application therefore to 'you is only to insert this Letter, in your Papers, that the 'Town may know we have all Three joined together to make 'Entertainments of Musick for the future at Mr. *Clayton's* 'House in *York-buildings*. What we promise ourselves, is, to 'make a Subscription of two Guineas, for eight Times; and 'that the Entertainment, with the Names of the Authors of the 'Poetry, may be printed, to be sold in the House, with an 'Account of the several Authors of the Vocal as well as the 'Instrumental Musick for each Night; the Money to be paid 'at the Receipt of the Tickets, at Mr. *Charles Lillie's*. It will, 'we hope, Sir, be easily allowed, that we are capable of under-'taking to exhibit by our joint Force and different Qualifications 'all that can be done in Musick; but lest you should think so 'dry a thing as an Account of our Proposal should be a Matter 'unworthy your Paper, which generally contains something of 'publick Use; give us leave to say, that favouring our Design 'is no less than reviving an Art, which runs to ruin by the 'utmost Barbarism under an Affectation of Knowledge. We 'aim at establishing some settled Notion of what is Musick, as 'recovering from Neglect and Want very many Families who 'depend upon it, at making all Foreigners who pretend to 'succeed in *England* to learn the Language of it as we our 'selves have done, and not be so insolent as to expect a whole 'Nation, a refined and learned Nation, should submit to learn 'them. In a word, Mr. SPECTATOR, with all Deference and 'Humility, we hope to behave ourselves in this Undertaking in 'such a Manner, that all *English* Men who have any Skill in 'Musick may be furthered in it for their Profit or Diversion by 'what new Things we shall produce; never pretending to surpass 'others, or asserting that any Thing which is a Science is not 'attainable by all Men of all Nations who have proper Genius 'for it: We say, Sir, what we hope for is not expected will 'arrive to us by contemning others, but through the utmost 'Diligence recommending ourselves.

We are, SIR,

Your most humble Servants,

Thomas Clayton,
Nicolino Haym,
Charles Dieupart.

No. 259.] *Thursday, December* 27, 1711. [*Steele.*

Quod decet honestum est, et quod honestum est decet.—Tull.

THERE are some Things which cannot come under certain Rules, but which one would think could not need them. Of this kind are outward Civilities and Salutations. These one would imagine might be regulated by every Man's Common Sense without the Help of an Instructor; but that which we call Common Sense suffers under that Word; for it sometimes implies no more than that Faculty which is common to all Men, but sometimes signifies right Reason, and what all Men should consent to. In this latter Acceptation of the Phrase, it is no great Wonder People err so much against it, since it is not every one who is possessed of it, and there are fewer, who against common Rules and Fashions, dare obey its Dictates. As to Salutations, which I was about to talk of, I observe as I strole about Town, there are great Enormities committed with regard to this Particular. You shall sometimes see a Man begin the Offer of a Salutation, and observe a forbidding Air, or escaping Eye, in the Person he is going to salute, and stop short in the Pole of his Neck. This in the Person who believed he could do it with a good Grace, and was refused the Opportunity, is justly resented with a Coldness the whole ensuing Season. Your great Beauties, People in much Favour, or by any Means or for any Purpose overflattered, are apt to practise this which one may call the preventing Aspect, and throw their Attention another Way, lest they should confer a Bow or a Curtsie upon a Person who might not appear to deserve that Dignity. Others you shall find so obsequious, and so very courteous, as there is no escaping their Favours of this Kind. Of this Sort may be a Man who is in the fifth or sixth Degree of Favour with a Minister; this good Creature is resolved to shew the World, that great Honours cannot at all change his Manners; he is the same civil Person he ever was; he will venture his Neck to bow out of a Coach in full Speed, at once, to shew he is full of Business, and yet is not so taken up as to forget his old Friend. With a Man, who is not so well formed for Courtship and elegant Behaviour, such a Gentleman as this seldom finds his Account in the Return of his Compliments, but he will still go on, for he is in his own Way, and must not omit; let the Neglect fall on your Side, or where it will, his Business is still to be well-bred to the End. I think I have

read, in one of our *English* Comedies, a Description of a Fellow that affected knowing every Body, and for Want of Judgment in Time and Place, would bow and smile in the Face of a Judge sitting in the Court, would sit in an opposite Gallery and smile in the Minister's Face as he came up into the Pulpit, and nod as if he alluded to some Familiarities between them in another Place. But now I happen to speak of Salutation at Church, I must take notice that several of my Correspondents have importuned me to consider that Subject, and settle the Point of Decorum in that Particular.

I do not pretend to be the best Courtier in the World, but I have often on publick Occasions thought it a very great Absurdity in the Company (during the Royal Presence) to exchange Salutations from all Parts of the Room, when certainly Common Sense should suggest, that all Regards at that Time should be engaged, and cannot be diverted to any other Object, without Disrespect to the Sovereign. But as to the Complaint of my Correspondents, it is not to be imagined what Offence some of them take at the Custom of Saluting in Places of Worship. I have a very angry Letter from a Lady, who tells me [of] one of her Acquaintance, [who,] out of meer Pride and a Pretence to be rude, takes upon her to return no Civilities done to her in Time of Divine Service, and is the most religious Woman for no other Reason but to appear a Woman of the best Quality in the Church. This absurd Custom had better be abolished than retained, if it were but to prevent Evils of no higher a Nature than this is; but I am informed of Objections much more considerable: A Dissenter of Rank and Distinction was lately prevailed upon by a Friend of his to come to one of the greatest Congregations of the Church of *England* about Town: After the Service was over, he declared he was very well satisfied with the little Ceremony which was used towards God Almighty; but at the same time he feared he should not be able to go through those required towards one another: As to this Point he was in a State of Despair, and feared he was not well-bred enough to be a Convert. There have been many Scandals of this Kind given to our Protestant Dissenters from the outward Pomp and Respect we take to our selves in our Religious Assemblies. A Quaker who came one Day into a Church, fixed his Eyes upon an old Lady with a Carpet larger than that from the Pulpit before her, expecting when she would hold forth. An Anabaptist who designs to come over himself, and all his Family, within few Months, is sensible they want Breeding enough for our Con-

gregations, and has sent his two [eldest[1]] Daughters to learn to dance, that they may not misbehave themselves at Church: It is worth considering whether, in regard to awkward People with scrupulous Consciences, a good Christian of the best Air in the World ought not rather to deny herself the Opportunity of shewing so many Graces, than keep a bashful Proselyte without the Pale of the Church.

No. 260.] *Friday, December* 28, 1711. [*Steele.*

Singula de nobis anni prædantur euntes.—Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AM now in the Sixty fifth Year of my Age, and having 'been the greater Part of my Days a Man of Pleasure, the 'Decay of my Faculties is a Stagnation of my Life. But how 'is it, Sir, that my Appetites are increased upon me with the 'Loss of Power to gratify them? I write this, like a Criminal, 'to warn People to enter upon what Reformation they may 'please to make in themselves in their Youth, and not expect 'they shall be capable of it from a fond Opinion some have 'often in their Mouths, that if we do not leave our Desires they 'will leave us. It is far otherwise; I am now as vain in my 'Dress, and as flippant if I see a pretty Woman, as when in my 'Youth I stood upon a Bench in the Pit to survey the whole 'Circle of Beauties. The Folly is so extravagant with me, and 'I went on with so little Check of my Desires, or Resignation 'of them, that I can assure you, I very often meerly to enter-'tain my own Thoughts, sit with my Spectacles on, writing 'Love-Letters to the Beauties that have been long since in 'their Graves. This is to warm my Heart with the faint 'Memory of Delights which were once agreeable to me; but 'how much happier would my Life have been now, if I could 'have looked back on any worthy Action done for my Country? 'If I had laid out that which I profused in Luxury and 'Wantonness, in Acts of Generosity or Charity? I have lived 'a Batchelor to this Day; and instead of a numerous Offspring, 'with which, in the regular Ways of Life, I might possibly have 'delighted my self, I have only to amuse my self with the 'Repetition of Old Stories and Intrigues which no one will 'believe I ever was concerned in. I do not know whether you

[1] [elder]

'have ever treated of it or not; but you cannot fall on a better 'Subject, than that of the Art of growing old. In such a 'Lecture you must propose, that no one set his Heart upon 'what is transient; the Beauty grows wrinkled while we are yet 'gazing at her. The witty Man sinks into a Humourist im-'perceptibly, for want of reflecting that all Things around him 'are in a Flux, and continually changing: Thus he is in the 'Space of ten or fifteen Years surrounded by a new Set of 'People whose Manners are as natural to them as his Delights, 'Method of Thinking, and Mode of Living, were formerly to 'him and his Friends. But the Mischief is, he looks upon the 'same kind of Errors which he himself was guilty of with an 'Eye of Scorn, and with that sort of Ill-will which Men enter-'tain against each other for different Opinions: Thus a crasie 'Constitution, and an uneasie Mind is fretted with vexatious 'Passions for young Mens doing foolishly what it is Folly to do 'at all. Dear Sir, this is my present State of Mind; I hate 'those I should laugh at, and envy those I contemn. The 'Time of Youth and vigorous Manhood passed the Way in 'which I have disposed of it, is attended with these Con-'sequences; but to those who live and pass away Life as they 'ought, all Parts of it are equally pleasant; only the Memory 'of good and worthy Actions is a Feast which must give a 'quicker Relish to the Soul than ever it could possibly taste in 'the highest Enjoyments or Jollities of Youth. As for me, if 'I sit down in my great Chair and begin to ponder, the Vagaries 'of a Child are not more ridiculous than the Circumstances 'which are heaped up in my Memory. Fine Gowns, Country 'Dances, Ends of Tunes, interrupted Conversations, and mid-'night Quarrels, are what must necessarily compose my 'Soliloquy. I beg of you to print this, that some Ladies of 'my Acquaintance, and my Years, may be perswaded to wear 'warm Night-caps this cold Season: and that my old Friend '*Jack Tawdery* may buy him a Cane, and not creep with the 'Air of a Strut. I must add to all this, that if it were not for 'one Pleasure, which I thought a very mean one 'till of very 'late Years, I should have no one great Satisfaction left; but 'if I live to the 10th of *March*, 1714, and all my Securities are 'good, I shall be worth Fifty thousand Pound.

I am, SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

Jack Afterday.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'You will infinitely oblige a distressed Lover, if you will in-'sert in your very next Paper, the following Letter to my Mis-'tress. You must know, I am not a Person apt to despair, 'but she has got an odd Humour of stopping short unaccount-'ably, and, as she her self told a Confident of hers, she has cold 'Fits. These Fits shall last her a Month or six Weeks to-'gether; and as she falls into them without Provocation, so it 'is to be hoped she will return from them without the Merit of 'new Services. But Life and Love will not admit of such 'Intervals, therefore pray let her be admonished as follows.

Madam,

'I Love you, and I honour you: therefore pray do not tell 'me of waiting till Decencies, till Forms, till Humours are 'consulted and gratified. If you have that happy Constitution 'as to be indolent for ten Weeks together, you should consider 'that all that while I burn in Impatiences and Fevers; but still 'you say it will be Time enough, tho' I and you too grow older 'while we are yet talking. Which do you think the more 'reasonable, that you should alter a State of Indifference for 'Happiness, and that to oblige me, or I live in Torment, and 'that to lay no Manner of Obligation upon you? While I in-'dulge your Insensibility I am doing nothing; if you favour my 'Passion, you are bestowing bright Desires, gay Hopes, gener-'ous Cares, noble Resolutions and transporting Raptures upon,

Madam,

Your most devoted
humble Servant.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'Here's a Gentlewoman lodges in the same House with me, 'that I never did any Injury to in my whole Life; and she is 'always railing at me to those that she knows will tell me of it. 'Don't you think she is in Love with me? or would you have 'me break my Mind yet or not?

Your Servant,
T. B.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am a Footman in a great Family, and am in Love with 'the House-maid. We were all at Hot-cockles last Night in 'the Hall these Holidays; when I lay down and was blinded, 'she pulled off her Shoe, and hit me with the Heel such a Rap, 'as almost broke my Head to Pieces. Pray, Sir, was this Love 'or Spite?

T.

No. 261.] *Saturday, December* 29, 1711. [*Addison.*

Γάμος γὰρ ἀνφρώποισιν εὐκταῖον κακόν.—Frag. vet. Poet.

MY Father, whom I mentioned in my first Speculation, and whom I must always name with Honour and Gratitude, has very frequently talked to me upon the Subject of Marriage. I was in my younger Years engaged, partly by his Advice, and partly by my own Inclinations in the Courtship of a Person who had a great deal of Beauty, and did not at my first Approaches seem to have any Aversion to me; but as my natural Taciturnity hindred me from showing my self to the best Advantage, she by degrees began to look upon me as a very silly Fellow, and being resolved to regard Merit more than any Thing else in the Persons who made their Applications to her, she married a Captain of Dragoons who happened to be beating up for Recruits in those Parts.

This unlucky Accident has given me an Aversion to pretty Fellows ever since, and discouraged me from trying my Fortune with the Fair Sex. The Observations which I made in this Conjuncture, and the repeated Advices which I received at that Time from the good old Man above-mentioned, have produced the following Essay upon Love and Marriage.

The pleasantest Part of a Man's Life is generally that which passes in Courtship, provided his Passion be sincere, and the Party beloved kind with Discretion. Love, Desire, Hope, all the pleasing Motions of the Soul rise in the Pursuit.

It is easier for an artful Man who is not in Love, to persuade his Mistress he has a Passion for her, and to succeed in his Pursuits, than for one who loves with the greatest Violence. True Love has ten thousand Griefs, Impatiences and Resentments, that render a Man unamiable in the Eyes of the Person whose Affection he sollicits: besides, that it sinks his Figure, gives him Fears, Apprehensions and Poorness of Spirit, and often makes him appear ridiculous where he has a mind to recommend himself.

Those Marriages generally abound most with Love and Constancy, that are preceded by a long Courtship. The Passion should strike Root, and gather Strength before Marriage be grafted on it A long Course of Hopes and Expectations fixes the Idea in our Minds, and habituates us to a Fondness of the Person beloved.

There is Nothing of so great Importance to us, as the good Qualities of one to whom we join ourselves for Life; they do

not only make our present State agreeable, but often determine our Happiness to all Eternity. Where the Choice is left to Friends, the chief Point under Consideration is an Estate: Where the Parties chuse for themselves, their Thoughts turn most upon the Person. They have both their Reasons. The first would procure many Conveniencies and Pleasures of Life to the Party whose Interests they espouse; and at the same time may hope that the Wealth of their Friend will turn to their own Credit and Advantage. The others are preparing for themselves a perpetual Feast. A good Person does not only raise, but continue Love, and breeds a secret Pleasure and Complacency in the Beholder, when the first Heats of Desire are extinguished. It puts the Wife or Husband in Countenance both among Friends and Strangers, and generally fills the Family with a healthy and beautiful Race of Children.

I should prefer a Woman that is agreeable in my own Eye, and not deformed in that of the World, to a Celebrated Beauty. If you marry one remarkably beautiful, you must have a violent Passion for her, or you have not the proper Taste of her Charms; and if you have such a Passion for her, it is odds but it [would [1]] be imbittered with Fears and Jealousies.

Good-Nature and Evenness of Temper will give you an easie Companion for Life; Virtue and good Sense, an agreeable Friend; Love and Constancy, a good Wife or Husband. Where we meet one Person with all these Accomplishments, we find an hundred without any one of them. The World, notwithstanding, is more intent on Trains and Equipages, and all the showy Parts of Life; we love rather to dazzle the Multitude, than consult our proper Interest[s]; and, as I have elsewhere observed, it is one of the most unaccountable Passions of human Nature, that we are at greater Pains to appear easie and happy to others, than really to make our selves so. Of all Disparities, that in Humour makes the most unhappy Marriages, yet scarce enters into our Thoughts at the contracting of them. Several that are in this Respect unequally yoked, and uneasie for Life, with a Person of a particular Character, might have been pleased and happy with a Person of a contrary one, notwithstanding they are both perhaps equally virtuous and laudable in their Kind.

Before Marriage we cannot be too inquisitive and discerning in the Faults of the Person beloved, nor after it too dim-sighted and superficial. However perfect and accomplished the Person appears to you at a Distance, you will find many Blemishes

[1] [will]

and Imperfections in her Humour, upon a more intimate Acquaintance, which you never discovered or perhaps suspected. Here therefore Discretion and Good-nature are to shew their Strength; the first will hinder your Thoughts from dwelling on what is disagreeable, the other will raise in you all the Tenderness of Compassion and Humanity, and by degrees soften those very Imperfections into Beauties.

Marriage enlarges the Scene of our Happiness and Miseries. A Marriage of Love is pleasant; a Marriage of Interest easie; and a Marriage, where both meet, happy. A happy Marriage has in it all the Pleasures of Friendship, all the Enjoyments of Sense and Reason, and indeed, all the Sweets of Life. Nothing is a greater Mark of a degenerate and vicious Age, than the common Ridicule [which[1]] passes on this State of Life. It is, indeed, only happy in those who can look down with Scorn or Neglect on the Impieties of the Times, and tread the Paths of Life together in a constant uniform Course of Virtue.

No. 262.] *Monday, December* 31, 1711. [*Steele.*

Nulla venenato Littera mista Joco est.—Ovid.

I THINK myself highly obliged to the Publick for their kind Acceptance of a Paper which visits them every Morning, and has in it none of those *Seasonings* that recommend so many of the Writings which are in Vogue among us.

As, on the one Side, my Paper has not in it a single Word of News, a Reflection in Politics, nor a Stroak of Party; so on the other, there are no Fashionable Touches of Infidelity, no obscene Ideas, no Satyrs upon Priesthood, Marriage, and the like popular Topics of Ridicule; no private Scandal, nor any Thing that may tend to the Defamation of particular Persons, Families, or Societies.

There is not one of these above-mentioned Subjects that would not sell a very indifferent Paper, could I think of gratifying the Publick by such mean and base Methods. But notwithstanding I have rejected every Thing that savours of Party, every Thing that is loose and immoral, and every Thing that might create Uneasiness in the Minds of particular Persons, I find that the Demand of my Papers has encreased every Month since their first Appearance in the World. This does

[1] [that]

not perhaps reflect so much Honour upon my self, as on my Readers, who give a much greater Attention to Discourses of Virtue and Morality, than ever I expected, or indeed could hope.

When I broke loose from that great Body of Writers who have employed their Wit and Parts in propagating Vice and Irreligion, I did not question but I should be treated as an odd kind of Fellow that had a mind to appear singular in my Way of Writing: But the general Reception I have found, convinces me that the World is not so corrupt as we are apt to imagine; and that if those Men of Parts who have been employed in vitiating the Age had endeavour'd to rectify and amend it, they needed [not[1]] have sacrificed their good Sense and Virtue to their Fame and Reputation. No Man is so sunk in Vice and Ignorance, but there are still some hidden Seeds of Goodness and Knowledge in him; which give him a Relish of such Reflections and Speculations as have an [Aptness[2]] to improve the Mind, and make the Heart better.

I have shewn in a former Paper, with how much Care I have avoided all such Thoughts as are loose, obscene or immoral; and I believe my Reader would still think the better of me, if he knew the Pains I am at in qualifying what I write after such a manner, that nothing may be interpreted as aimed at private Persons. For this Reason when I draw any faulty Character, I consider all those Persons to whom the Malice of the World may possibly apply it, and take care to dash it with such particular Circumstances as may prevent all such ill-natured Applications. If I write any Thing on a black Man, I run over in my Mind all the eminent Persons in the Nation who are of that Complection: When I place an imaginary Name at the Head of a Character, I examine every Syllable and Letter of it, that it may not bear any Resemblance to one that is real. I know very well the Value which every Man sets upon his Reputation, and how painful it is to be exposed to the Mirth and Derision of the Publick, and should therefore scorn to divert my Reader, at the Expence of any private Man.

As I have been thus tender of every particular Person's Reputation, so I have taken more than ordinary Care not to give Offence to those who appear in the higher Figures of Life. I would not make myself merry even with a Piece of Pasteboard that is invested with a Publick Character; for which Reason I have never glanced upon the late designed Procession of his Holiness and his Attendants,[3] notwithstanding it might

[1] [not to]

[2] [Aptness in them]

[3] Fifteen images in waxwork, prepared for a procession on the 17th of

have afforded Matter to many ludicrous Speculations. Among those Advantages, which the Publick may reap from this Paper, it is not the least, that it draws Mens Minds off from the Bitterness of Party, and furnishes them with Subjects of Discourse that may be treated without Warmth or Passion. This is said to have been the first Design of those Gentlemen who set on Foot the Royal Society;[1] and had then a very good Effect, as it turned many of the greatest Genius's of that Age to the Disquisitions of natural Knowledge, who, if they had engaged in Politicks with the same Parts and Application, might have set their Country in a Flame. The Air-Pump, the Barometer, the Quadrant, and the like Inventions were thrown out to those busie Spirits, as Tubs and Barrels are to a Whale, that he may let the Ship sail on without Disturbance, while he diverts himself with those innocent Amusements.

I have been so very scrupulous in this Particular of not hurting any Man's Reputation that I have forborn mentioning even such Authors as I could not name without Honour. This I must confess to have been a Piece of very great Self-denial: For as the Publick relishes nothing better than the Ridicule which turns upon a Writer of any Eminence, so there is nothing which a Man that has but a very ordinary Talent in Ridicule may execute with greater Ease. One might raise Laughter for a Quarter of a Year together upon the Works of a Person who has published but a very few Volumes. For which [Reason[2]] I am astonished, that those who have appeared against this Paper have made so very little of it. The Criticisms which I have hitherto published, have been made with an Intention rather to discover Beauties and Excellencies in the Writers of my own Time, than to publish any of their Faults and Imperfections. In the mean while I should take it for a very great Favour from some of my underhand Detractors, if they would break all Measures with me so far, as to give me a Pretence for examining their Performances with an impartial Eye: Nor shall I look upon it as any Breach of Charity to criticise the Author, so long as I keep clear of the Person.

November, Queen Elizabeth's birthday, had been seized under a Secretary of State's warrant. Swift says, in his Journal to Stella, that the devil which was to have waited on the Pope was saved from burning because it was thought to resemble the Lord Treasurer.

[1] The Royal Society was incorporated in 1663 as the Royal Society of London 'for promoting Natural Knowledge.' In the same year there was an abortive insurrection in the North against the infamy of Charles II.'s government.

[2] [Reasons]

In the mean while, 'till I am provoked to such Hostilities, I shall from time to time endeavour to do Justice to those who have distinguished themselves in the politer Parts of Learning, and to point out such Beauties in their Works as may have escaped the Observation of others.

As the first Place among our *English* Poets is due to *Milton;* and as I have drawn more Quotations out of him than from any other, I shall enter into a regular Criticism upon his *Paradise Lost*, which I shall publish every *Saturday* 'till I have given my Thoughts upon that Poem. I shall not however presume to impose upon others my own particular Judgment on this Author, but only deliver it as my private Opinion. Criticism is of a very large Extent, and every particular Master in this Art has his favourite Passages in an Author, which do not equally strike the best Judges. It will be sufficient for me if I discover many Beauties or Imperfections which others have not attended to, and I should be very glad to see any of our eminent Writers publish their Discoveries on the same Subject. In short, I would always be understood to write my Papers of Criticism in the Spirit which *Horace* has expressed in those two famous Lines;

——Si quid novisti rectius istis,
Candidus imperti; si non, his utere mecum.

'If you have made any better Remarks of your own, com-
'municate them with Candour; if not, make use of these I
'present you with.' C.

No. 263.] *Tuesday, January* 1, 1712. [*Steele.*

Gratulor quod cum quem necesse erat diligere, qualiscunque esset, talem habemus ut libenter quoque diligamus.—Trebonius apud Tull.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AM the happy Father of a very towardly Son, in whom I do
'not only see my Life, but also my Manner of Life, renewed.
'It would be extremely beneficial to Society, if you would fre-
'quently resume Subjects which serve to bind these sort of
'Relations faster, and endear the Ties of Blood with those of
'Good-will, Protection, Observance, Indulgence, and Veneration.
'I would, methinks, have this done after an uncommon Method,
'and do not think any one, who is not capable of writing a good
'Play, fit to undertake a Work wherein there will necessarily
'occur so many secret Instincts, and Biasses of human Nature

'which would pass unobserved by common Eyes. I thank 'Heaven I have no outrageous Offence against my own excellent 'Parents to answer for; but when I am now and then alone, 'and look back upon my past Life, from my earliest Infancy 'to this Time, there are many Faults which I committed that 'did not appear to me, even till I my self became a Father. 'I had not till then a Notion of the Earnings of Heart, which 'a Man has when he sees his Child do a laudable Thing, or 'the sudden Damp which seizes him when he fears he will act 'something unworthy. It is not to be imagined, what a Re-'morse touched me for a long Train of childish Negligencies 'of my Mother, when I saw my Wife the other Day look out 'of the Window, and turn as pale as Ashes upon seeing my 'younger Boy sliding upon the Ice. These slight Intimations will 'give you to understand, that there are numberless little Crimes 'which Children take no notice of while they are doing, which 'upon Reflection, when they shall themselves become Fathers, 'they will look upon with the utmost Sorrow and Contrition, 'that they did not regard, before those whom they offended 'were to be no more seen. How many thousand Things do I 'remember, which would have highly pleased my Father, and 'I omitted for no other Reason, but that I thought what he 'proposed the Effect of Humour and old Age, which I am now 'convinced had Reason and good Sense in it. I cannot now 'go into the Parlour to him, and make his Heart glad with an 'Account of a Matter which was of no Consequence, but that 'I told it, and acted in it. The good Man and Woman are 'long since in their Graves, who used to sit and plot the Wel-'fare of us their Children, while, perhaps, we were sometimes 'laughing at the old Folks at another End of the House. The 'Truth of it is, were we merely to follow Nature in these great 'Duties of Life, tho' we have a strong Instinct towards the 'performing of them, we should be on both Sides very deficient. 'Age is so unwelcome to the Generality of Mankind, and 'Growth towards Manhood so desirable to all, that Resignation 'to Decay is too difficult a Task in the Father; and Deference, 'amidst the Impulse of gay Desires, appears unreasonable to 'the Son. There are so few who can grow old with a good 'Grace, and yet fewer who can come slow enough into the World, 'that a Father, were he to be actuated by his Desires, and a 'Son, were he to consult himself only, could neither of them 'behave himself as he ought to the other. But when Reason 'interposes against Instinct, where it would carry either out of 'the Interests of the other, there arises that happiest Intercourse

'of good Offices between those dearest Relations of human 'Life. The Father, according to the Opportunities which are 'offered to him, is throwing down Blessings on the Son, and 'the Son endeavouring to appear the worthy Offspring of such 'a Father. It is after this manner that *Camillus* and his first-'born dwell together. *Camillus* enjoys a pleasing and indo-'lent old Age, in which Passion is subdued, and Reason 'exalted. He waits the Day of his Dissolution with a Resigna-'tion mixed with Delight, and the Son fears the Accession of 'his Father's Fortune with Diffidence, lest he should not enjoy 'or become it as well as his Predecessor. Add to this, that 'the Father knows he leaves a Friend to the Children of his 'Friends, an easie Landlord to his Tenants, and an agreeable 'Companion to his Acquaintance. He believes his Son's 'Behaviour will make him frequently remembered, but never 'wanted. This Commerce is so well cemented, that without 'the Pomp of saying, *Son, be a Friend to such a one when I am 'gone; Camillus* knows, being in his Favour, is Direction 'enough to the grateful Youth who is to succeed him, without 'the Admonition of his mentioning it. These Gentlemen are 'honoured in all their Neighbourhood, and the same Effect 'which the Court has on the Manner of a Kingdom, their 'Characters have on all who live within the Influence of them.

'My Son and I are not of Fortune to communicate our good 'Actions or Intentions to so many as these Gentlemen do; but 'I will be bold to say, my Son has, by the Applause and 'Approbation which his Behaviour towards me has gained him, 'occasioned that many an old Man, besides my self, has re-'joiced. Other Men's Children follow the Example of mine, 'and I have the inexpressible Happiness of overhearing our 'Neighbours, as we ride by, point to their Children, and say, 'with a Voice of Joy, There they go.

'You cannot, *Mr.* SPECTATOR, pass your time better than 'insinuating the Delights which these Relations well regarded 'bestow upon each other. Ordinary Passions are no longer 'such, but mutual Love gives an Importance to the most 'indifferent things, and a Merit to Actions the most insignifi-'cant. When we look round the World, and observe the many 'Misunderstandings which are created by the Malice and 'Insinuation of the meanest Servants between People thus 'related, how necessary will it appear that it were inculcated 'that Men would be upon their Guard to support a Constancy 'of Affection, and that grounded upon the Principles of Reason, 'not the Impulses of Instinct.

'It is from the common Prejudices which Men receive from 'their Parents, that Hatreds are kept alive from one Generation 'to another; and when Men act by Instinct, Hatreds will 'descend when good Offices are forgotten. For the De- 'generacy of human Life is such, that our Anger is more easily 'transferred to our Children than our Love. Love always gives 'something to the Object it delights in, and Anger spoils the 'Person against whom it is moved of something laudable in 'him: From this Degeneracy therefore, and a sort of Self-Love, 'we are more prone to take up the Ill-will of our Parents, than 'to follow them in their Friendships.

'One would think there should need no more to make Men 'keep up this sort of Relation with the utmost Sanctity, than 'to examine their own Hearts. If every Father remembred 'his own Thoughts and Inclinations when he was a Son, and 'every Son remembred what he expected from his Father, 'when he himself was in a State of Dependance, this one 'Reflection would preserve Men from being dissolute or rigid 'in these several Capacities. The Power and Subjection 'between them, when broken, make them more emphatically 'Tyrants and Rebels against each other, with greater Cruelty 'of Heart, than the Disruption of States and Empires can 'possibly produce. I shall end this Application to you with 'two Letters which passed between a Mother and Son very 'lately, and are as follows.

Dear FRANK,

'If the Pleasures, which I have the Grief to hear you pursue in 'Town, do not take up all your Time, do not deny your Mother 'so much of it, as to read seriously this Letter. You said before 'Mr. *Letacre*, that an old Woman might live very well in the 'Country upon half my Jointure, and that your Father was a 'fond Fool to give me a Rent-Charge of Eight hundred a Year 'to the Prejudice of his Son. What *Letacre* said to you upon 'that Occasion, you ought to have born with more Decency, as 'he was your Father's well-beloved Servant, than to have called 'him *Country-put*. In the first place, *Frank*, I must tell you, 'I will have my Rent duly paid, for I will make up to your 'Sisters for the Partiality I was guilty of, in making your 'Father do so much as he has done for you. I may, it seems, 'live upon half my Jointure! I lived upon much less, *Frank*, 'when I carried you from Place to Place in these Arms, and 'could neither eat, dress, or mind any thing for feeding and 'tending you a weakly Child, and shedding Tears when the

'Convulsions you were then troubled with returned upon you. 'By my Care you outgrew them, to throw away the Vigour of 'your Youth in the Arms of Harlots, and deny your Mother 'what is not yours to detain. Both your Sisters are crying to 'see the Passion which I smother; but if you please to go 'on thus like a Gentleman of the Town, and forget all Regards 'to your self and Family, I shall immediately enter upon your 'Estate for the Arrear due to me, and without one Tear more 'contemn you for forgetting the Fondness of your Mother, as 'much as you have the Example of your Father. O *Frank*, do 'I live to omit writing myself,

Your Affectionate Mother,
A. T.

MADAM,

'I will come down to-morrow and pay the Money on my 'Knees. Pray write so no more. I will take care you never 'shall, for I will be for ever hereafter,

Your most dutiful Son,
F. T.

'I will bring down new Heads for my Sisters. Pray let all 'be forgotten.
T.

No. 264.] *Wednesday, January* 2, 1712. [*Steele.*

———*Secretum iter et fallentis Semita vitæ.*—Hor.

IT has been from Age to Age an Affectation to love the Pleasure of Solitude, amongst those who cannot possibly be supposed qualified for passing Life in that Manner. This People have taken up from reading the many agreeable things which have been writ on that Subject, for which we are beholden to excellent Persons who delighted in being retired and abstracted from the Pleasures that enchant the Generality of the World. This Way of Life is recommended indeed with great Beauty, and in such a Manner as disposes the Reader for the time to a pleasing Forgetfulness, or Negligence of the particular Hurry of Life in which he is engaged, together with a Longing for that State which he is charmed with in Description. But when we consider the World it self, and how few there are capable of a religious, learned, or philosophick Solitude, we shall be apt to change a Regard to that sort of Solitude, for being a little singular in enjoying Time after the

Way a Man himself likes best in the World, without going so far as wholly to withdraw from it. I have often observed, there is not a Man breathing who does not differ from all other Men, as much in the Sentiments of his Mind, as the Features of his Face. The Felicity is, when any one is so happy as to find out and follow what is the proper Bent of this Genius, and turn all his Endeavours to exert himself according as that prompts him. Instead of this, which is an innocent Method of enjoying a Man's self, and turning out of the general Tracks wherein you have Crowds of Rivals, there are those who pursue their own Way out of a Sowrness and Spirit of Contradiction: These Men do every thing which they are able to support, as if Guilt and Impunity could not go together. They choose a thing only because another dislikes it; and affect forsooth an inviolable Constancy in Matters of no manner of Moment. Thus sometimes an old Fellow shall wear this or that sort of Cut in his Cloaths with great Integrity, while all the rest of the World are degenerated into Buttons, Pockets and Loops unknown to their Ancestors. As insignificant as even this is, if it were searched to the Bottom, you perhaps would find it not sincere, but that he is in the Fashion in his Heart, and holds out from mere Obstinacy. But I am running from my intended Purpose, which was to celebrate a certain particular Manner of passing away Life, and is a Contradiction to no Man, but a Resolution to contract none of the exorbitant Desires by which others are enslaved. The best way of separating a Man's self from the World, is to give up the Desire of being known to it. After a Man has preserved his Innocence, and performed all Duties incumbent upon him, his Time spent his own Way is what makes his Life differ from that of a Slave. If they who affect Show and Pomp knew how many of their Spectators derided their trivial Taste, they would be very much less elated, and have an Inclination to examine the Merit of all they have to do with: They would soon find out that there are many who make a Figure below what their Fortune or Merit entitles them to, out of mere Choice, and an elegant Desire of Ease and Disincumbrance. It would look like Romance to tell you in this Age of an old Man who is contented to pass for an Humourist, and one who does not understand the Figure he ought to make in the World, while he lives in a Lodging of Ten Shillings a Week with only one Servant: While he dresses himself according to the Season in Cloth or in Stuff, and has no one necessary Attention to any thing but the Bell which calls to Prayers twice a Day. I say it would look like a Fable to report that this

Gentleman gives away all which is the Overplus of a great Fortune, by secret Methods to other Men. If he has not the Pomp of a numerous Train, and of Professors of Service to him, he has every Day he lives the Conscience that the Widow, the Fatherless, the Mourner, and the Stranger bless his unseen Hand in their Prayers. This Humourist gives up all the Compliments which People of his own Condition could make to him, for the Pleasures of helping the Afflicted, supplying the Needy, and befriending the Neglected. This Humourist keeps to himself much more than he wants, and gives a vast Refuse of his Superfluities to purchase Heaven, and by freeing others from the Temptations of Worldly Want, to carry a Retinue with him thither.

Of all Men who affect living in a particular Way, next to this admirable Character, I am the most enamoured of *Irus*, whose Condition will not admit of such Largesses, and perhaps would not be capable of making them, if it were. *Irus*, tho' he is now turned of Fifty, has not appeared in the World, in his real Character, since five and twenty, at which Age he ran out a small Patrimony, and spent some Time after with Rakes who had lived upon him: A Course of ten Years time, passed in all the little Alleys, By-Paths, and sometimes open Taverns and Streets of this Town, gave *Irus* a perfect Skill in judging of the Inclinations of Mankind, and acting accordingly. He seriously considered he was poor, and the general Horror which most Men have of all who are in that Condition. *Irus* judg'd very rightly, that while he could keep his Poverty a Secret, he should not feel the Weight of it; he improved this Thought into an Affectation of Closeness and Covetousness. Upon this one Principle he resolved to govern his future Life, and in the thirty sixth Year of his Age he repaired to *Long-lane*, and looked upon several Dresses which hung there deserted by their first Masters, and exposed to the Purchase of the best Bidder. At this Place he exchanged his gay Shabbiness of Cloaths fit for a much younger Man, to warm ones that would be decent for a much older one. *Irus* came out thoroughly equipped from Head to Foot, with a little oaken Cane in the Form of a substantial Man that did not mind his Dress, turned of fifty. He had at this time fifty Pounds in ready Money; and in this Habit, with this Fortune, he took his present Lodging in St. *John Street*, at the Mansion-House of a Taylor's Widow, who washes and can clear-starch his Bands. From that Time to this, he has kept the main Stock, without Alteration under or over to the value of five Pounds. He left off all his old Acquaintance to a Man, and all his Arts of Life, except the

Play of Backgammon, upon which he has more than bore his Charges. *Irus* has, ever since he came into this Neighbourhood, given all the Intimations, he skilfully could, of being a close Hunks worth Money: No body comes to visit him, he receives no Letters, and tells his Money Morning and Evening. He has, from the publick Papers, a Knowledge of what generally passes, shuns all Discourses of Money, but shrugs his Shoulder when you talk of Securities; he denies his being rich with the Air, which all do who are vain of being so: He is the Oracle of a Neighbouring Justice of Peace, who meets him at the Coffee-house; the Hopes that what he has must come to Somebody, and that he has no Heirs, have that Effect where ever he is known, that he every Day has three or four Invitations to dine at different Places, which he generally takes care to choose in such a manner, as not to seem inclined to the richer Man. All the young Men respect him, and say he is just the same Man he was when they were Boys. He uses no Artifice in the World, but makes use of Men's Designs upon him to get a Maintenance out of them. This he carries on by a certain Peevishness, (which he acts very well) that no one would believe could possibly enter into the Head of a poor Fellow. His Mein, his Dress, his Carriage, and his Language are such, that you would be at a loss to guess whether in the Active Part of his Life he had been a sensible Citizen, or Scholar that knew the World. These are the great Circumstances in the Life of *Irus*, and thus does he pass away his Days a Stranger to Mankind; and at his Death, the worst that will be said of him will be, that he got by every Man who had Expectations from him, more than he had to leave him.

I have an Inclination to print the following Letters; for that I have heard the Author of them has some where or other seen me, and by an excellent Faculty in Mimickry my Correspondents tell me he can assume my Air, and give my Taciturnity a Slyness which diverts more than any Thing I could say if I were present. Thus I am glad my Silence is attoned for to the good Company in Town. He has carried his Skill in Imitation so far, as to have forged a Letter from my Friend Sir ROGER in such a manner, that any one but I who am thoroughly acquainted with him, would have taken it for genuine.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'Having observed in *Lilly's* Grammar how sweetly *Bacchus* 'and *Apollo* run in a Verse: I have (to preserve the Amity 'between them) call'd in *Bacchus* to the Aid of my Profession 'of the *Theatre*. So that while some People of Quality are

'bespeaking Plays of me to be acted upon such a Day, and 'others, Hogsheads for their Houses against such a Time; I 'am wholly employ'd in the agreeable Service of Wit and 'Wine: Sir, I have sent you Sir *Roger de Coverley's* Letter to 'me, which pray comply with in Favour of the *Bumper* Tavern. 'Be kind, for you know a Player's utmost Pride is the 'Approbation of the SPECTATOR.

I am your Admirer, tho' unknown,
Richard Estcourt.[1]

To Mr. *Estcourt* at his House in *Covent-Garden.*

Coverley, December the 18th, 1711.

Old Comical Ones,

'The Hogsheads of Neat Port came safe, and have gotten 'thee good Reputation in these Parts; and I am glad to hear, 'that a Fellow who has been laying out his Money ever since 'he was born, for the meer Pleasure of Wine, has bethought

[1] Richard Estcourt, born at Tewkesbury in 1688, and educated in the Latin school there, stole from home at the age of 15 to join a travelling company of comedians at Worcester, and, to avoid detection, made his first appearance in woman's clothes as Roxana in *Alexander the Great*. He was discovered, however, pursued, brought home, carried to London, and bound prentice to an apothecary in Hatton Garden. He escaped again, wandered about England, went to Ireland, and there obtained credit as an actor; then returned to London, and appeared at Drury Lane, where his skill as a mimic enabled him to perform each part in the manner of the actor who had obtained chief credit by it. His power of mimicry made him very diverting in society, and as he had natural politeness with a sprightly wit, his company was sought and paid for at the entertainments of the great. 'Dick Estcourt' was a great favourite with the Duke of Marlborough, and when men of wit and rank joined in establishing the Beefsteak Club they made Estcourt their *Providore*, with a small gold gridiron, for badge, hung round his neck by a green ribbon. Estcourt was a writer for the stage as well as actor, and had shown his agreement with the *Spectator's* dramatic criticisms by ridiculing the Italian opera with an interlude called *Prunella*. In the Numbers of the *Spectator* for December 28 and 29 Estcourt had advertised that he would on the 1st of January open 'the Bumper' Tavern in James's Street, Westminster, and had laid in 'neat natural wines, fresh and in perfection; being bought by 'Brooke and Hellier, by whom the said Tavern will from time to time be 'supplied with the best growths that shall be imported; to be sold by whole-'sale as well as retail, with the utmost fidelity by his old servant, trusty 'Anthony, who has so often adorned both the theatres in England and 'Ireland; and as he is a person altogether unknowing in the wine trade, 'it cannot be doubted but that he will deliver the wine in the same natural 'purity that he receives it from the said merchants; and on these assurances 'he hopes that all his friends and acquaintance will become his customers, 'desiring a continuance of their favours no longer than they shall find 'themselves well served.' This is the venture which Steele here backs for his friend with the influence of the *Spectator*.

'himself of joining Profit and Pleasure together. Our Sexton '(poor Man) having received Strength from thy Wine since his 'fit of the Gout, is hugely taken with it: He says it is given by 'Nature for the Use of Families, that no Steward's Table can 'be without it, that it strengthens Digestion, excludes Surfeits, 'Fevers and Physick; which green Wines of any kind can't do. 'Pray get a pure snug Room, and I hope next Term to help fill 'your Bumper with our People of the Club; but you must 'have no Bells stirring when the *Spectator* comes; I forbore 'ringing to Dinner while he was down with me in the Country. 'Thank you for the little Hams and *Portugal* Onions; pray 'keep some always by you. You know my Supper is only good '*Cheshire* Cheese, best Mustard, a golden Pippin, attended 'with a Pipe of *John Sly's* Best. Sir *Harry* has stoln all your 'Songs, and tells the Story of the 5th of *November* to Perfection.

Yours to serve you,

Roger de Coverley.

'We've lost old *John* since you were here. T.

No. 265.] *Thursday, January* 3, 1712. [*Addison.*

Dixerit e multis aliquis, quid virus in angues
Adjicis? et rabidæ tradis ovile lupæ?—Ovid.

ONE of the Fathers, if I am rightly informed, has defined a Woman to be ξῶον φιλοκόσμον, *an Animal that delights in Finery*. I have already treated of the Sex in two or three Papers, conformably to this Definition, and have in particular observed, that in all Ages they have been more careful then the Men to adorn that Part of the Head, which we generally call the Outside.

This Observation is so very notorious, that when in ordinary Discourse we say a Man has a fine Head, a long Head, or a good Head, we express ourselves metaphorically, and speak in relation to his Understanding; whereas when we say of a Woman, she has a fine, a long or a good Head, we speak only in relation to her Commode.

It is observed among Birds, that Nature has lavished all her Ornaments upon the Male, who very often appears in a most beautiful Head-dress: Whether it be a Crest, a Comb, a Tuft of Feathers, or a natural little Plume, erected like a kind of Pinacle on the very Top of the Head. [As Nature on the

contrary[1]] has poured out her Charms in the greatest Abundance upon the Female Part of our Species, so they are very assiduous in bestowing upon themselves the finest Garnitures of Art. The Peacock in all his Pride, does not display half the Colours that appear in the Garments of a *British* Lady, when she is dressed either for a Ball or a Birth-day.

But to return to our Female Heads. The Ladies have been for some time in a kind of *moulting Season*, with regard to that Part of their Dress, having *cast* great Quantities of Ribbon, Lace, and Cambrick, and in some measure reduced that Part of the human Figure to the beautiful globular Form, which is natural to it. We have for a great while expected what kind of Ornament would be substituted in the Place of those antiquated Commodes. But our Female Projectors were all the last Summer so taken up with the Improvement of their Petticoats, that they had not time to attend to any thing else; but having at length sufficiently adorned their lower Parts, they now begin to turn their Thoughts upon the other Extremity, as well remembring the old Kitchen Proverb, that if you light your Fire at both Ends, the middle will shift for it self.

I am engaged in this Speculation by a Sight which I lately met with at the Opera. As I was standing in the hinder Part of the Box, I took notice of a little Cluster of Women sitting together in the prettiest coloured Hoods that I ever saw. One of them was Blue, another Yellow, and another Philomot;[2] the fourth was of a Pink Colour, and the fifth of a pale Green. I looked with as much Pleasure upon this little party-coloured Assembly, as upon a Bed of Tulips, and did not know at first whether it might not be an Embassy of *Indian* Queens; but upon my going about into the Pit, and taking them in Front, I was immediately undeceived, and saw so much Beauty in every Face, that I found them all to be *English*. Such Eyes and Lips, Cheeks and Foreheads, could be the Growth of no other Country. The Complection of their Faces hindred me from observing any farther the Colour of their Hoods, though I could easily perceive by that unspeakable Satisfaction which appeared in their Looks, that their own Thoughts were wholly taken up on those pretty Ornaments they wore upon their Heads.

I am informed that this Fashion spreads daily, insomuch that the Whig and Tory Ladies begin already to hang out different Colours, and to shew their Principles in their Head-

[1] [On the contrary as Nature]
[2] *Feuille mort*, the russet yellow of dead leaves.

dress. Nay if I may believe my Friend WILL. HONEYCOMB, there is a certain old Coquet of his Acquaintance who intends to appear very suddenly in a Rainbow Hood, like the *Iris* in *Dryden's Virgil*, not questioning but that among such a variety of Colours she shall have a Charm for every Heart.

My Friend WILL., who very much values himself upon his great Insights into Gallantry, tells me, that he can already guess at the Humour a Lady is in by her Hood, as the Courtiers of *Morocco* know the Disposition of their present Emperor by the Colour of the Dress which he puts on. When *Melesinda* wraps her Head in Flame Colour, her Heart is set upon Execution. When she covers it with Purple, I would not, says he, advise her Lover to approach her; but if she appears in White, it is Peace, and he may hand her out of her Box with Safety.

WILL. informs me likewise, that these Hoods may be used as Signals. Why else, says he, does *Cornelia* always put on a Black Hood when her Husband is gone into the Country?

Such are my Friend HONEYCOMB's Dreams of Gallantry. For my own part, I impute this Diversity of Colours in the Hoods to the Diversity of Complexion in the Faces of my pretty Country Women. *Ovid* in his Art of Love has given some Precepts as to this Particular, though I find they are different from those which prevail among the Moderns. He recommends a Red striped Silk to the pale Complexion; White to the Brown, and Dark to the Fair. On the contrary my Friend WILL., who pretends to be a greater Master in this Art than *Ovid*, tells me, that the palest Features look the most agreeable in white Sarsenet; that a Face which is overflushed appears to advantage in the deepest Scarlet, and that the darkest Complexion is not a little alleviated by a Black Hood. In short, he is for losing the Colour of the Face in that of the Hood, as a Fire burns dimly, and a Candle goes half out, in the Light of the Sun. This, says he, your *Ovid* himself has hinted, where he treats of these Matters, when he tells us that the blue Water Nymphs are dressed in Sky coloured Garments; and that *Aurora*, who always appears in the Light of the Rising Sun, is robed in Saffron.

Whether these his Observations are justly grounded I cannot tell: but I have often known him, as we have stood together behind the Ladies, praise or dispraise the Complexion of a Face which he never saw, from observing the Colour of her Hood, and has been very seldom out in these his Guesses.

As I have Nothing more at Heart than the Honour and

Improvement of the Fair Sex,[1] I cannot conclude this Paper without an Exhortation to the *British* Ladies, that they would excel the Women of all other Nations as much in Virtue and good Sense, as they do in Beauty; which they may certainly do, if they will be as industrious to cultivate their Minds, as they are to adorn their Bodies: In the mean while I shall recommend to their most serious Consideration the Saying of an old *Greek* Poet,

Γυναικὶ κόσμος ὁ τρόπος, κ' οὐ χρυσία.

[C.[2]]

No. 266.] *Friday, January* 4, 1712. [*Steele.*

Id vero est, quod ego mihi puto palmarium,
Me reperisse, quomodo adolescentulus
Meretricum ingenia et mores possit noscere:
Mature ut cum cognórit perpetuo oderit.
Ter. Eun. Act. 5, Sc. 4.

NO Vice or Wickedness which People fall into from Indulgence to Desire[s] which are natural to all, ought to place them below the Compassion of the virtuous Part of the World; which indeed often makes me a little apt to suspect the Sincerity of their Virtue, who are too warmly provoked at other Peoples personal Sins. The unlawful Commerce of the Sexes is of all other the hardest to avoid; and yet there is no one which you shall hear the rigider Part of Womankind speak of with so little Mercy. It is very certain that a modest Woman cannot abhor the Breach of Chastity too much; but pray let her hate it for her self, and only pity it in others. WILL. HONEYCOMB calls these over-offended Ladies, the Outragiously Virtuous.

I do not design to fall upon Failures in general, with relation to the Gift of Chastity, but at present only enter upon that large Field, and begin with the Consideration of poor and publick Whores. The other Evening passing along near *Covent-Garden*, I was jogged on the Elbow as I turned into the Piazza, on the right Hand coming out of *James-street*, by a slim young Girl of about Seventeen, who with a pert Air asked me if I was for a Pint of Wine. I do not know but I

[1] 'I will not meddle with the Spectator. Let him *fair-sex* it to the world's end.' Swift's Journal to Stella.

[2] [T.] corrected by an erratum in No. 268.

should have indulged my Curiosity in having some Chat with her, but that I am informed the Man of the *Bumper* knows me; and it would have made a Story for him not very agreeable to some Part of my Writings, though I have in others so frequently said that I am wholly unconcerned in any Scene I am in, but meerly as a Spectator. This Impediment being in my Way, we stood [under[1]] one of the Arches by Twilight; and there I could observe as exact Features as I had ever seen, the most agreeable Shape, the finest Neck and Bosom, in a Word, the whole Person of a Woman exquisitely Beautiful. She affected to allure me with a forced Wantonness in her Look and Air; but I saw it checked with Hunger and Cold: Her Eyes were wan and eager, her Dress thin and tawdry, her Mein genteel and childish. This strange Figure gave me much Anguish of Heart, and to avoid being seen with her I went away, but could not forbear giving her a Crown. The poor thing sighed, curtisied, and with a Blessing, expressed with the utmost Vehemence, turned from me. This Creature is what they call *newly come upon the Town*, but who, I suppose, falling into cruel Hands was left in the first Month from her Dishonour, and exposed to pass through the Hands and Discipline of one of those Hags of Hell whom we call Bawds. But lest I should grow too suddenly grave on this Subject, and be my self outragiously good, I shall turn to a Scene in one of *Fletcher's* Plays, where this Character is drawn, and the Oeconomy of Whoredom most admirably described. The Passage I would point to is in the third Scene of the second Act of *The Humorous Lieutenant*. *Leucippe* who is Agent for the King's Lust, and bawds at the same time for the whole Court, is very pleasantly introduced, reading her Minutes as a Person of Business, with two Maids, her Under-Secretaries, taking Instructions at a Table before her. Her Women, both those under her present Tutelage, and those which she is laying wait for, are alphabetically set down in her Book; and as she is looking over the Letter *C*, in a muttering Voice, as if between Soliloquy and speaking out, she says,

> *Her Maidenhead will yield me; let me see now;*
> *She is not Fifteen they say: For her Complexion———*
> Cloe, Cloe, Cloe, *here I have her,*
> Cloe, *the Daughter of a Country Gentleman;*
> *Here Age upon Fifteen. Now her Complexion,*
> *A lovely brown; here 'tis; Eyes black and rolling,*
> *The Body neatly built; she strikes a Lute well,*

[1] [under in]

Sings most enticingly: These Helps consider'd,
Her Maidenhead will amount to some three hundred,
Or three hundred and fifty Crowns, 'twill bear it handsomly.
Her Father's poor, some little Share deducted,
To buy him a Hunting Nag———

These Creatures are very well instructed in the Circumstances and Manners of all who are any Way related to the Fair One whom they have a Design upon. As *Cloe* is to be purchased with [350[1]] Crowns, and the Father taken off with a Pad; the Merchant's Wife next to her, who abounds in Plenty, is not to have downright Money, but the mercenary Part of her Mind is engaged with a Present of Plate and a little Ambition. She is made to understand that it is a Man of Quality who dies for her. The Examination of a young Girl for Business, and the crying down her Value for being a slight Thing, together with every other Circumstance in the Scene, are inimitably excellent, and have the true Spirit of Comedy; tho' it were to be wished the Author had added a Circumstance which should make *Leucippe's* Baseness more odious.

It must not be thought a Digression from my intended Speculation, to talk of Bawds in a Discourse upon Wenches; for a Woman of the Town is not thoroughly and properly such, without having gone through the Education of one of these Houses. But the compassionate Case of very many is, that they are taken into such Hands without any the least Suspicion, previous Temptation, or Admonition to what Place they are going. The last Week I went to an Inn in the City to enquire for some Provisions which were sent by a Waggon out of the Country; and as I waited in one of the Boxes till the Chamberlain had looked over his Parcel, I heard an old and a young Voice repeating the Questions and Responses of the Church-Catechism. I thought it no Breach of good Manners to peep at a Crevice, and look in at People so well employed; but who should I see there but the most artful Procuress in the Town, examining a most beautiful Country-Girl, who had come up in the same Waggon with my Things, *Whether she was well educated, could forbear playing the Wanton with Servants, and idle Fellows, of which this Town*, says she, *is too full:* At the same time, *Whether she knew enough of Breeding, as that if a Squire or a Gentleman, or one that was her Betters, should give her a civil Salute, she should curtsy and be humble, nevertheless.* Her innocent *forsooths, yes's, and't please you's, and she would do her Endeavour*, moved the good old Lady to take her out

[1] [fifty]

of the Hands of a Country Bumpkin her Brother, and hire her for her own Maid. I staid till I saw them all marched out to take Coach; the brother loaded with a great Cheese, he prevailed upon her to take for her Civilities to [his] Sister. This poor Creature's Fate is not far off that of her's whom I spoke of above, and it is not to be doubted, but after she has been long enough a Prey to Lust she will be delivered over to Famine; the Ironical Commendation of the Industry and Charity of these antiquated Ladies[, these[1]] Directors of Sin, after they can no longer commit it, makes up the Beauty of the inimitable Dedication to the *Plain-Dealer*,[2] and is a Masterpiece of Raillery on this Vice. But to understand all the Purleues of this Game the better, and to illustrate this Subject in future Discourses, I must venture my self, with my Friend WILL. into the Haunts of Beauty and Gallantry; from pampered Vice in the Habitations of the Wealthy, to distressed indigent Wickedness expelled the Harbours of the Brothel. T.

No. 267.] *Saturday, January* 5, 1712. [*Addison.*

Cedite Romani Scriptores, cedite Graii.[3]—Propert.

THERE is nothing in Nature [more irksome than[4]] general Discourses, especially when they turn chiefly upon Words.

[1] [. These]

[2] Wycherley's *Plain-Dealer* having given offence to many ladies, was inscribed in a satirical *billet doux* dedicatory 'To My Lady B * *.'

[3] 'Give place to him, Writers of Rome and Greece.' This application to Milton of a line from the last elegy (25th) in the second book of Propertius is not only an example of Addison's felicity in choice of motto for a paper, but was so bold and well-timed that it must have given a wholesome shock to the minds of many of the *Spectator's* readers. Addison was not before Steele in appreciation of Milton and diffusion of a true sense of his genius. Milton was the subject of the first piece of poetical criticism in the *Tatler;* where, in his sixth number, Steele, having said that 'all Milton's 'thoughts are wonderfully just and natural,' dwelt on the passage in which Adam tells his thoughts upon first falling asleep, soon after his creation. This passage he contrasts with 'the same apprehension of Annihilation' ascribed to Eve in a much lower sense by Dryden in his operatic version of *Paradise Lost.* In *Tatlers* and *Spectators* Steele and Addison had been equal contributors to the diffusion of a sense of Milton's genius. In Addison it had been strong, even when, at Oxford, in April, 1694, a young man trained in the taste of the day, he omitted Shakespeare from a rhymed 'Account of the chief English Poets,' but of Milton said:

> *'Whate'er his pen describes I more than see,*
> *Whilst ev'ry verse, array'd in majesty,*

[4] [so irksom as]

For this Reason I shall wave the Discussion of that Point which was started some Years since, whether *Milton's Paradise Lost* may

Bold and sublime, my whole attention draws,
And seems above the critics' nicer laws.'

Eighteen years older than he was when he wrote that, Addison now prepares by a series of Saturday Essays,—the Saturday Paper which reached many subscribers only in time for Sunday reading, being always set apart in the *Spectator* for moral or religious topics,—to show that, judged also by Aristotle and the 'critics' nicer laws,' Milton was even technically a greater epic poet than either Homer or Virgil. This nobody had conceded. Dryden, the best critic of the outgoing generation, had said in the Dedication of the Translations of *Juvenal* and *Persius*, published in 1692, 'As 'for Mr. Milton, whom we all admire with so much Justice, his Subject is 'not that of an Heroick Poem, properly so call'd: His Design is the Losing 'of our Happiness; his Event is not prosperous, like that of all other '*Epique* Works' (Dryden's French spelling of the word Epic is suggestive. For this new critical Mode was one of the fashions that had been imported from Paris); 'His Heavenly Machines are many, and his Human Persons 'are but two. But I will not take Mr. *Rymer's* work out of his Hands: 'He has promised the World a Critique on that Author; wherein, tho' he 'will not allow his Poem for Heroick, I hope he will grant us, that his 'Thoughts are elevated, his Words sounding, and that no Man has so 'happily copy'd the manner of Homer; or so copiously translated his 'Grecisms and the Latin Elegancies of Virgil. 'Tis true he runs into a Flat 'of Thought, sometimes for a Hundred Lines together, but 'tis when he is 'got into a Track of Scripture . . . . Neither will I justify *Milton* for his 'Blank Verse, tho' I may excuse him, by the Example of *Hanabal Caro* and 'other *Italians* who have used it: For whatever Causes he alledges for the 'abolishing of Rhime (which I have not now the leisure to examine), his 'own particular Reason is plainly this, that Rhime was not his Talent; he 'had neither the Ease of doing it, nor the Graces of it.' So Dryden, who appreciated Milton better than most of his critical neighbours, wrote of him in 1692. The promise of Rymer to discuss Milton was made in 1678, when, on the last page of his little book, *The Tragedies of the Last Age consider'd and examin'd by the Practice of the Ancients and by the Common Sense of all Ages, in a letter to Fleetwold Shepheard, Esq.* (father of two ladies who contribute an occasional letter to the *Spectator*), he said: 'With the remaining 'Tragedies I shall also send you some reflections on that *Paradise Lost* of 'Milton's, which some are pleased to call a Poem, and assert Rhime against 'the slender Sophistry wherewith he attaques it.' But two years after the appearance of Dryden's *Juvenal* and *Persius* Rymer prefixed to his translation of René Rapin's *Reflections on Aristotle's Poesie* some Reflections of his own on Epic Poets. Herein he speaks under the head Epic Poetry of Chaucer, 'in whose time language was not capable of heroic character;' or Spenser, who 'wanted a true Idea, and lost himself by following an unfaithful guide,' besides using a stanza which is in no wise proper for our 'language;' of Sir William Davenant, who, in *Gondibert*, 'has some strokes 'of an extraordinary judgment,' but 'is for unbeaten tracks and new ways 'of thinking;' 'his heroes are foreigners;' of Cowley, in whose *Davideis* 'David is the least part of the Poem,' and there is want of the 'one illustrious and perfect action which properly is the subject of an Epick Poem: 'all failing through ignorance or negligence of the Fundamental Rules or 'Laws of Aristotle. But he contemptuously passes over Milton without

be called an Heroick Poem? Those who will not give it that Title, may call it (if they please) a *Divine Poem.* It will be

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'mention.' Réné Rapin, that great French oracle of whom Dryden said, in the Preface to his own conversion of *Paradise Lost* into an opera, that he was 'alone sufficient, were all other critics lost, to teach anew the Art of 'Writing,' Réné Rapin in the work translated and introduced by Rymer, worshipped in Aristotle the one God of all orthodox critics. Of his Laws he said, 'There is no arriving at Perfection but by these Rules, and they 'certainly go astray that take a different course. . . . And if a Poem made 'by these Rules fails of success, the fault lies not in the Art, but in the 'Artist; all who have writ of this Art, have followed no other Idea but 'that of Aristotle.' Again as to Style, 'to say the truth, what is good on 'this subject is all taken from Aristotle, who is the only source whence 'good sense is to be drawn, when one goes about to write.' This was the critical temper Addison resolved to meet on its own ground and do battle with for the honour of that greatest of all Epic Poets to whom he fearlessly said that all the Greeks and Latins must give place. In so doing he might suggest here and there cautiously, and without bringing upon himself the discredit of much heresy,—indeed, without being much of a heretic,—that even the Divine Aristotle sometimes fell short of perfection. The conventional critics who believed they kept the gates of Fame would neither understand nor credit him. Nine years after these papers appeared, Charles Gildon, who passed for a critic of considerable mark, edited with copious annotation as '*the Laws of Poetry*' (1721), the Duke of Buckingham's 'Essay 'on Poetry,' Roscommon's 'Essay on Translated Verse,' and Lord Lansdowne 'on Unnatural Flights in Poetry,' and in the course of comment Gildon said that 'Mr. Addison in the *Spectators*, in his criticisms upon 'Milton, seems to have mistaken the matter, in endeavouring to bring that 'poem to the rules of the epopœia, which cannot be done. . . . It is not 'an Heroic Poem, but a Divine one, and indeed of a new species. It is 'plain that the proposition of all the heroic poems of the ancients mentions 'some one person as the subject of their poem . . . But Milton begins 'his poem of things, and not of men.' The Gildons are all gone; and when, in the next generation after theirs, national life began, in many parts of Europe, strongly to assert itself in literature against the pedantry of the French critical lawgivers, in Germany Milton's name was inscribed on the foremost standard of the men who represented the new spirit of the age. Gottsched, who dealt French critical law from Leipzig, by passing sentence against Milton in his 'Art of Poetry' in 1737, raised in Bodmer an opponent who led the revolt of all that was most vigorous in German thought, and put an end to French supremacy. Bodmer, in a book published in 1740 *Vom Wunderbaren in der Poesie*, justified and exalted Milton, and brought Addison to his aid by appending to his own work a translation of these Milton papers out of the *Spectator*. Gottsched replied; Bodmer retorted. Bodmer translated Paradise Lost; and what was called the English or Milton party (but was, in that form, really a German national party) were at last left masters of the field. It was right that these papers of Addison should be brought in as aids during the contest. Careful as he was to conciliate opposing prejudices, he was yet first in the field, and this motto to the first of his series of Milton papers, 'Yield place to him, Writers of 'Greece and Rome,' is as the first trumpet note of the one herald on a field from which only a quick ear can yet distinguish among stir of all that is near, the distant tramp of an advancing host.

sufficient to its Perfection, if it has in it all the Beauties of the highest kind of Poetry; and as for those who [alledge[1]] it is not an Heroick Poem, they advance no more to the Diminution of it, than if they should say *Adam* is not *Æneas*, nor *Eve Helen*.

I shall therefore examine it by the Rules of Epic Poetry, and see whether it falls short of the *Iliad* or *Æneid*, in the Beauties which are essential to that kind of Writing. The first thing to be considered in an Epic Poem, is the Fable,[2] which is perfect or imperfect, according as the Action which it relates is more or less so. This Action should have three Qualifications in it. First, It should be but One Action. Secondly, It should be an entire Action; and, Thirdly, It should be a great Action.[3] To consider the Action of the *Iliad*, *Æneid*, and *Paradise Lost*, in these three several Lights. *Homer* to preserve the Unity of his Action hastens into the Midst of Things, as *Horace* has observed:[4] Had he gone up to *Leda's* Egg, or begun much later, even at the Rape of *Helen*, or the Investing of *Troy*, it is manifest that the Story of the Poem would have been a Series of several Actions. He therefore opens his Poem with the Discord of his Princes, and [artfully[5]] interweaves, in the several succeeding Parts of it, an Account of every Thing [material] which relates to [them[6]] and had passed before that fatal Dissension. After the same manner, *Æneas* makes his first Appearance in the *Tyrrhene* Seas, and within

[1] [say]

[2] Aristotle, *Poetics*, III. § 1, after a full discussion of Tragedy, begins by saying, 'with respect to that species of Poetry which imitates by *Narration* '. . . it is obvious, that the Fable ought to be dramatically constructed, 'like that of Tragedy, and that it should have for its Subject one entire and 'perfect action, having a beginning, a middle, and an end;' forming a complete whole, like an animal, and therein differing, Aristotle says, from History, which treats not of one Action, but of one Time, and of all the events, casually connected, which happened to one person or to many during that time.

[3] *Poetics*, I. § 9. 'Epic Poetry agrees so far with Tragic as it is an 'imitation of great characters and actions.' Aristotle (from whose opinion, in this matter alone, his worshippers departed, right though he was) ranked a perfect tragedy above a perfect epic; for, he said, 'all the parts of the 'Epic poem are to be found in Tragedy, not all those of Tragedy in the 'Epic poem.'

[4] Nec reditum Diomedis ab interitu Meleagri,
Nec gemino bellum Trojanum orditur ab ovo,
Semper ad eventum festinat, et in medias res,
Non secus ac notas, auditorem rapit——
De Arte Poet. ll. 146-9.

[5] [with great Art]

[6] [the Story]

Sight of *Italy*, because the Action proposed to be celebrated was that of his settling himself in *Latium*. But because it was necessary for the Reader to know what had happened to him in the taking of *Troy*, and in the preceding Parts of his Voyage, *Virgil* makes his Hero relate it by way of Episode in the second and third Books of the *Æneid*. The Contents of both which Books come before those of the first Book in the Thread of the Story, tho' for preserving of this Unity of Action they follow them in the Disposition of the Poem. *Milton*, in imitation of these two great Poets, opens his *Paradise Lost* with an Infernal Council plotting the Fall of Man, which is the Action he proposed to celebrate; and as for those great Actions, which preceded, in point of Time, the Battle of the Angels, and the Creation of the World, (which would have entirely destroyed the Unity of his principal Action, had he related them in the same Order that they happened) he cast them into the fifth, sixth, and seventh Books, by way of Episode to this noble Poem.

Aristotle himself allows, that *Homer* has nothing to boast of as to the Unity of his Fable,[1] tho' at the same time that great Critick and Philosopher endeavours to palliate this Imperfection in the *Greek* Poet, by imputing it in some measure to the very Nature of an Epic Poem. Some have been of opinion, that the *Æneid* [also labours [2]] in this Particular, and has Episodes which may be looked upon as Excrescencies rather than as Parts of the Action. On the contrary, the Poem, which we have now under our Consideration, hath no other Episodes than such as naturally arise from the Subject, and yet is filled with such a Multitude of astonishing [Incidents,[3]] that it gives us at the same time a Pleasure of the greatest Variety, and of the greatest [Simplicity; uniform in its Nature, tho' diversified in the Execution [4]].

I must observe also, that as *Virgil*, in the Poem which was designed to celebrate the Original of the *Roman* Empire, has described the Birth of its great Rival, the *Carthaginian* Commonwealth: *Milton*, with the like Art, in his Poem on the *Fall of Man*, has related the Fall of those Angels who are his professed Enemies. Besides the many other Beauties in

[1] *Poetics*, V. § 3. In arguing the superiority of Tragic to Epic Poetry, Aristotle says, 'there is less Unity in all Epic imitation; as appears from 'this—that any Epic Poem will furnish matter for several Tragedies . . . 'The *Iliad*, for example, and the *Odyssey*, contain many such subordinate 'parts, each of which has a certain Magnitude and Unity of its own; yet is 'the construction of those Poems as perfect, and as nearly approaching to 'the imitation of a single action, as possible.'

[2] [labours also] [3] [Circumstances] [4] [Simplicity.]

such an Episode, its running parallel with the great Action of the Poem hinders it from breaking the Unity so much as another Episode would have done, that had not so great an Affinity with the principal Subject. In short, this is the same kind of Beauty which the Criticks admire in *The Spanish Frier*, or *The Double Discovery*,[1] where the two different Plots look like Counter-parts and Copies of one another.

The second Qualification required in the Action of an Epic Poem, is, that it should be an *entire* Action: An Action is entire when it is complete in all its Parts; or, as *Aristotle* describes it, when it consists of a Beginning, a Middle, and an End. Nothing should go before it, be intermixed with it, or follow after it, that is not related to it. As on the contrary, no single Step should be omitted in that just and regular Progress which it must be supposed to take from its Original to its Consummation. Thus we see the Anger of *Achilles* in its Birth, its Continuance and Effects; and *Æneas's* Settlement in *Italy*, carried on thro' all the Oppositions in his Way to it both by Sea and Land. The Action in *Milton* excels (I think) both the former in this Particular; we see it contrived in Hell, executed upon Earth, and punished by Heaven. The Parts of it are told in the most distinct Manner, and grow out of one another in the most natural [Order[2]]

The third Qualification of an Epic Poem is its *Greatness*. The Anger of *Achilles* was of such Consequence, that it embroiled the Kings of *Greece*, destroyed the Heroes of *Troy*, and engaged all the Gods in Factions. *Æneas's* Settlement in *Italy* produced the *Cæsars*, and gave Birth to the *Roman* Empire. *Milton's* Subject was still greater than either of the former; it does not determine the Fate of single Persons or Nations, but of a whole Species. The united Powers of Hell are joined together for the Destruction of Mankind, which they affected

[1] Dryden's *Spanish Friar* has been praised also by Johnson for the happy coincidence and coalition of the tragic and comic plots, and Sir Walter Scott said of it, in his edition of Dryden's Works, that 'the felicity does 'not consist in the ingenuity of his original conception, but in the minutely 'artificial strokes by which the reader is perpetually reminded of the depend-'ence of the one part of the Play on the other. These are so frequent, and 'appear so very natural, that the comic plot, instead of diverting our attention 'from the tragic business, recalls it to our mind by constant and unaffected 'allusion. No great event happens in the higher region of the camp or 'court that has not some indirect influence upon the intrigues of Lorenzo 'and Elvira; and the part which the gallant is called upon to act in the 'revolution that winds up the tragic interest, while it is highly in character, 'serves to bring the catastrophe of both parts of the play under the eye of 'the spectator, at one and the same time.'

[2] [Method]

in part, and would have completed, had not Omnipotence it self interposed. The principal Actors are Man in his greatest Perfection, and Woman in her highest Beauty. Their Enemies are the fallen Angels: The Messiah their Friend, and the Almighty their Protector. In short, every thing that is great in the whole Circle of Being, whether within the Verge of Nature, or out of it, has a proper Part assigned it in this noble Poem.

In Poetry, as in Architecture, not only the Whole, but the principal Members, and every Part of them, should be Great. I will not presume to say, that the Book of Games in the *Æneid*, or that in the *Iliad*, are not of this Nature, nor to reprehend *Virgil's* Simile of the Top,[1] and many other of the same [kind [2]] in the *Iliad*, as liable to any Censure in this Particular; but I think we may say, without [derogating from [3]] those wonderful Performances, that there is an unquestionable Magnificence in every Part of *Paradise Lost*, and indeed a much greater than could have been formed upon any Pagan System.

But *Aristotle*, by the Greatness of the Action, does not only mean that it should be great in its Nature, but also in its Duration, or in other Words that it should have a due Length in it, as well as what we properly call Greatness. The just Measure of this kind of Magnitude, he explains by the following Similitude.[4] An Animal, no bigger than a Mite, cannot appear perfect to the Eye, because the Sight takes it in at once, and has only a confused Idea of the Whole, and not a distinct Idea of all its Parts; if on the contrary you should suppose an Animal of ten thousand Furlongs in length, the Eye would be so filled with a single Part of it, that it could not give the Mind an Idea of the Whole. What these Animals are to the Eye, a very short or a very long Action would be to the Memory. The first would be, as it were, lost and swallowed up by it, and the other difficult to be contained in it. *Homer* and *Virgil* have shewn their principal Art in this Particular; the Action of the *Iliad*, and that of the *Æneid*, were in themselves exceeding

[1] *Æneid*, Bk. VII. ll. 378—384, thus translated by Dryden:

> '*And as young striplings whip the top for sport,*
> *On the smooth pavement of an empty court,*
> *The wooden engine flies and whirls about,*
> *Admir'd, with clamours, of the beardless rout;*
> *They lash aloud, each other they provoke,*
> *And lend their little souls at every stroke:*
> *Thus fares the Queen, and thus her fury blows*
> *Amidst the crowds, and trundles as she goes.*'

[2] [nature]

[3] [offence to]

[4] *Poetics*, II. § 4, where it is said of the magnitude of Tragedy.

short, but are so beautifully extended and diversified by the [Invention [1]] of *Episodes*, and the Machinery of Gods, with the like poetical Ornaments, that they make up an agreeable Story, sufficient to employ the Memory without overcharging it. *Milton's* Action is enriched with such a Variety of Circumstances, that I have taken as much Pleasure in reading the Contents of his Books, as in the best invented Story I ever met with. It is possible, that the Traditions, on which the *Iliad* and *Æneid* were built, had more Circumstances in them than the History of *the Fall of Man*, as it is related in Scripture. Besides, it was easier for *Homer* and *Virgil* to dash the Truth with Fiction, as they were in no danger of offending the Religion of their Country by it. But as for *Milton*, he had not only a very few Circumstances upon which to raise his Poem, but was also obliged to proceed with the greatest Caution in every thing that he added out of his own Invention. And, indeed, notwithstanding all the Restraints he was under, he has filled his Story with so many surprising Incidents, which bear so close an Analogy with what is delivered in Holy Writ, that it is capable of pleasing the most delicate Reader, without giving Offence to the most scrupulous.

The modern Criticks have collected from several Hints in the *Iliad* and *Æneid* the Space of Time, which is taken up by the Action of each of those Poems; but as a great Part of *Milton's* Story was transacted in Regions that lie out of the Reach of the Sun and the Sphere of Day, it is impossible to gratify the Reader with such a Calculation, which indeed would be more curious than instructive; none of the Criticks, either Ancient or Modern, having laid down Rules to circumscribe the Action of an Epic Poem with any determin'd Number of Years, Days or Hours.

This Piece of Criticism on Milton's Paradise Lost *shall be carried on in* [*the*] *following* [Saturdays] *Papers.* L.

No. 268.] *Monday, January* 7, 1712. [*Steele.*

——Minus aptus acutis
Naribus Horum Hominum—— Hor.

IT is not that I think I have been more witty than I ought of late, that at present I wholly forbear any Attempt towards it: I am of Opinion that I ought sometimes to lay before the

[1] [Intervention]

World the plain Letters of my Correspondents in the artless Dress in which they hastily send them, that the Reader may see I am not Accuser and Judge my self, but that the Indictment is properly and fairly laid, before I proceed against the Criminal.

Mr. SPECTATOR,[1]

'As you are *Spectator-General*, I apply myself to you in the 'following Case; viz. I do not wear a Sword, but I often divert 'my self at the Theatre, where I frequently see a Set of Fellows 'pull plain People, by way of Humour [and [2]] Frolick, by the 'Nose, upon frivolous or no Occasions. A Friend of mine 'the other Night applauding what a graceful Exit Mr. *Wilks* 'made, one of these Nose-wringers overhearing him, pinched 'him by the nose. I was in the Pit the other Night, (when it 'was very much crowded) a Gentleman leaning upon me, and 'very heavily, I very civilly requested him to remove his Hand; 'for which he pulled me by the Nose. I would not resent it in 'so publick a Place, because I was unwilling to create a Dis-'turbance; but have since reflected upon it as a thing that is 'unmanly and disingenuous, renders the Nose-puller odious, 'and makes the Person pulled by the Nose look little and 'contemptible. This Grievance I humbly request you would 'endeavour to redress.

I am your Admirer, &c.

James Easy.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'Your Discourse of the 29th of *December* on Love and 'Marriage is of so useful a Kind, that I cannot forbear adding 'my Thoughts to yours on that Subject. Methinks it is a Mis-'fortune, that the Marriage State, which in its own Nature is 'adapted to give us the compleatest Happiness this Life is 'capable of, should be so uncomfortable a one to so many as 'it daily proves. But the Mischief generally proceeds from the 'unwise Choice People make for themselves, and Expectation 'of Happiness from Things not capable of giving it. Nothing 'but the good Qualities of the Person beloved can be a 'Foundation for a Love of Judgment and Discretion; and 'whoever expects Happiness from any Thing but Virtue, 'Wisdom, Good-humour, and a Similitude of Manners, will 'find themselves widely mistaken. But how few are there who

[1] This Letter was written by Mr. James Heywood, many years wholesale linen-draper on Fish-street Hill, who died in 1776, at the age of 90. His 'Letters and Poems' were (including this letter at p. 100) in a second edition, in 12mo, in 1726.

[2] [or]

'seek after these things, and do not rather make Riches their 'chief if not their only Aim? How rare is it for a Man, when 'he engages himself in the Thoughts of Marriage, to place his 'Hopes of having in such a Woman a constant, agreeable 'Companion? One who will divide his Cares and double his 'Joys? Who will manage that Share of his Estate he intrusts 'to her Conduct with Prudence and Frugality, govern his 'House with Oeconomy and Discretion, and be an Ornament 'to himself and Family? Where shall we find the Man who 'looks out for one who places her chief Happiness in the 'Practice of Virtue, and makes her Duty her continual Plea-'sure? No: Men rather seek for Money as the Complement 'of all their Desires; and regardless of what kind of Wives 'they take, they think Riches will be a Minister to all kind of 'Pleasures, and enable them to keep Mistresses, Horses, 'Hounds, to drink, feast, and game with their Companions, 'pay their Debts contracted by former Extravagancies, or some 'such vile and unworthy End; and indulge themselves in 'Pleasures which are a Shame and Scandal to humane Nature. 'Now as for the Women; how few of them are there who place 'the Happiness of their Marriage in the having a wise and 'virtuous Friend? one who will be faithful and just to all, and 'constant and loving to them? who with Care and Diligence 'will look after and improve the Estate, and without grudging 'allow whatever is prudent and convenient? Rather, how few 'are there who do not place their Happiness in outshining 'others in Pomp and Show? and that do not think within 'themselves when they have married such a rich Person, that 'none of their Acquaintance shall appear so fine in their 'Equipage, so adorned in their Persons, or so magnificent in 'their Furniture as themselves? Thus their Heads are filled 'with vain Ideas; and I heartily wish I could say that Equipage 'and Show were not the Chief Good of so many Women as I 'fear it is.

'After this Manner do both Sexes deceive themselves, and 'bring Reflections and Disgrace upon the most happy and most 'honourable State of Life; whereas if they would but correct 'their depraved Taste, moderate their Ambition, and place 'their Happiness upon proper Objects, we should not find 'Felicity in the Marriage State such a Wonder in the World 'as it now is.

'Sir, if you think these Thoughts worth inserting [among [1]]

[1] [amongst]

'your own, be pleased to give them a better Dress, and let 'them pass abroad; and you will oblige *Your Admirer,*
A. B.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'As I was this Day walking in the Street, there happened to 'pass by on the other Side of the Way a Beauty, whose Charms 'were so attracting that it drew my Eyes wholly on that Side, 'insomuch that I neglected my own Way, and chanced to run 'my Nose directly against a Post; which the Lady no sooner 'perceived, but fell out into a Fit of Laughter, though at the 'same time she was sensible that her self was the Cause of my 'Misfortune, which in my Opinion was the greater Aggravation 'of her Crime. I being busy wiping off the Blood which 'trickled down my Face, had not Time to acquaint her with 'her Barbarity, as also with my Resolution, *viz.* never to look 'out of my Way for one of her Sex more: Therefore, that your 'humble Servant may be revenged, he desires you to insert this 'in one of your next Papers, which he hopes will be a Warning 'to all the rest of the Women Gazers, as well as to poor
Anthony Gape.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I desire to know in your next, if the merry Game of *The 'Parson has lost his Cloak*, is not mightily in Vogue amongst 'the fine Ladies this *Christmas;* because I see they wear 'Hoods of all Colours, which I suppose is for that Purpose: 'If it is, and you think it proper, I will carry some of those 'Hoods with me to our Ladies in *Yorkshire;* because they 'enjoyned me to bring them something from *London* that was 'very New. If you can tell any Thing in which I can obey 'their Commands more agreeably, be pleased to inform me, 'and you will extremely oblige
Your humble Servant.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Oxford, Dec.* 29.

'Since you appear inclined to be a Friend to the Distressed, 'I beg you would assist me in an Affair under which I have 'suffered very much. The reigning Toast of this Place is '*Patetia;* I have pursued her with the utmost Diligence this 'Twelve-month, and find nothing stands in my Way but one 'who flatters her more than I can. Pride is her Favourite 'Passion; therefore if you would be so far my Friend as to 'make a favourable Mention of her in one of your Papers, I 'believe I should not fail in my Addresses. The Scholars 'stand in Rows, as they did to be sure in your Time, at her

'Pew-door: and she has all the Devotion paid to her by a 'Crowd of Youth[s] who are unacquainted with the Sex, and 'have Inexperience added to their Passion: However, if it 'succeeds according to my Vows, you will make me the 'happiest Man in the World, and the most obliged amongst all

Your humble Servants.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I came [to[1]] my Mistress's Toilet this Morning, for I am 'admitted when her Face is stark naked: She frowned, and 'cryed Pish when I said a thing that I stole; and I will be 'judged by you whether it was not very pretty. Madam, said 'I, you [shall[2]] forbear that Part of your Dress; it may be 'well in others, but you cannot place a Patch where it does 'not hide a Beauty. T.

No. 269.] *Tuesday, January* 8, 1712. [*Addison.*

——Ævo rarissima nostro
Simplicitas—— Ovid.

I WAS this Morning surprised with a great knocking at the Door, when my Landlady's Daughter came up to me, and told me, that there was a Man below desired to speak with me. Upon my asking her who it was, she told me it was a very grave elderly Person, but that she did not know his Name. I immediately went down to him, and found him to be the Coachman of my worthy Friend Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY. He told me that his Master came to Town last Night, and would be glad to take a Turn with me in *Gray's-Inn* Walks. As I was wondring in my self what had brought Sir ROGER to Town, not having lately received any Letter from him, he told me that his Master was come up to get a Sight of Prince *Eugenio*,[3] and that he desired I would immediately meet him.

I was not a little pleased with the Curiosity of the old Knight, though I did not much wonder at it, having heard him say more than once in private Discourse, that he looked upon Prince *Eugenio* (for so the Knight always calls him) to be a greater Man than *Scanderbeg*.

[1] [at] [2] [should]

[3] Prince Eugene was at this time in London, and caressed by courtiers who had wished to prevent his coming, for he was careful to mark his friendship for the Duke of Marlborough, who was the subject of hostile party intrigues. During his visit he stood godfather to Steele's second son, who was named, after him, Eugene.

I was no sooner come into *Grays-Inn* Walks, but I heard my Friend upon the Terrace hemming twice or thrice to himself with great Vigour, for he loves to clear his Pipes in good Air (to make use of his own Phrase) and is not a little pleased with any one who takes notice of the Strength which he still exerts in his Morning Hems.

I was touched with a secret Joy at the Sight of the good old Man, who before he saw me was engaged in Conversation with a Beggar-Man that had asked an Alms of him. I could hear my Friend chide him for not finding out some Work; but at the same time saw him put his Hand in his Pocket and give him Six-pence.

Our Salutations were very hearty on both Sides, consisting of many kind Shakes of the Hand, and several affectionate Looks which we cast upon one another. After which the Knight told me my good Friend his Chaplain was very well, and much at my Service, and that the *Sunday* before he had made a most incomparable Sermon out of Dr. *Barrow*. I have left, says he, all my Affairs in his Hands, and being willing to lay an Obligation upon him, have deposited with him thirty Marks, to be distributed among his poor Parishioners.

He then proceeded to acquaint me with the Welfare of *Will Wimble*. Upon which he put his Hand into his Fob and presented me in his Name with a Tobacco-Stopper, telling me that *Will* had been busy all the Beginning of the Winter in turning great Quantities of them; and that he [made [1]] a Present of one to every Gentleman in the Country who has good Principles, and smoaks. He added, that poor *Will* was at present under great Tribulation, for that *Tom Touchy* had taken the Law of him for cutting some Hazel Sticks out of one of his Hedges.

Among other Pieces of News which the Knight brought from his Country-Seat, he informed me that *Moll White* was dead; and that about a Month after her Death the Wind was so very high, that it blew down the End of one of his Barns. But for my own part, says Sir ROGER, I do not think that the old Woman had any hand in it.

He afterwards fell into an Account of the Diversions which had passed in his House during the Holidays; for Sir ROGER, after the laudable Custom of his Ancestors, always keeps open House at *Christmas*. I learned from him that he had killed eight fat Hogs for the Season, that he had dealt about his Chines very liberally amongst his Neighbours, and that in

[1] [had made]

particular he had sent a string of Hogs-puddings with a pack of Cards to every poor Family in the Parish. I have often thought, says Sir ROGER, it happens very well that *Christmas* should fall out in the Middle of the Winter. It is the most dead uncomfortable Time of the Year, when the poor People would suffer very much from their [Poverty and Cold,[1]] if they had not good Cheer, warm Fires, and *Christmas* Gambols to support them. I love to rejoice their poor Hearts at this season, and to see the whole Village merry in my great Hall. I allow a double Quantity of Malt to my small Beer, and set it a running for twelve Days to every one that calls for it. I have always a Piece of cold Beef and a Mince-Pye upon the Table, and am wonderfully pleased to see my Tenants pass away a whole Evening in playing their innocent Tricks, and smutting one another. Our Friend *Will Wimble* is as merry as any of them, and shews a thousand roguish Tricks upon these Occasions.

I was very much delighted with the Reflection of my old Friend, which carried so much Goodness in it. He then launched out into the Praise of the late Act of Parliament[2] for securing the Church of *England*, and told me, with great Satisfaction, that he believed it already began to take Effect, for that a rigid Dissenter, who chanced to dine at his House on *Christmas* Day, had been observed to eat very plentifully of his Plumb-porridge.

After having dispatched all our Country Matters, Sir ROGER made several Inquiries concerning the Club, and particularly of his old Antagonist Sir ANDREW FREEPORT. He asked me with a kind of Smile, whether Sir ANDREW had not taken Advantage of his Absence, to vent among them some of his Republican Doctrines; but soon after gathering up his Countenance into a more than ordinary Seriousness, Tell me truly, says he, don't you think Sir ANDREW had a Hand in the Pope's Procession———but without giving me time to answer him, Well, well, says he, I know you are a wary Man, and do not care to talk of publick Matters.

The Knight then asked me, if I had seen Prince *Eugenio*, and made me promise to get him a Stand in some convenient Place where he might have a full Sight of that extraordinary Man, whose Presence does so much Honour to the *British* Nation. He dwelt very long on the Praises of this Great General, and I found that, since I was with him in the Country, he had drawn many Observations together out of his reading in

[1] [Cold and Poverty]
[2] The Act against Occasional Conformity, 10 Ann. cap. 2.

Baker's Chronicle, and other Authors, [who [1]] always lie in his Hall Window, which very much redound to the Honour of this Prince.

Having passed away the greatest Part of the Morning in hearing the Knight's Reflections, which were partly private, and partly political, he asked me if I would smoak a Pipe with him over a Dish of Coffee at *Squire's*. As I love the old Man, I take Delight in complying with every thing that is agreeable to him, and accordingly waited on him to the Coffee-house, where his venerable Figure drew upon us the Eyes of the whole Room. He had no sooner seated himself at the upper End of the high Table, but he called for a clean Pipe, a Paper of Tobacco, a Dish of Coffee, a Wax-Candle, and the *Supplement* with such an Air of Cheerfulness and Good-humour, that all the Boys in the Coffee-room (who seemed to take pleasure in serving him) were at once employed on his several Errands, insomuch that no Body else could come at a Dish of Tea, till the Knight had got all his Conveniences about him. L.

No. 270.] *Wednesday, January* 9, 1712. [*Steele.*

Discit enim citius, meminitque libentius illud,
Quod quis deridet, quam quod probat——— Hor.

I DO not know that I have been in greater Delight for these many Years, than in beholding the Boxes at the Play the last Time *The Scornful Lady* [2] was acted. So great an Assembly of Ladies placed in gradual Rows in all the Ornaments of Jewels, Silk and Colours, gave so lively and gay an Impression to the Heart, that methought the Season of the Year was vanished; and I did not think it an ill Expression of a young Fellow who stood near me, that called the Boxes Those Beds of Tulips. It was a pretty Variation of the Prospect, when any one of these fine Ladies rose up and did Honour to herself and Friend at a Distance, by curtisying; and gave Opportunity to that Friend to shew her Charms to the same Advantage in returning the Salutation. Here that Action is as proper and graceful, as it is at Church unbecoming and impertinent. By the way, I must take the Liberty to observe that I did not see any one who is usually so full of Civilities at Church, offer at any such Indecorum during any Part of the Action of the Play.

[1] [that]

[2] Beaumont and Fletcher's.

Such beautiful Prospects gladden our Minds, and when considered in general, give innocent and pleasing Ideas. He that dwells upon any one Object of Beauty, may fix his Imagination to his Disquiet; but the Contemplation of a whole Assembly together, is a Defence against the Encroachment of Desire: At least to me, who have taken pains to look at Beauty abstracted from the Consideration of its being the Object of Desire; at Power, only as it sits upon another, without any Hopes of partaking any Share of it; at Wisdom and Capacity, without any Pretensions to rival or envy its Acquisitions: I say to me, who am really free from forming any Hopes by beholding the Persons of beautiful Women, or warming my self into Ambition from the Successes of other Men, this World is not only a meer Scene, but a very pleasant one. Did Mankind but know the Freedom which there is in keeping thus aloof from the World, I should have more Imitators, than the powerfullest Man in the Nation has Followers. To be no Man's Rival in Love, or Competitor in Business, is a Character which if it does not recommend you as it ought to Benevolence among those whom you live with, yet has it certainly this Effect, that you do not stand so much in need of their Approbation, as you would if you aimed at it more, in setting your Heart on the same things which the Generality doat on. By this means, and with this easy Philosophy, I am never less at a Play than when I am at the Theatre; but indeed I am seldom so well pleased with the Action as in that Place, for most Men follow Nature no longer than while they are in their Night-Gowns, and all the busy Part of the Day are in Characters which they neither become or act in with Pleasure to themselves or their Beholders. But to return to my Ladies: I was very well pleased to see so great a Crowd of them assembled at a Play, wherein the Heroine, as the Phrase is, is so just a Picture of the Vanity of the Sex in tormenting their Admirers. The Lady who pines for the Man whom she treats with so much Impertinence and Inconstancy, is drawn with much Art and Humour. Her Resolutions to be extremely civil, but her Vanity arising just at the Instant that she resolved to express her self kindly, are described as by one who had studied the Sex. But when my Admiration is fixed upon this excellent Character, and two or three others in the Play, I must confess I was moved with the utmost Indignation at the trivial, senseless, and unnatural Representation of the Chaplain. It is possible there may be a Pedant in Holy Orders, and we have seen one or two of them in the World; but such a Driveler as Sir *Roger*, so bereft of all manner of

Pride, which is the Characteristick of a Pedant, is what one would not believe could come into the Head of the same Man who drew the rest of the Play. The Meeting between *Welford* and him shews a Wretch without any Notion of the Dignity of his Function; and it is out of all common Sense that he should give an Account of himself *as one sent four or five Miles in a Morning on Foot for Eggs*. It is not to be denied, but his Part and that of the Maid whom he makes Love to, are excellently well performed; but a Thing which is blameable in it self, grows still more so by the Success in the Execution of it. It is so mean a Thing to gratify a loose Age with a scandalous Representation of what is reputable among Men, not to say what is sacred, that no Beauty, no Excellence in an Author ought to attone for it; nay, such Excellence is an Aggravation of his Guilt, and an Argument that he errs against the Conviction of his own Understanding and Conscience. Wit should be tried by this Rule, and an Audience should rise against such a Scene, as throws down the Reputation of any thing which the Consideration of Religion or Decency should preserve from Contempt. But all this Evil arises from this one Corruption of Mind, that makes Men resent Offences against their Virtue, less than those against their Understanding. An Author shall write as if he thought there was not one Man of Honour or Woman of Chastity in the House, and come off with Applause: For an Insult upon all the Ten Commandments, with the little Criticks, is not so bad as the Breach of an Unity of Time or Place. Half Wits do not apprehend the Miseries that must necessarily flow from Degeneracy of Manners; nor do they know that Order is the Support of Society. Sir *Roger* and his Mistress are Monsters of the Poets own forming; the Sentiments in both of them are such as do not arise in Fools of their Education. We all know that a silly Scholar, instead of being below every one he meets with, is apt to be exalted above the Rank of such as are really his Superiors: His Arrogance is always founded upon particular Notions of Distinction in his own Head, accompanied with a pedantick Scorn of all Fortune and Preheminence, when compared with his Knowledge and Learning. This very one Character of Sir *Roger*, as silly as it really is, has done more towards the Disparagement of Holy Orders, and consequently of Virtue it self, than all the Wit that Author or any other could make up for in the Conduct of the longest Life after it. I do not pretend, in saying this, to give myself Airs of more Virtue than my Neighbours, but assert it from the Principles by which Mankind must always be governed.

Sallies of Imagination are to be overlook'd, when they are committed out of Warmth in the Recommendation of what is Praise worthy; but a deliberate advancing of Vice, with all the Wit in the World, is as ill an Action as any that comes before the Magistrate, and ought to be received as such by the People. T.

No. 271.] *Thursday, January* 10, 1712. [*Addison.*

Mille trahens varios adverso sole colores.—Virg.

I RECEIVE a double Advantage from the Letters of my Correspondents, first as they shew me which of my Papers are most acceptable to them; and in the next place as they furnish me with Materials for new Speculations. Sometimes indeed I do not make use of the Letter it self, but form the Hints of it into Plans of my own Invention; sometimes I take the Liberty to change the Language or Thought into my own Way of Speaking and Thinking, and always (if it can be done without Prejudice to the Sense) omit the many Compliments and Applauses which are usually bestowed upon me.

Besides the two Advantages above-mentioned which I receive from the Letters that are sent me, they give me an Opportunity of lengthning out my Paper by the skilful Management of the subscribing Part at the End of them, which perhaps does not a little conduce to the Ease, both of my self and Reader.

Some will have it, that I often write to my self, and am the only punctual Correspondent I have. This Objection would indeed be material, were the Letters I communicate to the Publick stuffed with my own Commendations: and if, instead of endeavouring to divert or instruct my Readers, I admired in them the Beauty of my own Performances. But I shall leave these wise Conjecturers to their own Imaginations, and produce the three following Letters for the Entertainment of the Day.

SIR,

'I was last *Thursday* in an Assembly of Ladies, where there 'were Thirteen different coloured Hoods. Your *Spectator* of 'that Day lying upon the Table, they ordered me to read it to 'them, which I did with a very clear Voice, 'till I came to the '*Greek* Verse at the End of it. I must confess I was a little 'startled at its popping upon me so unexpectedly. However, I 'covered my Confusion as well as I could, and after having 'mutter'd two or three hard Words to my self, laugh'd heartily,

'and cried, *A very good Jest, Faith.* The Ladies desired me 'to explain it to them; but I begged their pardon for that, and 'told them, that if it had been proper for them to hear, they 'may be sure the Author would not have wrapp'd it up in *Greek.* 'I then let drop several Expressions, as if there was something 'in it that was not fit to be spoken before a Company of Ladies. 'Upon which the Matron of the Assembly, who was dressed in 'a Cherry-coloured Hood, commended the Discretion of the 'Writer for having thrown his filthy Thoughts into *Greek*, which 'was likely to corrupt but few of his Readers. At the same 'time she declared herself very well pleased, that he had not 'given a decisive Opinion upon the new-fashioned Hoods; for 'to tell you truly, says she, I was afraid he would have made 'us ashamed to shew our Heads. Now, Sir, you must know, 'since this unlucky Accident happened to me in a Company of 'Ladies, among whom I passed for a most ingenious Man, I 'have consulted one who is well versed in the *Greek* Language, 'and he assures me upon his Word, that your late Quotation 'means no more, than that *Manners and not Dress are the* '*Ornaments of a Woman.* If this comes to the Knowledge of 'my Female Admirers, I shall be very hard put to it to bring 'my self off handsomely. In the mean while I give you this 'Account, that you may take care hereafter not to betray any of 'your Well-wishers into the like Inconveniencies. It is in the 'Number of these that I beg leave to subscribe my self,

Tom Trippit.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'Your Readers are so well pleased with your Character of 'Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY, that there appeared a sensible Joy 'in every Coffee-house, upon hearing the old Knight was come 'to Town. I am now with a Knot of his Admirers, who make 'it their joint Request to you. that you would give us publick 'Notice of the Window or Balcony where the Knight intends 'to make his Appearance. He has already given great Satis- 'faction to several who have seen him at *Squire's* Coffee-house. 'If you think fit to place your short Face at Sir ROGER'S Left 'Elbow, we shall take the Hint, and gratefully acknowledge so 'great a Favour. *I am, Sir,*

Your most Devoted
Humble Servant,
C. D.

SIR,

'Knowing that you are very Inquisitive after every thing that 'is Curious in Nature, I will wait on you if you please in the

'Dusk of the Evening, with my *Show* upon my Back, which I 'carry about with me in a Box, as only consisting of a Man, a 'Woman, and an Horse. The two first are married, in which 'State the little Cavalier has so well acquitted himself, that his 'Lady is with Child. The big-bellied Woman, and her Hus-'band, with their whimsical Palfry, are so very light, that when 'they are put together into a Scale, an ordinary Man may weigh 'down the whole Family. The little Man is a Bully in his 'Nature; but when he grows cholerick I confine him to his 'Box till his Wrath is over, by which Means I have hitherto 'prevented him from doing Mischief. His Horse is likewise 'very vicious, for which Reason I am forced to tie him close to 'his Manger with a Pack-thread. The Woman is a Coquet. 'She struts as much as it is possible for a Lady of two Foot 'high, and would ruin me in Silks, were not the Quantity that 'goes to a large Pin-Cushion sufficient to make her a Gown and 'Petticoat. She told me the other Day, that she heard the 'Ladies wore coloured Hoods, and ordered me to get her one 'of the finest Blue. I am forced to comply with her Demands 'while she is in her present Condition, being very willing to have 'more of the same Breed. I do not know what she may produce 'me, but provided it be a *Show* I shall be very well satisfied. 'Such Novelties should not, I think, be concealed from the '*British Spectator;* for which Reason I hope you will excuse 'this Presumption in

Your most Dutiful,
most Obedient,
and most Humble Servant,

I. S. T.

No. 272.] *Friday, January* 11, 1712. [*Steele.*

[———*Longa est injuria, longæ*
Ambages——— Virg.[1]]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THE Occasion of this Letter is of so great Importance, and 'the Circumstances of it such, that I know you will but 'think it just to insert it, in Preference of all other Matters that 'can present themselves to your Consideration. I need not, 'after I have said this, tell you that I am in Love. The 'Circumstances of my Passion I shall let you understand as 'well as a disordered Mind will admit. That cursed Pickthank

[1] [*Ubi visus eris nostra medicabilis arte*
Fac monitis fugias otia prima meis.—Ovid. Rem. Am.]

'Mrs. *Jane!* Alas, I am railing at one to you by her Name 'as familiarly as if you were acquainted with her as well as my 'self: But I will tell you all, as fast as the alternate Interruptions 'of Love and Anger will give me Leave. There is a most 'agreeable young Woman in the World whom I am passionately 'in Love with, and from whom I have for some space of Time 'received as great Marks of Favour as were fit for her to give, 'or me to desire. The successful Progress of the Affair of all 'others the most essential towards a Man's Happiness, gave 'a new Life and Spirit not only to my Behaviour and Dis-'course, but also a certain Grace to all my Actions in the 'Commerce of Life in all Things tho' never so remote from 'Love. You know the predominant Passion spreads its self 'thro' all a Man's Transactions, and exalts or depresses [him [1]] 'according to the Nature of such Passion. But alas, I have 'not yet begun my Story, and what is making Sentences and 'Observations when a Man is pleading for his Life? To begin 'then: This Lady has corresponded with me under the Names 'of Love, she my *Belinda*, I her *Cleanthes*. Tho' I am thus 'well got into the Account of my Affair, I cannot keep in the 'Thread of it so much as to give you the Character of Mrs. '*Jane*, whom I will not hide under a borrowed Name; but 'let you know that this Creature has been since I knew her 'very handsome, (tho' I will not allow her even she *has been* 'for the future) and during the Time of her Bloom and Beauty 'was so great a Tyrant to her Lovers, so over-valued her self 'and under-rated all her Pretenders, that they have deserted 'her to a Man; and she knows no Comfort but that common 'one to all in her Condition, the Pleasure of interrupting the 'Amours of others. It is impossible but you must have seen 'several of these Volunteers in Malice, who pass their whole 'Time in the most labourous Way of Life in getting Intelligence, 'running from Place to Place with new Whispers, without reap-'ing any other Benefit but the Hopes of making others as 'unhappy as themselves. Mrs. *Jane* happened to be at a 'Place where I, with many others well acquainted with my 'Passion for *Belinda*, passed a *Christmas*-Evening. There was 'among the rest a young Lady so free in Mirth, so amiable in 'a just Reserve that accompanied it; I wrong her to call it a 'Reserve, but there appeared in her a Mirth or Chearfulness 'which was not a Forbearance of more immoderate Joy, but 'the natural Appearance of all which could flow from a Mind 'possessed of an Habit of Innocence and Purity. I must have

[1] [it]

'utterly forgot *Belinda* to have taken no Notice of one who 'was growing up to the same womanly Virtues which shine to 'Perfection in her, had I not distinguished one who seemed to 'promise to the World the same Life and Conduct with my 'faithful and lovely *Belinda*. When the Company broke up, 'the fine young Thing permitted me to take Care of her Home. 'Mrs. *Jane* saw my particular Regard to her, and was informed 'of my attending her to her Father's House. She came early 'to *Belinda* the next Morning, and asked her if Mrs. *Such-a-* '*one* had been with her? No. If Mr. *Such-a-one's* Lady? 'No. Nor your Cousin *Such-a-one?* No. Lord, says Mrs. '*Jane*, what is the Friendship of Woman?——Nay, they 'may laugh at it. And did no one tell you any thing of the 'Behaviour of your Lover Mr. *What d'ye call* last Night? But 'perhaps it is nothing to you that he is to be married to young 'Mrs. ——— on *Tuesday* next? *Belinda* was here ready to 'die with Rage and Jealousy. Then Mrs. *Jane* goes on: I 'have a young Kinsman who is Clerk to a Great Conveyancer, 'who shall shew you the rough Draught of the Marriage Settle- 'ment. The World says her Father gives him Two Thousand 'Pounds more than he could have with you. I went inno- 'cently to wait on *Belinda* as usual, but was not admitted; I 'writ to her, and my Letter was sent back unopened. Poor '*Betty* her Maid, who is on my Side, has been here just now 'blubbering, and told me the whole Matter. She says she did 'not think I could be so base; and that she is now odious to 'her Mistress for having so often spoke well of me, that she 'dare not mention me more. All our Hopes are placed in 'having these Circumstances fairly represented in the SPEC- 'TATOR, which *Betty* says she dare not but bring up as soon as 'it is brought in; and has promised when you have broke the 'Ice to own this was laid between us: And when I can come 'to an Hearing, the young Lady will support what we say by 'her Testimony, that I never saw her but that once in my 'whole Life. Dear Sir, do not omit this true Relation, nor 'think it too particular; for there are Crowds of forlorn Coquets 'who intermingle themselves with other Ladies, and contract 'Familiarities out of Malice, and with no other Design but to 'blast the Hopes of Lovers, the Expectation of Parents, and 'the Benevolence of Kindred. I doubt not but I shall be,

SIR,

Your most obliged
humble Servant,
CLEANTHES.

SIR, *Will's* Coffee-house, *Jan.* 10.

'The other Day entering a Room adorned with the Fair 'Sex, I offered, after the usual Manner, to each of them a Kiss; 'but one, more scornful than the rest, turned her Cheek. I 'did not think it proper to take any Notice of it till I had 'asked your Advice. *Your humble Servant,* E. S.

The Correspondent is desir'd to say which Cheek the Offender turned to him.

ADVERTISEMENT.

From the Parish-Vestry, *January* 9.

All Ladies who come to Church in the New-fashioned Hoods, are desired to be there before Divine Service begins, lest they divert the Attention of the Congregation.

T. RALPH.

No. 273.] *Saturday, January* 12, 1712. [*Addison.*

———*Notandi sunt tibi* Mores.—Hor.

HAVING examined the Action of *Paradise Lost*, let us in the next place consider the Actors. [This is *Aristotle's* Method of considering, first the Fable, and secondly[1]] the Manners; or, as we generally call them in *English*, the Fable and the Characters.

Homer has excelled all the Heroic Poets that ever wrote, in the Multitude and Variety of his Characters. Every God that is admitted into this Poem, acts a Part which would have been suitable to no other Deity. His Princes are as much distinguished by their Manners, as by their Dominions; and even those among them, whose Characters seem wholly made up of Courage, differ from one another as to the particular kinds of Courage in which they excel. In short, there is scarce a Speech or Action in the *Iliad*, which the Reader may not ascribe to the Person that speaks or acts, without seeing his Name at the Head of it.

Homer does not only outshine all other Poets in the Variety, but also in the Novelty of his Characters. He has introduced among his *Grecian* Princes a Person who had lived thrice the Age of Man, and conversed with *Theseus*, *Hercules*, *Polyphemus*, and the first Race of Heroes His principal Actor is the

[1] [These are what Aristotle means by the Fable and]

[Son [1]] of a Goddess, not to mention the [Offspring of other Deities, who have [2]] likewise a Place in his Poem, and the venerable *Trojan* Prince, who was the Father of so many Kings and Heroes. There is in these several Characters of *Homer*, a certain Dignity as well as Novelty, which adapts them in a more peculiar manner to the Nature of an Heroic Poem. Tho' at the same time, to give them the greater Variety, he has described a *Vulcan*, that is a Buffoon among his Gods, and a *Thersites* among his Mortals.

Virgil falls infinitely short of *Homer* in the Characters of his Poem, both as to their Variety and Novelty. *Æneas* is indeed a perfect Character, but as for *Achates*, tho' he is stiled the Hero's Friend, he does nothing in the whole Poem which may deserve that Title. *Gyas*, *Mnesteus*, *Sergestus* and *Cloanthus*, are all of them Men of the same Stamp and Character.

——*Fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cloanthum.*

There are indeed several very Natural Incidents on the Part of *Ascanius;* as that of *Dido* cannot be sufficiently admired. I do not see any thing new or particular in *Turnus*. *Pallas* and *Evander* are [remote] Copies of *Hector* and *Priam*, as *Lausus* and *Mezentius* are almost Parallels to *Pallas* and *Evander*. The Characters of *Nisus* and *Eurialus* are beautiful, but common. [We must not forget the Parts of *Sinon*, *Camilla*, and some few others, which are fine Improvements on the *Greek* Poet.] In short, there is neither that Variety nor Novelty in the Persons of the *Æneid*, which we meet with in those of the *Iliad*.

If we look into the Characters of *Milton*, we shall find that he has introduced all the Variety [his Fable [3]] was capable of receiving. The whole Species of Mankind was in two Persons at the Time to which the Subject of his Poem is confined. We have, however, four distinct Characters in these two Persons. We see Man and Woman in the highest Innocence and Perfection, and in the most abject State of Guilt and Infirmity. The two last Characters are, indeed, very common and obvious, but the two first are not only more magnificent, but more new [4]

[1] [Offspring] [2] [Son of Aurora who has] [3] [that his Poem]

[4] It was especially for the novelty of *Paradise Lost*, that John Dennis had in 1704 exalted Milton above the ancients. In putting forward a prospectus of a large projected work upon 'the Grounds of Criticism in Poetry,' he gave as a specimen of the character of his work, the substance of what would be said in the beginning of the Criticism upon Milton. Here he gave Milton supremacy on ground precisely opposite to that chosen by Addison. He described him as 'one of the greatest and most daring Genius's that has 'appear'd in the World, and who has made his country a glorious present

than any Characters either in *Virgil* or *Homer*, or indeed in the whole Circle of Nature.

Milton was so sensible of this Defect in the Subject of his Poem, and of the few Characters it would afford him, that he has brought into it two Actors of a Shadowy and Fictitious Nature, in the Persons of *Sin* and *Death*,[1] by which means he has [wrought into [2]] the Body of his Fable a very beautiful and well-invented Allegory. But notwithstanding the Fineness of this Allegory may attone for it in some measure; I cannot think that Persons of such a Chymerical Existence are proper Actors in an Epic Poem; because there is not that measure of Probability annexed to them, which is requisite in Writings of this kind[, as I shall shew more at large hereafter].

Virgil has, indeed, admitted *Fame* as an Actress in the *Æneid*, but the Part she acts is very short, and none of the most admired Circumstances in that Divine Work. We find in Mock-Heroic Poems, particularly in the *Dispensary* and the *Lutrin*,[3] several Allegorical Persons of thisNature which

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'of the most lofty, but most irregular Poem, that has been produc'd by the 'Mind of Man. That great Man had a desire to give the World something 'like an Epick Poem; but he resolv'd at the same time to break thro' the 'Rules of Aristotle. Not that he was ignorant of them, or contemned 'them. . . . Milton was the first who in the space of almost 4000 years 'resolv'd for his Country's Honour and his own, to present the World with 'an Original Poem; that is to say, a Poem that should have his own 'thoughts, his own images, and his own spirit. In order to this he was 'resolved to write a Poem, that, by virtue of its extraordinary Subject, 'cannot so properly be said to be against the Rules as it may be affirmed to 'be above them all. . . . We shall now shew for what Reasons the choice 'of Milton's Subject, as it set him free from the obligation which he lay 'under to the Poetical Laws, so it necessarily threw him upon new Thoughts, 'new Images, and an Original Spirit. In the next place we shall shew that 'his Thoughts, his Images, and by consequence too, his Spirit are actually 'new, and different from those of Homer and Virgil. Thirdly, we shall 'shew, that besides their Newness, they have vastly the Advantage of '*Homer and Virgil*.'

[1] Paradise Lost, Book II. [2] [interwoven in]

[3] Sir Samuel Garth in his *Dispensary*, a mock-heroic poem upon a dispute, in 1696, among doctors over the setting up of a Dispensary in a room of the College of Physicians for relief of the sick poor, houses the God of Sloth within the College, and outside, among other allegories, personifies Disease as a Fury to whom the enemies of the Dispensary offer libation. Boileau in his *Lutrin*, a mock-heroic poem written in 1673 on a dispute between two chief personages of the chapter of a church in Paris, la Sainte Chapelle, as to the position of a pulpit, had with some minor allegory, chiefly personified Discord, and made her enter into the form of an old precentor, very much as in Garth's poem the Fury Disease

'*Shrill Colon's person took,*
'*In morals loose, but most precise in look.*'

are very beautiful in those Compositions, and may, perhaps, be used as an Argument, that the Authors of them were of Opinion, [such [1]] Characters might have a Place in an Epic Work. For my own part, I should be glad the Reader would think so, for the sake of the Poem I am now examining, and must further add, that if such empty unsubstantial Beings may be ever made use of on this Occasion, never were any more nicely imagined, and employed in more proper Actions, than those of which I am now speaking.

Another Principal Actor in this Poem is the great Enemy of Mankind. The Part of *Ulysses* in *Homer's Odyssey* is very much admired by *Aristotle*,[2] as perplexing that Fable with very agreeable Plots and Intricacies, not only by the many Adventures in his Voyage, and the Subtility of his Behaviour, but by the various Concealments and Discoveries of his Person in several Parts of that Poem. But the Crafty Being I have now mentioned, makes a much longer Voyage than *Ulysses*, puts in practice many more Wiles and Stratagems, and hides himself under a greater Variety of Shapes and Appearances, all of which are severally detected, to the great Delight and Surprize of the Reader.

We may likewise observe with how much Art the Poet has varied several Characters of the Persons that speak to his infernal Assembly. On the contrary, how has he represented the whole Godhead exerting it self towards Man in its full Benevolence under the Three-fold Distinction of a Creator, a Redeemer and a Comforter!

Nor must we omit the Person of *Raphael*, who amidst his Tenderness and Friendship for Man, shews such a Dignity and Condescension in all his Speech and Behaviour, as are suitable to a Superior Nature. [The Angels are indeed as much diversified in *Milton*, and distinguished by their proper Parts, as the Gods are in *Homer* or *Virgil*. The Reader will find nothing ascribed to *Uriel*, *Gabriel*, *Michael*, or *Raphael*, which is not in a particular manner suitable to their respective Characters.]

There is another Circumstance in the principal Actors of the *Iliad* and *Æneid*, which gives a [peculiar [3]] Beauty to those two Poems, and was therefore contrived with very great Judgment. I mean the Authors having chosen for their Heroes, Persons who were so nearly related to the People for whom they wrote. *Achilles* was a *Greek*, and *Æneas* the remote

[1] [that such] [2] Poetics II. § 17; III. § 6. [3] [particular]

Founder of *Rome*. By this means their Countrymen (whom they principally proposed to themselves for their Readers) were particularly attentive to all the Parts of their Story, and sympathized with their Heroes in all their Adventures. A *Roman* could not but rejoice in the Escapes, Successes and Victories of *Æneas*, and be grieved at any Defeats, Misfortunes or Disappointments that befel him; as a *Greek* must have had the same Regard for *Achilles*. And it is plain, that each of those Poems have lost this great Advantage, among those Readers to whom their Heroes are as Strangers, or indifferent Persons.

Milton's Poem is admirable in this respect, since it is impossible for any of its Readers, whatever Nation, Country or People he may belong to, not to be related to the Persons who are the principal Actors in it; but what is still infinitely more to its Advantage, the principal Actors in this Poem are not only our Progenitors, but our Representatives. We have an actual Interest in every thing they do, and no less than our utmost Happiness is concerned, and lies at Stake in all their Behaviour.

I shall subjoin as a Corollary to the foregoing Remark, an admirable Observation out of *Aristotle*, which hath been very much misrepresented in the Quotations of some Modern Criticks. 'If a Man of perfect and consummate Virtue falls into a Mis-'fortune, it raises our Pity, but not our Terror, because we do 'not fear that it may be our own Case, who do not resemble 'the Suffering Person.' But as that great Philosopher adds, 'If 'we see a Man of Virtue mixt with Infirmities, fall into any 'Misfortune, it does not only raise our Pity but our Terror; 'because we are afraid that the like Misfortunes may happen 'to our selves, who resemble the Character of the Suffering 'Person.

I shall take another Opportunity to observe, that a Person of an absolute and consummate Virtue should never be introduced in Tragedy, and shall only remark in this Place, that the foregoing Observation of *Aristotle*[1] tho' it may be true in other Occasions, does not hold in this; because in the present Case, though the Persons who fall into Misfortune are of the most perfect and consummate Virtue, it is not to be considered

[1] Poetics II. § 11. But Addison misquotes the first clause. Aristotle says that when a wholly virtuous man falls from prosperity into adversity, 'this is neither terrible *nor piteous*, but (μιάρον) shocking. Then he adds 'that our pity is excited by undeserved misfortune, and our terror by some 'resemblance between the sufferer and ourselves.'

as what may possibly be, but what actually is our own Case; since we are embarked with them on the same Bottom, and must be Partakers of their Happiness or Misery.

In this, and some other very few Instances, *Aristotle's* Rules for Epic Poetry (which he had drawn from his Reflections upon *Homer*) cannot be supposed to quadrate exactly with the Heroic Poems which have been made since his Time; since it is plain his Rules would [still have been [1]] more perfect, could he have perused the *Æneid* which was made some hundred Years after his Death.

In my next, I shall go through other Parts of Milton's *Poem; and hope that what I shall there advance, as well as what I have already written, will not only serve as a Comment upon* Milton, *but upon* Aristotle. L.

No. 274.] *Monday, January* 14, 1712. [*Steele.*

Audire est operæ pretium, procedere recte
Qui mœchis non vultis——— Hor.

I HAVE upon several Occasions (that have occurred since I first took into my Thoughts the present State of Fornication) weighed with my self, in behalf of guilty Females, the Impulses of Flesh and Blood, together with the Arts and Gallantries of crafty Men; and reflect with some Scorn that most Part of what we in our Youth think gay and polite, is nothing else but an Habit of indulging a Pruriency that Way. It will cost some Labour to bring People to so lively a Sense of this, as to recover the manly Modesty in the Behaviour of my Men Readers, and the bashful Grace in the Faces of my Women; but in all Cases which come into Debate, there are certain things previously to be done before we can have a true Light into the Subject Matter; therefore it will, in the first Place, be necessary to consider the impotent Wenchers and industrious Haggs, who are supplied with, and are constantly supplying new Sacrifices to the Devil of Lust. You are to know then, if you are so happy as not to know it already, that the great Havock which is made in the Habitations of Beauty and Innocence, is committed by such as can only lay waste and not enjoy the Soil. When you observe the present State of

[1] [have been still]

Vice and Virtue, the Offenders are such as one would think should have no Impulse to what they are pursuing; as in Business, you see sometimes Fools pretend to be Knaves, so in Pleasure, you will find old Men set up for Wenchers. This latter sort of Men are the great Basis and Fund of Iniquity in the Kind we are speaking of: You shall have an old rich Man often receive Scrawls from the several Quarters of the Town, with Descriptions of the new Wares in their Hands, if he will please to send Word when he will be waited on. This Interview is contrived, and the Innocent is brought to such Indecencies as from Time to Time banish Shame and raise Desire. With these Preparatives the Haggs break their Wards by little and little, 'till they are brought to lose all Apprehensions of what shall befall them in the Possession of younger Men. It is a common Postscript of an Hagg to a young Fellow whom she invites to a new Woman, *She has, I assure you, seen none but old Mr. Such-a-one.* It pleases the old Fellow that the Nymph is brought to him unadorned, and from his Bounty she is accommodated with enough to dress her for other Lovers. This is the most ordinary Method of bringing Beauty and Poverty into the Possession of the Town: But the particular Cases of kind Keepers, skilful Pimps, and all others who drive a separate Trade, and are not in the general Society or Commerce of Sin, will require distinct Consideration. At the same time that we are thus severe on the Abandoned, we are apt to represent the Case of others with that Mitigation as the Circumstances demand. Calling Names does no Good; to speak worse of any thing than it deserves, does only take off from the Credit of the Accuser, and has implicitly the Force of an Apology in the Behalf of the Person accused. We shall therefore, according as the Circumstances differ, vary our Appellations of these Criminals: Those who offend only against themselves, and are not Scandals to Society, but out of Deference to the sober Part of the World, have so much Good left in them as to be ashamed, must not be huddled in the common Word due to the worst of Women; but Regard is to be had to their Circumstances when they fell, to the uneasy Perplexity under which they lived under senseless and severe Parents, to the Importunity of Poverty, to the Violence of a Passion in its Beginning well grounded, and all other Alleviations which make unhappy Women resign the Characteristick of their Sex, Modesty. To do otherwise than thus, would be to act like a Pedantick Stoick, who thinks all Crimes alike, and not like an impartial SPECTATOR, who looks upon

them with all the Circumstances that diminish or enhance the Guilt. I am in Hopes, if this Subject be well pursued, Women will hereafter from their Infancy be treated with an Eye to their future State in the World; and not have their Tempers made too untractable from an improper Sourness or Pride, or too complying from Familiarity or Forwardness contracted at their own Houses. After these Hints on this Subject, I shall end this Paper with the following genuine Letter; and desire all who think they may be concerned in future Speculations on this Subject, to send in what they have to say for themselves for some Incidents in their Lives, in order to have proper Allowances made for their Conduct.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *January* 5, 1711.

'The Subject of your Yesterday's Paper is of so great Im-'portance, and the thorough handling of it may be so very use-'ful to the Preservation of many an innocent young Creature, 'that I think every one is obliged to furnish you with what 'Lights he can, to expose the pernicious Arts and Practices of 'those unnatural Women called Bawds. In order to this the 'enclosed is sent you, which is *verbatim* the Copy of a Letter 'written by a Bawd of Figure in this Town to a noble Lord. 'I have concealed the Names of both, my Intention being not 'to expose the Persons but the Thing.

I am,
SIR,
Your humble Servant.

My Lord,

'I having a great Esteem for your Honour, and a better 'Opinion of you than of any of the Quality, makes me acquaint 'you of an Affair that I hope will oblige you to know. I have 'a Niece that came to Town about a Fortnight ago. Her 'Parents being lately dead she came to me, expecting to a 'found me in so good a Condition as to a set her up in a 'Milliner's Shop. Her Father gave Fourscore Pounds with 'her for five Years: Her Time is out, and she is not Sixteen; 'as pretty a black Gentlewoman as ever you saw, a little 'Woman, which I know your Lordship likes: well shaped, and 'as fine a Complection for Red and White as ever I saw; I 'doubt not but your Lordship will be of the same Opinion. 'She designs to go down about a Month hence except I can 'provide for her, which I cannot at present. Her Father was 'one with whom all he had died with him, so there is four 'Children left destitute; so if your Lordship thinks fit to make

'an Appointment where I shall wait on you with my Niece, 'by a Line or two, I stay for your Answer; for I have no Place 'fitted up since I left my House, fit to entertain your Honour. 'I told her she should go with me to see a Gentleman a very 'good Friend of mine; so I desire you to take no Notice of 'my Letter by reason she is ignorant of the Ways of the Town. 'My Lord, I desire if you meet us to come alone; for upon 'my Word and Honour you are the first that ever I mentioned 'her to. So I remain,

Your Lordship's
Most humble Servant to Command.

'I beg of you to burn it when you've read it. T.

No. 275.] *Tuesday, January* 15, 1712. [*Addison.*

——*tribus Anticyris caput insanabile*—— Juv.

I WAS Yesterday engaged in an Assembly of Virtuosos, where one of them produced many curious Observations which he had lately made in the Anatomy of an Human Body. Another of the Company communicated to us several wonderful Discoveries, which he had also made on the same Subject, by the Help of very fine Glasses. This gave Birth to a great Variety of uncommon Remarks, and furnished Discourse for the remaining Part of the Day.

The different Opinions which were started on this Occasion, presented to my Imagination so many new Ideas, that by mixing with those which were already there, they employed my Fancy all the last Night, and composed a very wild Extravagant Dream.

I was invited, methoughts, to the Dissection of a *Beau's Head* and of a *Coquet's Heart*, which were both of them laid on a Table before us. An imaginary Operator opened the first with a great deal of Nicety, which, upon a cursory and superficial View, appeared like the Head of another Man; but upon applying our Glasses to it, we made a very odd Discovery, namely, that what we looked upon as Brains, were not such in reality, but an Heap of strange Materials wound up in that Shape and Texture, and packed together with wonderful Art in the several Cavities of the Skull. For, as *Homer* tells us, that the Blood of the Gods is not real Blood, but only something like it; so we found that the Brain of a Beau is not real Brain, but only something like it.

The *Pineal Gland*, which many of our Modern Philosophers suppose to be the Seat of the Soul, smelt very strong of Essence and Orange-flower Water, and was encompassed with a kind of Horny Substance, cut into a thousand little Faces or Mirrours, which were imperceptible to the naked Eye, insomuch that the Soul, if there had been any here, must have been always taken up in contemplating her own Beauties.

We observed a long *Antrum* or Cavity in the *Sinciput*, that was filled with Ribbons, Lace and Embroidery, wrought together in a most curious Piece of Network, the Parts of which were likewise imperceptible to the naked Eye. Another of these *Antrums* or Cavities was stuffed with invisible Billet-doux, Love-Letters, pricked Dances, and other Trumpery of the same Nature. In another we found a kind of Powder, which set the whole Company a Sneezing, and by the Scent discovered it self to be right *Spanish*. The several other Cells were stored with Commodities of the same kind, of which it would be tedious to give the Reader an exact Inventory.

There was a large Cavity on each side of the Head, which I must not omit. That on the right Side was filled with Fictions, Flatteries, and Falshoods, Vows, Promises, and Protestations; that on the left with Oaths and Imprecations. There issued out a *Duct* from each of these Cells, which ran into the Root of the Tongue, where both joined together, and passed forward in one common *Duct* to the Tip of it. We discovered several little Roads or Canals running from the Ear into the Brain, and took particular care to trace them out through their several Passages. One of them extended itself to a Bundle of Sonnets and little musical Instruments. Others ended in several Bladders which were filled either with Wind or Froth. But the latter Canal entered into a great Cavity of the Skull, from whence there went another Canal into the Tongue. This great Cavity was filled with a kind of Spongy Substance, which the *French* Anatomists call *Galimatias*, and the *English*, Nonsense.

The Skins of the Forehead were extremely tough and thick, and, what very much surprized us, had not in them any single Blood-Vessel that we were able to discover, either with or without our Glasses; from whence we concluded, that the Party when alive must have been entirely deprived of the Faculty of Blushing.

The *Os Cribriforme* was exceedingly stuffed, and in some Places damaged with Snuff. We could not but take notice in particular of that small Muscle which is not often discovered in Dissections, and draws the Nose upwards, when it expresses

the Contempt which the Owner of it has, upon seeing any thing he does not like, or hearing any thing he does not understand. I need not tell my learned Reader, this is that Muscle which performs the Motion so often mentioned by the *Latin* Poets, when they talk of a Man's cocking his Nose, or playing the Rhinoceros.

We did not find any thing very remarkable in the Eye, saving only, that the *Musculi Amatorii*, or, as we may translate it into *English*, the *Ogling Muscles*, were very much worn and decayed with use; whereas on the contrary, the *Elevator*, or the Muscle which turns the Eye towards Heaven, did not appear to have been used at all.

I have only mentioned in this Dissection such new Discoveries as we were able to make, and have not taken any notice of those Parts which are to be met with in common Heads. As for the Skull, the Face, and indeed the whole outward Shape and Figure of the Head, we could not discover any Difference from what we observe in the Heads of other Men. We were informed, that the Person to whom this Head belonged, had passed for *a Man* above five and thirty Years; during which time he Eat and Drank like other People, dressed well, talked loud, laught frequently, and on particular Occasions had acquitted himself tolerably at a Ball or an Assembly; to which one of the Company added, that a certain Knot of Ladies took him for a Wit. He was cut off in the Flower of his Age by the Blow of a Paring-Shovel, having been surprized by an eminent Citizen, as he was tendring some Civilities to his Wife.

When we had thoroughly examined this Head with all its Apartments, and its several kinds of Furniture, we put up the Brain, such as it was, into its proper Place, and laid it aside under a broad Piece of Scarlet Cloth, in order to be *prepared*, and kept in a great Repository of Dissections; our Operator telling us that the Preparation would not be so difficult as that of another Brain, for that he had observed several of the little Pipes and Tubes which ran through the Brain were already filled with a kind of Mercurial Substance, which he looked upon to be true Quick-Silver.

He applied himself in the next Place to the *Coquet's Heart*, which he likewise laid open with great Dexterity. There occurred to us many Particularities in this Dissection; but being unwilling to burden my Reader's Memory too much, I shall reserve this Subject for the Speculation of another Day.

L.

No. 276.] *Wednesday, January* 16, 1712. [*Steele.*

Errori nomen virtus posuisset honestum.—Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I HOPE you have Philosophy enough to be capable of 'bearing the Mention of your Faults. Your Papers which 'regard the fallen Part of the Fair Sex, are, I think, written 'with an Indelicacy, which makes them unworthy to be inserted 'in the Writings of a Moralist who knows the World. I can-'not allow that you are at Liberty to observe upon the Actions 'of Mankind with the Freedom which you seem to resolve 'upon; at least if you do, you should take along with you the 'Distinction of Manners of the World, according to the Quality 'and Way of Life of the Persons concerned. A Man of 'Breeding speaks of even Misfortune among Ladies without 'giving it the most terrible Aspect it can bear: And this 'Tenderness towards them, is much more to be preserved when 'you speak of Vices. All Mankind are so far related, that 'Care is to be taken, in things to which all are liable, you do 'not mention what concerns one in Terms which shall disgust 'another. Thus to tell a rich Man of the Indigence of a Kins-'man of his, or abruptly inform a virtuous Woman of the Lapse 'of one who till then was in the same degree of Esteem with 'her self, is in a kind involving each of them in some Par-'ticipation of those Disadvantages. It is therefore expected 'from every Writer, to treat his Argument in such a Manner, 'as is most proper to entertain the sort of Readers to whom 'his Discourse is directed. It is not necessary when you write 'to the Tea-table, that you should draw Vices which carry all 'the Horror of Shame and Contempt: If you paint an imperti-'nent Self-love, an artful Glance, an assumed Complection, you 'say all which you ought to suppose they can possibly be guilty 'of. When you talk with this Limitation, you behave your self 'so as that you may expect others in Conversation may second 'your Raillery; but when you do it in a Stile which every body 'else forbears in Respect to their Quality, they have an easy 'Remedy in forbearing to read you, and hearing no more of 'their Faults. A Man that is now and then guilty of an In-'temperance is not to be called a Drunkard; but the Rule of 'polite Raillery, is to speak of a Man's Faults as if you loved 'him. Of this Nature is what was said by *Cæsar*: When one 'was railing with an uncourtly Vehemence, and broke out,

'What must we call him who was taken in an Intrigue with 'another Man's Wife? *Cæsar* answered very gravely, *A care-'less Fellow.* This was at once a Reprimand for speaking of a 'Crime which in those Days had not the Abhorrence attending 'it as it ought, as well as an Intimation that all intemperate 'Behaviour before Superiors loses its Aim, by accusing in a 'Method unfit for the Audience. A Word to the Wise. All I 'mean here to say to you is, That the most free Person of 'Quality can go no further than being [a kind [1]] Woman; and 'you should never say of a Man of Figure worse, than that he 'knows the World.

I am, SIR,
Your most humble Servant,
Francis Courtly.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am a Woman of an unspotted Reputation, and know 'nothing I have ever done which should encourage such 'Insolence; but here was one the other Day, and he was 'dressed like a Gentleman too, who took the Liberty to name 'the Words Lusty Fellow in my Presence. I doubt not but 'you will resent it in Behalf of,

SIR,
Your Humble Servant,
CELIA.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'You lately put out a dreadful Paper, wherein you promise a 'full Account of the State of criminal Love; and call all the 'Fair who have transgressed in that Kind by one very rude 'Name which I do not care to repeat: But I desire to know of 'you whether I am or I am not of those? My Case is as 'follows. I am kept by an old Batchelour, who took me so 'young, that I knew not how he came by me: He is a Bencher 'of one of the Inns of Court, a very gay healthy old Man; 'which is a lucky thing for him, who has been, he tells me, a 'Scowrer, a Scamperer, a Breaker of Windows, an Invader of 'Constables, in the Days of Yore when all Dominion ended 'with the Day, and Males and Females met helter skelter, and 'the Scowrers drove before them all who pretended to keep up 'Order or Rule to the Interruption of Love and Honour. This 'is his way of Talk, for he is very gay when he visits me; but 'as his former Knowledge of the Town has alarmed him into 'an invincible Jealousy, he keeps me in a pair of Slippers, neat 'Bodice, warm Petticoats, and my own Hair woven in Ringlets,

[1] [an unkind]

'after a Manner, he says, he remembers. I am not Mistress of 'one Farthing of Money, but have all Necessaries provided for 'me, under the Guard of one who procured for him while he 'had any Desires to gratify. I know nothing of a Wench's 'Life, but the Reputation of it: I have a natural Voice, and a 'pretty untaught Step in Dancing. His Manner is to bring an 'old Fellow who has been his Servant from his Youth, and is 'gray-headed: This Man makes on the Violin a certain Jiggish 'Noise to which I dance, and when that is over I sing to him 'some loose Air, that has more Wantonness than Musick in it. 'You must have seen a strange window'd House near *Hide-* '*Park*, which is so built that no one can look out of any of the 'Apartments; my Rooms are after that manner, and I never 'see Man, Woman, or Child, but in Company with the two 'Persons above-mentioned. He sends me in all the Books, 'Pamphlets, Plays, Operas and Songs that come out; and his 'utmost Delight in me as a Woman, is to talk over old Amours 'in my Presence, to play with my Neck, say *the Time was*, give 'me a Kiss, and bid me be sure to follow the Directions of my 'Guardian (the above-mentioned Lady) and I shall never want. 'The Truth of my Case is, I suppose, that I was educated for 'a Purpose he did not know he should be unfit for when I 'came to Years. Now, Sir, what I ask of you, as a Casuist, is 'to tell me how far in these Circumstances I am innocent, 'though submissive; he guilty, though impotent?

I am,

SIR,

Your constant Reader,

PUCELLA.

To the Man called the SPECTATOR.

Friend,

'Forasmuch as at the Birth of thy Labour, thou didst promise 'upon thy Word, that letting alone the Vanities that do abound, 'thou wouldst only endeavour to strengthen the crooked Morals 'of this our *Babylon*, I gave Credit to thy fair Speeches, and 'admitted one of thy Papers, every Day save *Sunday*, into my 'House; for the Edification of my Daughter *Tabitha*, and to 'the end that *Susannah* the Wife of my Bosom might profit 'thereby. But alas, my Friend, I find that thou art a Liar, and 'that the Truth is not in thee; else why didst thou in a Paper 'which thou didst lately put forth, make mention of those vain 'Coverings for the Heads of our Females, which thou lovest to 'liken unto Tulips, and which are lately sprung up amongst

'us? Nay why didst thou make mention of them in such a 'seeming, as if thou didst approve the Invention, insomuch that 'my Daughter *Tabitha* beginneth to wax wanton, and to lust 'after these foolish Vanities? Surely thou dost see with the 'Eyes of the Flesh. Verily therefore, unless thou dost speedily 'amend and leave off following thine own Imaginations, I will 'leave off thee.

Thy Friend as hereafter thou dost demean thyself,

T. Hezekiah Broadbrim.

No. 277.] *Thursday, January* 17, 1712. [*Budgell.*

———*fas est et ab hoste doceri.*—Virg.

I PRESUME I need not inform the Polite Part of my Readers, that before our Correspondence with *France* was unhappily interrupted by the War, our Ladies had all their Fashions from thence; which the Milliners took care to furnish them with by means of a Jointed Baby, that came regularly over, once a Month, habited after the manner of the most Eminent Toasts in *Paris*.

I am credibly informed, that even in the hottest time of the War, the Sex made several Efforts, and raised large Contributions towards the Importation of this Wooden *Madamoiselle*.

Whether the Vessel they set out was lost or taken, or whether its Cargo was seized on by the Officers of the Custom-house, as a piece of Contraband Goods, I have not yet been able to learn; it is, however, certain their first Attempts were without Success, to the no small Disappointment of our whole Female World; but as their Constancy and Application, in a matter of so great Importance, can never be sufficiently commended, I am glad to find that in Spight of all Opposition, they have at length carried their Point, of which I received Advice by the two following Letters.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am so great a Lover of whatever is *French*, that I lately 'discarded an humble Admirer, because he neither spoke that 'Tongue, nor drank Claret. I have long bewailed, in secret, 'the Calamities of my Sex during the War, in all which time we 'have laboured under the insupportable Inventions of *English* 'Tire-Women, who, tho' they sometimes copy indifferently well, 'can never compose with that *Goût* they do in *France*.

'I was almost in Despair of ever more seeing a Model from

'that dear Country, when last *Sunday* I over-heard a Lady, 'in the next Pew to me, whisper another, that at the *Seven* '*Stars* in *King-street Covent-garden*, there was a *Madamoiselle* 'compleatly dressed just come from *Paris*.

'I was in the utmost Impatience during the remaining part of 'the Service, and as soon as ever it was over, having learnt the 'Millener's *Addresse*, I went directly to her House in *King-* '*street*, but was told that the *French* Lady was at a Person of 'Quality's in *Pall-mall*, and would not be back again 'till very 'late that Night. I was therefore obliged to renew my Visit 'very early this Morning, and had then a full View of the dear 'Moppet from Head to Foot.

'You cannot imagine, worthy Sir, how ridiculously I find we 'have all been trussed up during the War, and how infinitely 'the *French* Dress excels ours.

'The Mantua has no Leads in the Sleeves, and I hope we are 'not lighter than the *French* Ladies, so as to want that kind of 'Ballast; the Petticoat has no Whale-bone; but fits with an 'Air altogether galant and *degagé*: the *Coiffeure* is inexpressibly 'pretty, and in short, the whole Dress has a thousand Beauties 'in it, which I would not have as yet made too publick.

'I thought fit, however, to give this Notice, that you may not 'be surprized at my appearing *à la mode de Paris* on the next 'Birth-Night. *I am, SIR,*

Your humble Servant,

Teraminta.

Within an Hour after I had read this Letter, I received another from the Owner of the Puppet.

SIR,

'On *Saturday* last, being the 12th Instant, there arrived at 'my House in *King-street, Covent-Garden*, a *French* Baby for the 'Year 1712. I have taken the utmost Care to have her dressed 'by the most celebrated Tyre-women and Mantua-makers in '*Paris*, and do not find that I have any Reason to be sorry for 'the Expence I have been at in her Cloaths and Importation: 'However, as I know no Person who is so good a Judge of 'Dress as your self, if you please to call at my House in your 'Way to the City, and take a View of her, I promise to amend 'whatever you shall disapprove in your next Paper, before I 'exhibit her as a Pattern to the Publick.

I am, SIR,

Your most humble Admirer,

and most obedient Servant,

Betty Cross-stitch.

As I am willing to do any thing in reason for the Service of my Country-women, and had much rather prevent Faults than find them, I went last Night to the House of the above-mentioned Mrs. *Cross-stitch*. As soon as I enter'd, the Maid of the Shop, who, I suppose, was prepared for my coming, without asking me any Questions, introduced me to the little Damsel, and ran away to call her Mistress.

The Puppet was dressed in a Cherry-coloured Gown and Petticoat, with a short working Apron over it, which discovered her Shape to the most Advantage. Her Hair was cut and divided very prettily, with several Ribbons stuck up and down in it. The Millener assured me, that her Complexion was such as was worn by all the Ladies of the best Fashion in *Paris*. Her Head was extreamly high, on which Subject having long since declared my Sentiments, I shall say nothing more to it at present. I was also offended at a small Patch she wore on her Breast, which I cannot suppose is placed there with any good Design.

Her Necklace was of an immoderate Length, being tied before in such a manner that the two Ends hung down to her Girdle; but whether these supply the Place of Kissing-Strings in our Enemy's Country, and whether our *British* Ladies have any occasion for them, I shall leave to their serious Consideration.

After having observed the Particulars of her Dress, as I was taking a view of it altogether, the Shop-maid, who is a pert Wench, told me that *Mademoiselle* had something very Curious in the tying of her Garters; but as I pay a due Respect even to a pair of Sticks when they are in Petticoats, I did not examine into that Particular.

Upon the whole I was well enough pleased with the Appearance of this gay Lady, and the more so because she was not Talkative, a Quality very rarely to be met with in the rest of her Countrywomen.

As I was taking my leave, the Millener farther informed me, that with the Assistance of a Watchmaker, who was her Neighbour, and the ingenious Mr. *Powell*, she had also contrived another Puppet, which by the help of several little Springs to be wound up within it, could move all its Limbs, and that she had sent it over to her Correspondent in *Paris* to be taught the various Leanings and Bendings of the Head, the Risings of the Bosom, the Curtesy and Recovery, the genteel Trip, and the agreeable Jet, as they are now practised in the Court of *France*.

She added that she hoped she might depend upon having my Encouragement as soon as it arrived; but as this was a Petition of too great Importance to be answered *extempore*, I left her without a Reply, and made the best of my way to WILL. HONEYCOMB'S Lodgings, without whose Advice I never communicate any thing to the Publick of this Nature. X.

No. 278.] *Friday, January* 18, 1712. [*Steele.*

——*Sermones ego mallem*
Repentes per humum—— Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

SIR,

'YOUR having done considerable Service in this great City, by rectifying the Disorders of Families, and several 'Wives having preferred your Advice and Directions to those of 'their Husbands, emboldens me to apply to you at this Time. 'I am a Shop-keeper, and tho' but a young Man, I find by 'Experience that nothing but the utmost Diligence both of 'Husband and Wife (among trading People) can keep Affairs 'in any tolerable Order. My Wife at the Beginning of our 'Establishment shewed her self very assisting to me in my 'Business as much as could lie in her Way, and I have Reason 'to believe 'twas with her Inclination; but of late she has got 'acquainted with a Schoolman, who values himself for his 'great Knowledge in the *Greek* Tongue. He entertains her 'frequently in the Shop with Discourses of the Beauties and 'Excellencies of that Language; and repeats to her several 'Passages out of the *Greek* Poets, wherein he tells her there is 'unspeakable Harmony and agreeable Sounds that all other 'Languages are wholly unacquainted with. He has so infatu-'ated her with his Jargon, that instead of using her former 'Diligence in the Shop, she now neglects the Affairs of the 'House, and is wholly taken up with her Tutor in learning by 'Heart Scraps of *Greek*, which she vents upon all Occasions. 'She told me some Days ago, that whereas I use some *Latin* 'Inscriptions in my Shop, she advised me with a great deal of 'Concern to have them changed into *Greek;* it being a 'Language less understood, would be more conformable to the 'Mystery of my Profession; that our good Friend would be

'assisting to us in this Work; and that a certain Faculty of 'Gentlemen would find themselves so much obliged to me, that 'they would infallibly make my Fortune: In short her frequent 'Importunities upon this and other Impertinences of the like 'Nature make me very uneasy; and if your Remonstrances 'have no more Effect upon her than mine, I am afraid I shall 'be obliged to ruin my self to procure her a Settlement at '*Oxford* with her Tutor, for she's already too mad for *Bedlam*. 'Now, Sir, you see the Danger my Family is exposed to, and 'the Likelihood of my Wife's becoming both troublesome and 'useless, unless her reading her self in your Paper may make 'her reflect. She is so very learned that I cannot pretend by 'Word of Mouth to argue with her. She laughed out at your 'ending a Paper in *Greek*, and said 'twas a Hint to Women of 'Literature, and very civil not to translate it to expose them to 'the Vulgar. You see how it is with,

SIR,

Your humble Servant.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'If you have that Humanity and Compassion in your Nature 'that you take such Pains to make one think you have, you will 'not deny your Advice to a distressed Damsel, who intends to 'be determined by your Judgment in a Matter of great Import-'ance to her. You must know then, There is an agreeable 'young Fellow, to whose Person, Wit, and Humour no body 'makes any Objection, that pretends to have been long in Love 'with me. To this I must add, (whether it proceeds from the 'Vanity of my Nature, or the seeming Sincerity of my Lover, I 'won't pretend to say) that I verily believe he has a real Value 'for me; which if true, you'll allow may justly augment his 'Merit for his Mistress. In short, I am so sensible of his good 'Qualities, and what I owe to his Passion, that I think I could 'sooner resolve to give up my Liberty to him than any body 'else, were there not an Objection to be made to his Fortunes, 'in regard they don't answer the utmost mine may expect, and 'are not sufficient to secure me from undergoing the reproachful 'Phrase so commonly used, That she has played the Fool. 'Now, tho' I am one of those few who heartily despise Equipage, 'Diamonds, and a Coxcomb, yet since such opposite Notions 'from mine prevail in the World, even amongst the best, and 'such as are esteemed the most prudent People, I can't find in 'my Heart to resolve upon incurring the Censure of those wise 'Folks, which I am conscious I shall do, if when I enter into a

'married State, I discover a Thought beyond that of equalling, 'if not advancing my Fortunes. Under this Difficulty I now 'labour, not being in the least determined whether I shall be 'governed by the vain World, and the frequent Examples I 'meet with, or hearken to the Voice of my Lover, and the 'Motions I find in my Heart in favour of him. Sir, Your 'Opinion and Advice in this Affair, is the only thing I know 'can turn the Ballance; and which I earnestly intreat I may 'receive soon; for 'till I have your Thoughts upon it, I am 'engaged not to give my Swain a final Discharge.

'Besides the particular Obligation you will lay on me, by 'giving this Subject Room in one of your Papers, 'tis possible 'it may be of use to some others of my Sex, who will be as 'grateful for the Favour as,

SIR,
Your Humble Servant,
Florinda.

P. S. *To tell you the Truth I am Married to Him already, but pray say something to justify me.*

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'You will forgive Us Professors of Musick if We make a 'second Application to You, in order to promote our Design 'of exhibiting Entertainments of Musick in *York-Buildings.* 'It is industriously insinuated that Our Intention is to destroy 'Operas in General, but we beg of you to insert this plain 'Explanation of our selves in your Paper. Our Purpose is 'only to improve our Circumstances, by improving the Art 'which we profess. We see it utterly destroyed at present; 'and as we were the Persons who introduced Operas, we think 'it a groundless Imputation that we should set up against the 'Opera in it self. What we pretend to assert is, That the 'Songs of different Authors injudiciously put together, and a 'Foreign Tone and Manner which are expected in every thing 'now performed among us, has put Musick it self to a stand; 'insomuch that the Ears of the People cannot now be enter-'tained with any thing but what has an impertinent Gayety, 'without any just Spirit, or a Languishment of Notes, without 'any Passion or common Sense. We hope those Persons of 'Sense and Quality who have done us the Honour to sub-'scribe, will not be ashamed of their Patronage towards us, 'and not receive Impressions that patronising us is being for 'or against the Opera, but truly promoting their own Diversions

'in a more just and elegant Manner than has been hitherto 'performed.

We are, SIR,

Your most humble Servants,

Thomas Clayton.
Nicolino Haym.
Charles Dieupart.[1]

There will be no Performances in York-buildings *till after that of the Subscription.* T.

No. 279.] *Saturday, January* 19, 1712. [*Addison.*

Reddere personæ scit convenientia cuique.—Hor.

WE have already taken a general Survey of the Fable and Characters in *Milton's Paradise Lost.* The Parts which remain to be considered, according to *Aristotle's* Method, are the *Sentiments* and the *Language.*[2] Before I enter upon the first of these, I must advertise my Reader, that it is my Design as soon as I have finished my general Reflections on these four several Heads, to give particular Instances out of the Poem which is now before us of Beauties and Imperfections which may be observed under each of them, as also of such other Particulars as may not properly fall under any of them. This I thought fit to premise, that the Reader may not judge too hastily of this Piece of Criticism, or look upon it as Imperfect, before he has seen the whole Extent of it.

The Sentiments in an Epic Poem are the Thoughts and Behaviour which the Author ascribes to the Persons whom he introduces, and are *just* when they are conformable to the Characters of the several Persons. The Sentiments have likewise a relation to *Things* as well as *Persons*, and are then perfect when they are such as are adapted to the Subject. If in either of these Cases the Poet [endeavours to argue or explain, to magnify or diminish, to raise[3]] Love or Hatred,

[1] See No. 258.

[2] It is in Part II. of the *Poetics*, when treating of Tragedy, that Aristotle lays down his main principles. Here after treating of the Fable and the Manners, he proceeds to the Diction and the Sentiments. By Fable, he says (§ 2), 'I mean the contexture of incidents, or the Plot. By Manners, 'I mean, whatever marks the Character of the Persons. By Sentiments, 'whatever they say, whether proving any thing, or delivering a general 'sentiment, &c.' In dividing Sentiments from Diction, he says (§ 22): The Sentiments include whatever is the Object of speech, Diction (§ 23—25) the words themselves. Concerning Sentiment, he refers his reader to the rhetoricians.

[3] [argues or explains, magnifies or diminishes, raises]

Pity or Terror, or any other Passion, we ought to consider whether the Sentiments he makes use of are proper for [those [1]] Ends. *Homer* is censured by the Criticks for his Defect as to this Particular in several parts of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, tho' at the same time those, who have treated this great Poet with Candour, have attributed this Defect to the Times in which he lived.[2] It was the Fault of the Age, and not of *Homer*, if there wants that Delicacy in some of his Sentiments which now appears in the Works of Men of a much inferior Genius. Besides, if there are Blemishes in any particular Thoughts, there is an infinite Beauty in the greatest Part of them. In short, if there are many Poets who would not have fallen into the Meanness of some of his Sentiments, there are none who could have risen up to the Greatness of others. *Virgil* has excelled all others in the Propriety of his Sentiments. *Milton* shines likewise very much in this Particular: Nor must we omit one Consideration which adds to his Honour and Reputation. *Homer* and *Virgil* introduced Persons whose Characters are commonly known among Men, and such as are to be met with either in History, or in ordinary Conversation. *Milton's* Characters, most of them, lie out of Nature, and were to be formed purely by his own Invention. It shews a greater Genius in *Shakespear* to have drawn his *Calyban*, than his *Hotspur* or *Julius Cæsar:* The one was to be supplied out of his own Imagination, whereas the other might have been formed upon Tradition, History and Observation. It was much easier therefore for *Homer* to find proper Sentiments for an Assembly of *Grecian* Generals, than for *Milton* to diversify his infernal Council with proper Characters, and inspire them with a Variety of Sentiments. The Lovers of *Dido* and *Æneas* are only Copies of what has passed between other Persons.

[1] [these]

[2] Réné le Bossu says in his treatise on the Epic, published in 1675, Bk. vi. ch. 3: 'What is base and ignoble at one time and in one country, is 'not always so in others. We are apt to smile at Homer's comparing Ajax 'to an Ass in his Iliad. Such a comparison now-a-days would be indecent 'and ridiculous; because it would be indecent and ridiculous for a person 'of quality to ride upon such a steed. But heretofore this Animal was in 'better repute: Kings and princes did not disdain the beast so much as 'mere tradesmen do in our times. 'Tis just the same with many other 'similes which in Homer's time were allowable. We should now pity a 'Poet that should be so silly and ridiculous as to compare a Hero to a piece 'of Fat. Yet Homer does it in a comparison he makes of Ulysses. . . The 'reason is that in these Primitive Times, wherein the Sacrifices . . . were 'living creatures, the Blood and the Fat were the most noble, the most 'august, and the most holy things.'

Adam and *Eve*, before the Fall, are a different Species from that of Mankind, who are descended from them; and none but a Poet of the most unbounded Invention, and the most exquisite Judgment, could have filled their Conversation and Behaviour with [so many apt[1]] Circumstances during their State of Innocence.

Nor is it sufficient for an Epic Poem to be filled with such Thoughts as are *Natural*, unless it abound also with such as are *Sublime*. *Virgil* in this Particular falls short of *Homer*. He has not indeed so many Thoughts that are Low and Vulgar; but at the same time has not so many Thoughts that are Sublime and Noble. The Truth of it is, *Virgil* seldom rises into very astonishing Sentiments, where he is not fired by the *Iliad*. He every where charms and pleases us by the Force of his own Genius; but seldom elevates and transports us where he does not fetch his Hints from *Homer*.

Milton's chief Talent, and indeed his distinguishing Excellence, lies in the Sublimity of his Thoughts. There are others of the Moderns who rival him in every other part of Poetry; but in the Greatness of his Sentiments he triumphs over all the Poets both Modern and Ancient, *Homer* only excepted. It is impossible for the Imagination of Man to distend itself with greater Ideas, than those which he has laid together in his first, [second,] and sixth Book[s]. The seventh, which describes the Creation of the World, is likewise wonderfully Sublime, tho' not so apt to stir up Emotion in the Mind of the Reader, nor consequently so perfect in the Epic Way of Writing, because it is filled with less Action. Let the judicious Reader compare what *Longinus* has observed[2] on several Passages in *Homer*, and he will find Parallels for most of them in the *Paradise Lost*.

From what has been said we may infer, that as there are two kinds of Sentiments, the Natural and the Sublime, which are always to be pursued in an Heroic Poem, there are also two kinds of Thoughts which are carefully to be avoided. The

[1] [such Beautiful]

[2] Longinus on the Sublime, I. § 9. Of Discord, Homer says (Pope's tr.):

> While scarce the skies her horrid head can bound,
> She stalks on earth. (Iliad iv.)

Of horses of the gods:

> Far as a shepherd from some spot on high
> O'er the wide main extends his boundless eye,
> Through such a space of air, with thund'ring sound,
> At one long leap th' immortal coursers bound.—Iliad v.

Longinus quotes also from the Iliad xix., the combat of the Gods, the description of Neptune, Iliad xi., and the Prayer of Ajax, Iliad xvii.

first are such as are affected and unnatural; the second such as are mean and vulgar. As for the first kind of Thoughts, we meet with little or nothing that is like them in *Virgil*: He has none of those [trifling [1]] Points and Puerilities that are so often to be met with in *Ovid*, none of the Epigrammatick Turns of *Lucan*, none of those swelling Sentiments which are so frequent in *Statius* and *Claudian*, none of those mixed Embellishments of *Tasso*. Every thing is just and natural. His Sentiments shew that he had a perfect Insight into human Nature, and that he knew every thing which was the most proper to [affect it [2]].

Mr. *Dryden* has in some Places, which I may hereafter take notice of, misrepresented *Virgil's* way of thinking as to this Particular, in the Translation he has given us of the *Æneid*. I do not remember that *Homer* any where falls into the Faults above-mentioned, which were indeed the false Refinements of later Ages. *Milton*, it must be confest, has sometimes erred in this Respect, as I shall shew more at large in another Paper; tho' considering how all the Poets of the Age in which he writ were infected with this wrong way of thinking, he is rather to be admired that he did not give more into it, than that he did sometimes comply with the vicious Taste which still prevails so much among Modern Writers.

But since several Thoughts may be natural which are low and groveling, an Epic Poet should not only avoid such Sentiments as are unnatural or affected, but also such as are [mean [3]] and vulgar. *Homer* has opened a great Field of Raillery to Men of more Delicacy than Greatness of Genius, by the Homeliness of some of his Sentiments. But, as I have before said, these are rather to be imputed to the Simplicity of the Age in which he lived, to which I may also add, of that which he described, than to any Imperfection in that Divine Poet. *Zoilus*,[4] among the Ancients, and Monsieur

[1] [little]

[2] [affect it. I remember but one Line in him which has been objected against, by the Criticks, as a point of Wit. It is in his ninth Book, where *Juno*, speaking of the *Trojans*, how they survived the Ruins of their City, expresses her self in the following Words;

Num capti potuere capi, num incensa cremarunt Pergama?

Were the Trojans *taken even after they were Captives, or did* Troy *burn even when it was in Flames?*]

[3] [low]

[4] Zoilus, who lived about 270 B. C., in the time of Ptolemy Philadelphus, made himself famous for attacks upon Homer and on Plato and Isocrates, taking pride in the title of Homeromastix. Circe's men turned into swine

Perrault,[1] among the Moderns, pushed their Ridicule very far upon him, on account of some such Sentiments. There is no Blemish to be observed in *Virgil* under this Head, and but [a] very few in *Milton*.

I shall give but one Instance of this Impropriety of [Thought[2]] in *Homer*, and at the same time compare it with an Instance of the same Nature, both in *Virgil* and *Milton*. Sentiments which raise Laughter, can very seldom be admitted with any Decency into an Heroic Poem, whose Business it is to excite Passions of a much nobler Nature. *Homer*, however, in his Characters of *Vulcan*[3] and *Thersites*,[4] in his Story of *Mars* and *Venus*,[5] in his Behaviour of *Irus*,[6] and in other Passages, has been observed to have lapsed into the Burlesque Character, and to have departed from that serious Air which seems essential to the Magnificence of an Epic Poem. I remember but one Laugh in the whole *Æneid*, which rises in the fifth Book, upon *Monœtes*, where he is represented as thrown overboard, and drying himself upon a Rock. But this Piece of Mirth is so well timed, that the severest Critick can have nothing to say against it; for it is in the Book of Games and Diversions, where the Reader's Mind may be supposed to be sufficiently relaxed for such an Entertainment. The only Piece of Pleasantry in *Paradise Lost*, is where the Evil Spirits are described as rallying the Angels upon the Success of their new invented Artillery. This Passage I look upon to be the most exceptionable in the whole Poem, as being nothing else but a String of Punns, and those too very indifferent ones.

———Satan beheld their Plight,
And to his Mates thus in Derision call'd.
O Friends, why come not on those Victors proud?
Ere-while they fierce were coming, and when we,
To entertain them fair with open Front,
And Breast, (what could we more?) propounded terms
Of *Composition, straight they chang'd their Minds,*

Zoilus ridiculed as weeping porkers. When he asked sustenance of Ptolemy he was told that Homer sustained many thousands, and as he claimed to be a better man than Homer, he ought to be able to sustain himself. The tradition is that he was at last crucified, stoned, or burnt for his heresy.

[1] Charles Perrault, brother of Claude Perrault the architect and exphysician, was himself Controller of Public Buildings under Colbert, and after his retirement from that office, published in 1690 his Parallel between the Ancients and Moderns, taking the side of the moderns in the controversy, and dealing sometimes disrespectfully with Homer. Boileau replied to him in Critical Reflections on Longinus.

[2] [Sentiments]

[3] Iliad, Bk. i., near the close.

[4] Iliad, Bk. ii.

[5] Bk. v., at close.

[6] Odyssey, Bk. xviii.

Flew off, *and into strange Vagaries fell*
As they would dance: yet for a Dance they seem'd
Somewhat extravagant, and wild; perhaps
For Joy of offer'd Peace; but I suppose
If our Proposals once again were heard,
We should compel them to a quick Result.
To whom thus Belial *in like gamesome Mood:*
Leader, the Terms we sent were Terms of Weight,
Of hard Contents, *and full of force urg'd home;*
Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,
And stumbled *many: who receives them right,*
Had need, from Head to Foot, well understand;
Not understood, *this Gift they have besides,*
They shew us when our Foes walk not upright.
Thus they among themselves in pleasant vein
Stood scoffing[1]——— L.

No. 280.] *Monday, January* 21, 1712. [*Steele.*

Principibus Placuisse viris non ultima laus est.—Hor.

THE Desire of Pleasing makes a Man agreeable or unwelcome to those with whom he converses, according to the Motive from which that Inclination appears to flow. If your Concern for pleasing others arises from innate Benevolence, it never fails of Success; if from a Vanity to excel, its Disappointment is no less certain. What we call an agreeable Man, is he who is endowed with [the[2]] natural Bent to do acceptable things from a Delight he takes in them meerly as such; and the Affectation of that Character is what constitutes a Fop. Under these Leaders one may draw up all those who make any Manner of Figure, except in dumb Show. A rational and select Conversation is composed of Persons, who have the Talent of Pleasing with Delicacy of Sentiments flowing from habitual Chastity of Thought; but mixed Company is frequently made up of Pretenders to Mirth, and is usually pestered with constrained, obscene, and painful Witticisms. Now and then you meet with a Man so exactly formed for Pleasing, that it is no matter what he is doing or saying, that is to say, that there need no Manner of Importance in it, to make him gain upon every Body who hears or beholds him. This Felicity is not the Gift of Nature only, but must be attended

[1] Paradise Lost, Bk. vi. l. 609, &c. Milton meant that the devils should be shown as scoffers, and their scoffs as mean. [2] [that]

with happy Circumstances, which add a Dignity to the familiar Behaviour which distinguishes him whom we call an agreeable Man. It is from this that every Body loves and esteems *Polycarpus*. He is in the Vigour of his Age and the Gayety of Life, but has passed through very conspicuous Scenes in it; though no Soldier, he has shared the Danger, and acted with great Gallantry and Generosity on a decisive Day of Battle. To have those Qualities which only make other Men conspicuous in the World as it were supernumerary to him, is a Circumstance which gives Weight to his most indifferent Actions; for as a known Credit is ready Cash to a Trader, so is acknowledged Merit immediate Distinction, and serves in the Place of Equipage to a Gentleman. This renders *Polycarpus* graceful in Mirth, important in Business, and regarded with Love in every ordinary Occurrence. But not to dwell upon Characters which have such particular Recommendations to our Hearts, let us turn our Thoughts rather to the Methods of Pleasing which must carry Men through the World who cannot pretend to such Advantages. Falling in with the particular Humour or Manner of one above you, abstracted from the general Rules of good Behaviour, is the Life of a Slave. A Parasite differs in nothing from the meanest Servant, but that the Footman hires himself for bodily Labour, subjected to go and come at the Will of his Master, but the other gives up his very Soul: He is prostituted to speak, and professes to think after the Mode of him whom he courts. This Servitude to a Patron, in an honest Nature, would be more grievous than that of wearing his Livery; therefore we will speak of those Methods only which are worthy and ingenuous.

The happy Talent of Pleasing either those above you or below you, seems to be wholly owing to the Opinion they have of your Sincerity. This Quality is to attend the agreeable Man in all the Actions of his Life; and I think there need no more be said in Honour of it, than that it is what forces the Approbation even of your Opponents. The guilty Man has an Honour for the Judge who with Justice pronounces against him the Sentence of Death it self. The Author of the Sentence at the Head of this Paper, was an excellent Judge of human Life, and passed his own in Company the most agreeable that ever was in the World. *Augustus* lived amongst his Friends as if he had his Fortune to make in his own Court: Candour and Affability, accompanied with as much Power as ever Mortal was vested with, were what made him in the utmost Manner agreeable among a Set of admirable Men, who had Thoughts

too high for Ambition, and Views too large to be gratified by what he could give them in the Disposal of an Empire, without the Pleasures of their mutual Conversation. A certain Unanimity of Taste and Judgment, which is natural to all of the same Order in the Species, was the Band of this Society; and the Emperor assumed no Figure in it but what he thought was his Due from his private Talents and Qualifications, as they contributed to advance the Pleasures and Sentiments of the Company.

Cunning People, Hypocrites, all who are but half virtuous, or half wise, are incapable of tasting the refined Pleasure of such an equal Company as could wholly exclude the Regard of Fortune in their Conversations. *Horace*, in the Discourse from whence I take the Hint of the present Speculation, lays down excellent Rules for Conduct in Conversation with Men of Power; but he speaks it with an Air of one who had no Need of such an Application for any thing which related to himself. It shews he understood what it was to be a skilful Courtier, by just Admonitions against Importunity, and shewing how forcible it was to speak Modestly of your own Wants. There is indeed something so shameless in taking all Opportunities to speak of your own Affairs, that he who is guilty of it towards him upon whom he depends, fares like the Beggar who exposes his Sores, which instead of moving Compassion makes the Man he begs of turn away from the Object.

I cannot tell what is become of him, but I remember about sixteen Years ago an honest Fellow, who so justly understood how disagreeable the Mention or Appearance of his Wants would make him, that I have often reflected upon him as a Counterpart of *Irus*, whom I have formerly mentioned. This Man, whom I have missed for some Years in my Walks, and have heard was someway employed about the Army, made it a Maxim, That good Wigs, delicate Linen, and a chearful Air, were to a poor Dependent the same that working Tools are to a poor Artificer. It was no small Entertainment to me, who knew his Circumstances, to see him, who had fasted two Days, attribute the Thinness they told him of to the Violence of some Gallantries he had lately been guilty of. The skilful Dissembler carried this on with the utmost Address; and if any suspected his Affairs were narrow, it was attributed to indulging himself in some fashionable Vice rather than an irreproachable Poverty, which saved his Credit with those on whom he depended.

The main Art is to be as little troublesome as you can, and

make all you hope for come rather as a Favour from your Patron than Claim from you. But I am here prating of what is the Method of Pleasing so as to succeed in the World, when there are Crowds who have, in City, Town, Court, and Country, arrived at considerable Acquisitions, and yet seem incapable of acting in any constant Tenour of Life, but have gone on from one successful Error to another: Therefore I think I may shorten this Enquiry after the Method of Pleasing; and as the old Beau said to his Son, once for all, *Pray*, Jack, *be a fine Gentleman*, so may I, to my Reader, abridge my Instructions, and finish the Art of Pleasing in a Word, *Be rich*. T.

No. 281.] *Tuesday, January* 22, 1712. [*Addison.*

Pectoribus inhians spirantia consulit exta.—Virg.

HAVING already given an Account of the Dissection of a *Beau's Head*, with the several Discoveries made on that Occasion; I shall here, according to my Promise, enter upon the Dissection of a *Coquet's* Heart, and communicate to the Public such Particularities as we observed in that curious Piece of Anatomy.

I should perhaps have waved this Undertaking, had not I been put in mind of my Promise by several of my unknown Correspondents, who are very importunate with me to make an Example of the Coquet, as I have already done of the Beau. It is therefore in Compliance with the Request of Friends, that I have looked over the Minutes of my former Dream, in order to give the Publick an exact Relation to it, which I shall enter upon without further Preface.

Our Operator, before he engaged in this Visionary Dissection, told us, that there was nothing in his Art more difficult than to lay open the Heart of a Coquet, by reason of the many Labyrinths and Recesses which are to be found in it, and which do not appear in the Heart of any other Animal.

He desired us first of all to observe the *Pericardium*, or outward Case of the Heart, which we did very attentively; and by the help of our Glasses discern'd in it Millions of little Scars, which seem'd to have been occasioned by the Points of innumerable Darts and Arrows, that from time to time had glanced upon the outward Coat; though we could not discover

the smallest Orifice, by which any of them had entered and pierced the inward Substance.

Every Smatterer in Anatomy knows that this *Pericardium*, or Case of the Heart, contains in it a thin reddish Liquor, supposed to be bred from the Vapours which exhale out of the Heart, and, being stopt here, are condensed into this watry Substance. Upon examining this Liquor, we found that it had in it all the Qualities of that Spirit which is made use of in the Thermometer, to shew the Change of Weather.

Nor must I here omit an Experiment one of the Company assured us he himself had made with this Liquor, which he found in great Quantity about the Heart of a Coquet whom he had formerly dissected. He affirmed to us, that he had actually inclosed it in a small Tube made after the manner of a Weather Glass; but that instead of acquainting him with the Variations of the Atmosphere, it shewed him the Qualities of those Persons who entered the Room where it stood. He affirmed also, that it rose at the Approach of a Plume of Feathers, an embroidered Coat, or a Pair of fringed Gloves; and that it fell as soon as an ill-shaped Perriwig, a clumsy Pair of Shoes, or an unfashionable Coat came into his House: Nay, he proceeded so far as to assure us, that upon his Laughing aloud when he stood by it, the Liquor mounted very sensibly, and immediately sunk again upon his looking serious. In short, he told us, that he knew very well by this Invention whenever he had a Man of Sense or a Coxcomb in his Room.

Having cleared away the *Pericardium*, or the Case and Liquor above-mentioned, we came to the Heart itself. The outward Surface of it was extremely slippery, and the *Mucro*, or Point, so very cold withal, that, upon endeavouring to take hold of it it glided through the Fingers like a smooth Piece of Ice.

The Fibres were turned and twisted in a more intricate and perplexed manner than they are usually found in other Hearts; insomuch that the whole Heart was wound up together in a Gordian Knot, and must have had very irregular and unequal Motions, whilst it was employed in its Vital Function.

One thing we thought very observable, namely, that, upon examining all the Vessels which came into it or issued out of it, we could not discover any Communication that it had with the Tongue.

We could not but take Notice likewise, that several of those little Nerves in the Heart which are affected by the Sentiments of Love, Hatred, and other Passions, did not descend to this

before us from the Brain, but from the Muscles which lie about the Eye.

Upon weighing the Heart in my Hand, I found it to be extreamly light, and consequently very hollow, which I did not wonder at, when upon looking into the Inside of it, I saw Multitudes of Cells and Cavities running one within another, as our Historians describe the Apartments of *Rosamond's* Bower. Several of these little Hollows were stuffed with innumerable sorts of Trifles, which I shall forbear giving any particular Account of, and shall therefore only take Notice of what lay first and uppermost, which, upon our unfolding it and applying our Microscopes to it, appeared to be a Flame-coloured Hood.

We were informed that the Lady of this Heart, when living, received the Addresses of several who made Love to her, and did not only give each of them Encouragement, but made every one she conversed with believe that she regarded him with an Eye of Kindness; for which Reason we expected to have seen the Impression of Multitudes of Faces among the several Plaits and Foldings of the Heart; but to our great Surprize not a single Print of this nature discovered it self till we came into the very Core and Center of it. We there observed a little Figure, which, upon applying our Glasses to it, appeared dressed in a very fantastick manner. The more I looked upon it, the more I thought I had seen the Face before, but could not possibly recollect either the Place or Time; when, at length, one of the Company, who had examined this Figure more nicely than the rest, shew'd us plainly by the Make of its Face, and the several Turns of its Features, that the little Idol which was thus lodged in the very Middle of the Heart was the deceased Beau, whose Head I gave some Account of in my last *Tuesday's* Paper.

As soon as we had finished our Dissection, we resolved to make an Experiment of the Heart, not being able to determine among our selves the Nature of its Substance, which differ'd in so many Particulars from that of the Heart in other Females. Accordingly we laid it into a Pan of burning Coals, when we observed in it a certain Salamandrine Quality, that made it capable of living in the midst of Fire and Flame, without being consumed, or so much as singed.

As we were admiring this strange *Phænomenon*, and standing round the Heart in a Circle, it gave a most prodigious Sigh or rather Crack, and dispersed all at once in Smoke and Vapour. This imaginary Noise, which methought was louder than the

burst of a Cannon, produced such a violent Shake in my Brain, that it dissipated the Fumes of Sleep, and left me in an Instant broad awake. L.

No. 282.] *Wednesday, January* 23, 1712. [*Steele.*

[———*Spes incerta futuri.*—Virg.[1]]

IT is a lamentable thing that every Man is full of Complaints, and constantly uttering Sentences against the Fickleness of Fortune, when People generally bring upon themselves all the Calamities they fall into, and are constantly heaping up Matter for their own Sorrow and Disappointment. That which produces the greatest Part of the [Delusions[2]] of Mankind, is a false Hope which People indulge with so sanguine a Flattery to themselves, that their Hearts are bent upon fantastical Advantages which they had no Reason to believe should ever have arrived to them. By this unjust Measure of calculating their Happiness, they often mourn with real Affliction for imaginary Losses. When I am talking of this unhappy way of accounting for our selves, I cannot but reflect upon a particular Set of People, who, in their own Favour, resolve every thing that is possible into what is probable, and then reckon on that Probability as on what must certainly happen. WILL. HONEYCOMB, upon my observing his looking on a Lady with some particular Attention, gave me an Account of the great Distresses which had laid waste that her very fine Face, and had given an Air of Melancholy to a very agreeable Person. That Lady, and a couple of Sisters of hers, were, said WILL., fourteen Years ago, the greatest Fortunes about Town; but without having any Loss by bad Tenants, by bad Securities, or any Damage by Sea or Land, are reduced to very narrow Circumstances. They were at that time the most inaccessible haughty Beauties in Town; and their Pretensions to take upon them at that unmerciful rate, was rais'd upon the following Scheme, according to which all their Lovers were answered.

'Our Father is a youngish Man, but then our Mother is 'somewhat older, and not likely to have any Children: His 'Estate, being 800*l. per Annum*, at 20 Years Purchase, is 'worth 16,000*l.* Our Uncle who is above 50, has 400*l. per* '*Annum*, which at the foresaid Rate, is 8000*l.* There's a

[1] [*Et nulli rei nisi Pœnitentiæ natus.*] [2] [Pollutions]

'Widow Aunt, who has 10,000*l.* at her own Disposal left by 'her Husband, and an old Maiden Aunt who has 6000*l.* 'Then our Father's Mother has 900*l.* *per Annum*, which is 'worth 18,000*l.* and 1000*l.* each of us has of her own, which 'can't be taken from us. These summ'd up together stand 'thus.

Father's 800	—16,000	This equally divided between us three amounts to 20,000*l.* each; and Allowance being given for Enlargement upon common Fame, we may lawfully pass for 30,000*l.* Fortunes.
Uncle's 400	— 8000	
Aunts { 10,000 } { 6000 }	—16,000	
Grandmother 900	—18,000	
Own 1000 each	——3000	
Total 61,000		

In Prospect of this, and the Knowledge of her own personal Merit, every one was contemptible in their Eyes, and they refus'd those Offers which had been frequently made 'em. But *mark the End:* The Mother dies, the Father is married again, and has a Son, on him was entail'd the Father's, Uncle's, and Grand-mother's Estate. This cut off 43,000*l.* The Maiden Aunt married a tall Irishman, and with her went the 6000. The Widow died, and left but enough to pay her Debts and bury her; so that there remained for these three Girls but their own 1000*l.* They had [by] this time passed their Prime, and got on the wrong side of Thirty; and must pass the Remainder of their Days, upbraiding Mankind that they mind nothing but Money, and bewailing that Virtue, Sense and Modesty are had at present in no manner of Estimation.

I mention this Case of Ladies before any other, because it is the most irreparable: For tho' Youth is the Time less capable of Reflection, it is in that Sex the only Season in which they can advance their Fortunes. But if we turn our Thoughts to the Men, we see such Crowds of Unhappy from no other Reason, but an ill-grounded Hope, that it is hard to say which they rather deserve, our Pity or Contempt. It is not unpleasant to see a Fellow after grown old in Attendance, and after having passed half a Life in Servitude, call himself the unhappiest of all Men, and pretend to be disappointed because a Courtier broke his Word. He that promises himself any thing but what may naturally arise from his own Property or Labour, and goes beyond the Desire of possessing above two Parts in three even of that, lays up for himself an encreasing

Heap of Afflictions and Disappointments. There are but two Means in the World of gaining by other Men, and these are by being either agreeable or considerable. The Generality of Mankind do all things for their own sakes; and when you hope any thing from Persons above you, if you cannot say, I can be thus agreeable or thus serviceable, it is ridiculous to pretend to the Dignity of being unfortunate when they leave you; you were injudicious, in hoping for any other than to be neglected, for such as can come within these Descriptions of being capable to please or serve your Patron, when his Humour or Interests call for their Capacity either way.

It would not methinks be an useless Comparison between the Condition of a Man who shuns all the Pleasures of Life, and of one who makes it his Business to pursue them. Hope in the Recluse makes his Austerities comfortable, while the luxurious Man gains nothing but Uneasiness from his Enjoyments. What is the Difference in the Happiness of him who is macerated by Abstinence, and his who is surfeited with Excess? He who resigns the World, has no Temptation to Envy, Hatred, Malice, Anger, but is in constant Possession of a serene Mind; he who follows the Pleasures of it, which are in their very Nature disappointing, is in constant Search of Care, Solicitude, Remorse, and Confusion.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *January the 14th*, 1712.

'I am a young Woman and have my Fortune to make; for 'which Reason I come constantly to Church to hear Divine 'Service, and make Conquests: But one great Hindrance in 'this my Design, is, that our Clerk, who was once a Gardener, 'has this *Christmas* so over-deckt the Church with Greens, that 'he has quite spoilt my Prospect, insomuch that I have scarce 'seen the young Baronet I dress at these three Weeks, though 'we have both been very constant at our Devotions, and don't 'sit above three Pews off. The Church, as it is now equipt, 'looks more like a Green-house than a Place of Worship: The 'middle Isle is a very pretty shady Walk, and the Pews look 'like so many Arbours of each Side of it. The Pulpit itself 'has such Clusters of Ivy, Holly, and Rosemary about it, that a 'light Fellow in our Pew took occasion to say, that the Con-'gregation heard the Word out of a Bush, like *Moses*. Sir '*Anthony Love's* Pew in particular is so well hedged, that all 'my Batteries have no Effect. I am obliged to shoot at 'random among the Boughs, without taking any manner of 'Aim. *Mr.* SPECTATOR, unless you'll give Orders for removing

'these Greens, I shall grow a very awkward Creature at Church, 'and soon have little else to do there but to say my Prayers. 'I am in haste,

Dear SIR,
Your most Obedient Servant,
T. Jenny Simper.

No. 283.] *Thursday, January* 24, 1712. [*Budgell.*

Magister artis et largitor ingeni
Venter—— Pers.

LUCIAN[1] rallies the Philosophers in his Time, who could not agree whether they should admit *Riches* into the number of *real Goods*; the Professors of the Severer Sects threw them quite out, while others as resolutely inserted them.

I am apt to believe, that as the World grew more Polite, the rigid Doctrines of the first were wholly discarded; and I do not find any one so hardy at present, as to deny that there are very great Advantages in the Enjoyment of a plentiful Fortune. Indeed the best and wisest of Men, tho' they may possibly despise a good Part of those things which the World calls Pleasures, can, I think, hardly be insensible of that Weight and Dignity which a moderate Share of Wealth adds to their Characters, Councils, and Actions.

We find it is a General Complaint in Professions and Trades, that the richest Members of them are chiefly encouraged, and this is falsly imputed to the Ill nature of Mankind, who are ever bestowing their Favours on such as least want them. Whereas if we fairly consider their Proceedings in this Case, we shall find them founded on undoubted Reason: Since supposing both equal in their natural Integrity, I ought, in common Prudence, to fear foul Play from an Indigent Person, rather than from one whose Circumstances seem to have placed him above the bare Temptation of Money.

This Reason also makes the Common-wealth regard her richest Subjects, as those who are most concerned for her Quiet and Interest, and consequently fittest to be intrusted with her highest Employments. On the contrary, *Cataline's* Saying to those Men of desperate Fortunes, who applied themselves to him, and of whom he afterwards composed his Army, that *they had nothing to hope for but a Civil War*, was too true not to make the Impressions he desired.

[1] In his Auction of Philosophers.

I believe I need not fear but that what I have said in Praise of Money, will be more than sufficient with most of my Readers to excuse the Subject of my present Paper, which I intend as an Essay on *The Ways to raise a Man's Fortune*, or, *The Art of growing Rich.*

The first and most infallible Method towards the attaining of this End, is *Thrift:* All Men are not equally qualified for getting Money, but it is in the Power of every one alike to practise this Virtue, and I believe there are very few Persons, who, if they please to reflect on their past Lives, will not find that had they saved all those Little Sums which they have spent unnecessarily, they might at present have been Masters of a competent Fortune. *Diligence* justly claims the next Place to *Thrift:* I find both these excellently well recommended to common use in the three following *Italian* Proverbs,

Never do that by Proxy which you can do yourself.
Never defer that 'till To-morrow which you can do To-day.
Never neglect small Matters and Expences.

A third Instrument of growing Rich, is *Method in Business*, which, as well as the two former, is also attainable by Persons of the meanest Capacities.

The famous *De Wit*, one of the greatest Statesmen of the Age in which he lived, being asked by a Friend, How he was able to dispatch that Multitude of Affairs in which he was engaged? reply'd, That his whole Art consisted in doing *one thing at once.* If, says he, I have any necessary Dispatches to make, I think of nothing else 'till those are finished; If any Domestick Affairs require my Attention, I give myself up wholly to them 'till they are set in Order.

In short, we often see Men of dull and phlegmatick Tempers, arriving to great Estates, by making a regular and orderly Disposition of their Business, and that without it the greatest Parts and most lively Imaginations rather puzzle their Affairs, than bring them to an happy Issue.

From what has been said, I think I may lay it down as a Maxim, that every Man of good common Sense may, if he pleases, in his particular Station of Life, most certainly be Rich. The Reason why we sometimes see that Men of the greatest Capacities are not so, is either because they despise Wealth in Comparison of something else; or at least are not content to be getting an Estate, unless they may do it their own way, and at the same time enjoy all the Pleasures and Gratifications of Life.

But besides these ordinary Forms of growing Rich, it must be allowed that there is Room for Genius, as well in this as in all other Circumstances of Life.

Tho' the Ways of getting Money were long since very numerous; and tho' so many new ones have been found out of late Years, there is certainly still remaining so large a Field for Invention, that a Man of an indifferent Head might easily sit down and draw up such a Plan for the Conduct and support of his Life, as was never yet once thought of.

We daily see Methods put in practice by hungry and ingenious Men, which demonstrate the Power of Invention in this Particular.

It is reported of *Scaramouch*, the first famous *Italian* Comedian, that being at *Paris* and in great Want, he bethought himself of constantly plying near the Door of a noted Perfumer in that City, and when any one came out who had been buying Snuff, never failed to desire a Taste of them: when he had by this Means got together a Quantity made up of several different Sorts, he sold it again at a lower Rate to the same Perfumer, who finding out the Trick, called it *Tabac de mille fleures*, or *Snuff of a thousand Flowers*. The Story farther tells us, that by this means he got a very comfortable Subsistence, 'till making too much haste to grow Rich, he one Day took such an unreasonable Pinch out of the Box of a *Swiss* Officer, as engaged him in a Quarrel, and obliged him to quit this Ingenious Way of Life.

Nor can I in this Place omit doing Justice to a Youth of my own Country, who, tho' he is scarce yet twelve Years old, has with great Industry and Application attained to the Art of beating the Grenadiers March on his Chin. I am credibly informed that by this means he does not only maintain himself and his Mother, but that he is laying up Money every Day, with a Design, if the War continues, to purchase a Drum at least, if not a Colours.

I shall conclude these Instances with the Device of the famous *Rabelais*, when he was at a great Distance from *Paris*, and without Money to bear his Expences thither. This ingenious Author being thus sharp set, got together a convenient Quantity of Brick-Dust, and having disposed of it into several Papers, writ upon one *Poyson for Monsieur*, upon a second, *Poyson for the Dauphin*, and on a third, *Poyson for the King*. Having made this Provision for the Royal Family of *France*, he laid his Papers so that his Landlord, who was an Inquisitive Man, and a good Subject, might get a Sight of them.

The Plot succeeded as he desired: The Host gave immediate Intelligence to the Secretary of State. The Secretary presently sent down a Special Messenger, who brought up the Traitor to Court, and provided him at the King's Expence with proper Accommodations on the Road. As soon as he appeared he was known to be the Celebrated *Rabelais*, and his Powder upon Examination being found very Innocent, the Jest was only laught at; for which a less eminent *Drole* would have been sent to the Gallies.

Trade and Commerce might doubtless be still varied a thousand Ways, out of which would arise such Branches as have not yet been touched. The famous *Doily* is still fresh in every one's Memory, who raised a Fortune by finding out Materials for such Stuffs as might at once be cheap and genteel. I have heard it affirmed, that had not he discovered this frugal Method of gratifying our Pride, we should hardly have been [able [1]] to carry on the last War.

I regard Trade not only as highly advantageous to the Commonwealth in general; but as the most natural and likely Method of making a Man's Fortune, having observed, since my being a *Spectator* in the World, greater Estates got about *Change*, than at *Whitehall* or at St. *James's*. I believe I may also add, that the first Acquisitions are generally attended with more Satisfaction, and as good a Conscience.

I must not however close this Essay, without observing that what has been said is only intended for Persons in the common ways of Thriving, and is not designed for those Men who from low Beginnings push themselves up to the Top of States, and the most considerable Figures in Life. My Maxim of *Saving* is not designed for such as these, since nothing is more usual than for *Thrift* to disappoint the Ends of *Ambition;* it being almost impossible that the Mind should [be [2]] intent upon Trifles, while it is at the same time forming some great Design.

I may therefore compare these Men to a great Poet, who, as *Longinus* says, while he is full of the most magnificent Ideas, is not always at leisure to mind the little Beauties and Niceties of his Art.

I would however have all my Readers take great care how they mistake themselves for uncommon *Genius's*, and Men above Rule, since it is very easy for them to be deceived in this Particular. X.

[1] [able so well]

[2] [descend to and be]

No. 284.] *Friday, January* 25, 1712. [*Steele.*

[*Posthabui tamen illorum mea seria Ludo.*—Virg.[1]]

AN unaffected Behaviour is without question a very great Charm; but under the Notion of being unconstrained and disengaged, People take upon them to be unconcerned in any Duty of Life. A general Negligence is what they assume upon all Occasions, and set up for an Aversion to all manner of Business and Attention. *I am the carelessest Creature in the World, I have certainly the worst Memory of any Man living*, are frequent Expressions in the Mouth of a Pretender of this sort. It is a professed Maxim with these People never to *think*; there is something so solemn in Reflexion, they, forsooth, can never give themselves Time for such a way of employing themselves. It happens often that this sort of Man is heavy enough in his Nature to be a good Proficient in such Matters as are attainable by Industry; but alas! he has such an ardent Desire to be what he is not, to be too volatile, to have the Faults of a Person of Spirit, that he professes himself the most unfit Man living for any manner of Application. When this Humour enters into the Head of a Female, she gently professes Sickness upon all Occasions, and acts all things with an indisposed Air: She is offended, but her Mind is too lazy to raise her to Anger, therefore she lives only as actuated by a violent Spleen and gentle Scorn. She has hardly Curiosity to listen to Scandal of her Acquaintance, and has never Attention enough to hear them commended. This Affectation in both Sexes makes them vain of being useless, and take a certain Pride in their Insignificancy.

Opposite to this Folly is another no less unreasonable, and that is the Impertinence of being always in a Hurry. There are those who visit Ladies, and beg Pardon afore they are well seated in their Chairs, that they just called in, but are obliged to attend Business of Importance elsewhere the very next Moment: Thus they run from Place to Place, professing that they are obliged to be still in another Company than that which they are in. These Persons who are just a going somewhere else should never be detained; [let[2]] all the World allow that Business is to be minded, and their Affairs will be at an end. Their Vanity is to be importuned, and Compliance with their Multiplicity of Affairs would effectually dispatch 'em. The

[1] [*Strenua nos exercet inertia.*—Hor.] [2] [but]

Travelling Ladies, who have half the Town to see in an Afternoon, may be pardoned for being in constant Hurry; but it is inexcusable in Men to come where they have no Business, to profess they absent themselves where they have. It has been remarked by some nice Observers and Criticks, that there is nothing discovers the true Temper of a Person so much as his Letters. I have by me two Epistles, which are written by two People of the different Humours above-mentioned. It is wonderful that a Man cannot observe upon himself when he sits down to write, but that he will gravely commit himself to Paper the same Man that he is in the Freedom of Conversation. I have hardly seen a Line from any of these Gentlemen, but spoke them as absent from what they were doing, as they profess they are when they come into Company. For the Folly is, that they have perswaded themselves they really are busy. Thus their whole Time is spent in suspense of the present Moment to the next, and then from the next to the succeeding, which to the End of Life is to pass away with Pretence to many things, and Execution of nothing.

SIR,

'The Post is just going out, and I have many other Letters 'of very great Importance to write this Evening, but I could 'not omit making my Compliments to you for your Civilities to 'me when I was last in Town. It is my Misfortune to be so 'full of Business, that I cannot tell you a Thousand Things 'which I have to say to you. I must desire you to com-'municate the Contents of this to no one living; but believe 'me to be, with the greatest Fidelity,

SIR,

Your most Obedient,

Humble Servant,

Stephen Courier.

Madam,

'I hate Writing, of all Things in the World; however, though 'I have drunk the Waters, and am told I ought not to use my 'Eyes so much, I cannot forbear writing to you, to tell you 'I have been to the last Degree hipped since I saw you. How 'could you entertain such a Thought, as that I should hear of 'that silly Fellow with Patience? Take my Word for it, there 'is nothing in it; and you may believe it when so lazy a 'Creature as I am undergo the Pains to assure you of it by 'taking Pen, Ink, and Paper in my Hand. Forgive this,

'you know I shall not often offend in this Kind. I am very
'much *Your Servant,*
Bridget Eitherdown.

The Fellow is of your Country, pr'ythee send me Word how ever whether he has so great an Estate.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Jan.* 24, 1712.

'I am Clerk of the Parish from whence Mrs. *Simper* sends 'her Complaint, in your Yesterday's *Spectator.* I must beg of 'you to publish this as a publick Admonition to the aforesaid 'Mrs. *Simper*, otherwise all my honest Care in the Disposition 'of the Greens in the Church will have no Effect: I shall there- 'fore with your Leave lay before you the whole Matter. I was 'formerly, as she charges me, for several Years a Gardener in 'the County of *Kent:* But I must absolutely deny, that 'tis out 'of any Affection I retain for my old Employment that I have 'placed my Greens so liberally about the Church, but out of a 'particular Spleen I conceived against Mrs. *Simper* (and others 'of the same Sisterhood) some time ago. As to herself, I had 'one Day set the Hundredth *Psalm*, and was singing the first 'Line in order to put the Congregation into the Tune, she was 'all the while curtsying to Sir *Anthony* in so affected and 'indecent a manner, that the Indignation I conceived at it 'made me forget my self so far, as from the Tune of that *Psalm* 'to wander into *Southwell* Tune, and from thence into *Windsor* 'Tune, still unable to recover my self till I had with the utmost 'Confusion set a new one. Nay, I have often seen her rise up 'and smile and curtsy to one at the lower End of the Church 'in the midst of a *Gloria Patri;* and when I have spoke the 'Assent to a Prayer with a long *Amen* uttered with decent 'Gravity, she has been rolling her Eyes around about in such a 'Manner, as plainly shewed, however she was moved, it was 'not towards an Heavenly Object. In fine, she extended her 'Conquests so far over the Males, and raised such Envy in the 'Females, that what between Love of those and the Jealousy 'of these, I was almost the only Person that looked in the 'Prayer-Book all Church-time. I had several Projects in my 'Head to put a Stop to this growing Mischief; but as I have 'long lived in *Kent*, and there often heard how the *Kentish* 'Men evaded the Conqueror, by carrying green Boughs over 'their Heads, it put me in mind of practising this Device 'against Mrs. *Simper.* I find I have preserved many a young 'Man from her Eye-shot by this Means; therefore humbly

'pray the Boughs may be fixed, till she shall give Security 'for her peaceable Intentions.

Your Humble Servant,
T. Francis Sternhold.

No. 285.] *Saturday, January* 26, 1712. [*Addison.*

Ne, quicunque Deus, quicunque adhibebitur heros,
Regali conspectus in auro nuper et ostro,
Migret in Obscuras humili sermone tabernas:
Aut, dum vitat humum, nubes et inania captet.—Hor.

HAVING already treated of the Fable, the Characters, and Sentiments in the *Paradise Lost*, we are in the last Place to consider the *Language;* and as the Learned World is very much divided upon *Milton* as to this Point, I hope they will excuse me if I appear particular in any of my Opinions, and encline to those who judge the most advantageously of the Author.

It is requisite that the Language of an Heroic Poem should be both Perspicuous and Sublime.[1] In proportion as either of these two Qualities are wanting, the Language is imperfect. Perspicuity is the first and most necessary Qualification; insomuch that a good-natur'd Reader sometimes overlooks a little Slip even in the Grammar or *Syntax*, where it is impossible for him to mistake the Poet's Sense. Of this Kind is that Passage in *Milton*, wherein he speaks of *Satan.*

——God and his Son except,
Created thing nought valu'd he nor shunn'd.

And that in which he describes *Adam* and *Eve.*

Adam *the goodliest Man of Men since born*
His Sons, the fairest of her Daughters Eve.

It is plain, that in the former of these Passages according to the natural *Syntax*, the Divine Persons mentioned in the first Line are represented as created Beings; and that, in the other, *Adam* and *Eve* are confounded with their Sons and Daughters. Such little Blemishes as these, when the Thought is great and natural, we should, with *Horace*,[2] impute to a

[1] Aristotle, *Poetics*, ii. § 26. 'The excellence of Diction consists in being 'perspicuous without being mean.'

[2] Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura.—De Ar. Poet., ll. 351-3.

pardonable Inadvertency, or to the Weakness of human Nature, which cannot attend to each minute Particular, and give the last Finishing to every Circumstance in so long a Work. The Ancient Criticks therefore, who were acted by a Spirit of Candour, rather than that of Cavilling, invented certain Figures of Speech, on purpose to palliate little Errors of this nature in the Writings of those Authors who had so many greater Beauties to attone for them.

If Clearness and Perspicuity were only to be consulted, the Poet would have nothing else to do but to cloath his Thoughts in the most plain and natural Expressions. But since it often happens that the most obvious Phrases, and those which are used in ordinary Conversation, become too familiar to the Ear, and contract a kind of Meanness by passing through the Mouths of the Vulgar, a Poet should take particular Care to guard himself against Idiomatick Ways of Speaking. *Ovid* and *Lucan* have many Poornesses of Expression upon this Account, as taking up with the first Phrases that offered, without putting themselves to the Trouble of looking after such as would not only have been natural, but also elevated and sublime. *Milton* has but few Failings in this Kind, of which, however, you may [meet with some Instances, as [1]] in the following Passages.

Embrios and Idiots, Eremites and Fryars,
White, Black, *and* Grey, *with all their* Trumpery,
Here Pilgrims roam———
———A while discourse they hold,
No fear lest Dinner cool; *when thus began*
Our Author———
Who of all Ages to succeed, but feeling
The Evil on him brought by me, will curse
My Head, ill fare our Ancestor impure,
For this we may thank *Adam———*

The Great Masters in Composition, knew very well that many an elegant Phrase becomes improper for a Poet or an Orator, when it has been debased by common Use. For this Reason the Works of Ancient Authors, which are written in dead Languages, have a great Advantage over those which are written in Languages that are now spoken. Were there any mean Phrases or Idioms in *Virgil* and *Homer*, they would not shock the Ear of the most delicate Modern Reader, so much as they would have done that of an old *Greek* or *Roman*, because we never hear them pronounced in our Streets, or in ordinary Conversation.

It is not therefore sufficient, that the Language of an Epic

[1] [see an Instance or two]

Poem be Perspicuous, unless it be also Sublime. To this end it ought to deviate from the common Forms and ordinary Phrases of Speech. The Judgment of a Poet very much discovers it self in shunning the common Roads of Expression, without falling into such ways of Speech as may seem stiff and unnatural; he must not swell into a false Sublime, by endeavouring to avoid the other Extream. Among the *Greeks*, *Æschylus*, and sometimes *Sophocles*, were guilty of this Fault; among the *Latins*, *Claudian* and *Statius;* and among our own Countrymen, *Shakespear* and *Lee*. In these Authors the Affectation of Greatness often hurts the Perspicuity of the Stile, as in many others the Endeavour after Perspicuity prejudices its Greatness.

Aristotle has observed, that the Idiomatick Stile may be avoided, and the Sublime formed, by the following Methods.[1] First, by the Use of Metaphors [: Such are those of *Milton*.[2]]

> Imparadised *in one another's Arms.*
> ——*And in his Hand a Reed*
> *Stood waving* tipt *with Fire.*——
> *The grassie Clods now* calv'd,——
> [Spangled *with Eyes*——]

In these and innumerable other Instances, the Metaphors are very bold but just; I must however observe that the Metaphors are not [so] thick sown in *Milton* which always savours too much of Wit; that they never clash with one another, which, as *Aristotle* observes, turns a Sentence into a kind of an Enigma or Riddle;[3] and that he seldom has recourse to them where the proper and natural Words will do as well.

Another way of raising the Language, and giving it a Poetical Turn, is to make use of the Idioms of other Tongues. *Virgil* is full of the *Greek* Forms of Speech, which the Criticks call *Hellenisms*, as *Horace* in his Odes abounds with them much more than *Virgil*. I need not mention the several Dialects which *Homer* has made use of for this end. *Milton*, in conformity with the Practice of the Ancient Poets, and with *Aristotle's* Rule, has infused a great many *Latinisms*, as well as

[1] Poetics, ii. § 26.

[2] [, like those in Milton.]

[3] 'That language is elevated and remote from the vulgar idiom which 'employs unusual words: by unusual, I mean *foreign*, *metaphorical*, *extended* '—all, in short, that are not common words. Yet, should a poet compose 'his Diction entirely of such words, the result would be either an enigma or 'a barbarous jargon: an enigma if composed of metaphors, a barbarous 'jargon if composed of foreign words. For the essence of an enigma consists 'in putting together things apparently inconsistent and impossible, and at 'the same time saying nothing but what is true. Now this cannot be effected 'by the mere arrangement of words; by the metaphorical use of them 'it may.'

Græcisms, and sometimes *Hebraisms*, into the Language of his Poem; as towards the Beginning of it.

> Nor *did they* not *perceive the evil Plight*
> *In which they were*, or *the fierce Pains not feel.*
> *Yet to their Gen'ral's Voice they soon obey'd.—*
> *——— Who shall tempt with wand'ring Feet*
> *The dark unbottom'd Infinite Abyss,*
> *And through the* palpable Obscure *find out*
> *His uncouth way, or spread his airy Flight*
> *Upborn with indefatigable Wings*
> *Over the* vast Abrupt!
>
> [*———So both ascend*
> *In the Visions of God——* Book 2.]

Under this Head may be reckon'd the placing the Adjective after the Substantive, the Transposition of Words, the turning the Adjective into a Substantive, with several other Foreign Modes of Speech which this Poet has naturalized to give his Verse the greater Sound, and throw it out of Prose.

The third Method mentioned by *Aristotle* is what agrees with the Genius of the *Greek* Language more than with that of any other Tongue, and is therefore more used by *Homer* than by any other Poet. I mean the lengthning of a Phrase by the Addition of Words, which may either be inserted or omitted, as also by the extending or contracting of particular Words by the Insertion or Omission of certain Syllables. *Milton* has put in practice this Method of raising his Language, as far as the Nature of our Tongue will permit, as in the Passage above-mentioned, *Eremite*, [for] what is Hermit, in common Discourse. If you observe the Measure of his Verse, he has with great Judgment suppressed a Syllable in several Words, and shortned those of two Syllables into one, by which Method, besides the above-mentioned Advantage, he has given a greater Variety to his Numbers. But this Practice is more particularly remarkable in the Names of Persons and of Countries, as *Beëlzebub*, *Hessebon*, and in many other Particulars, wherein he has either changed the Name, or made use of that which is not the most commonly known, that he might the better depart from the Language of the Vulgar.

The same Reason recommended to him several old Words, which also makes his Poem appear the more venerable, and gives it a greater Air of Antiquity.

I must likewise take notice, that there are in *Milton* several Words of his own coining, as *Cerberean*, *miscreated*, *Helldoom'd*, *Embryon* Atoms, and many others. If the Reader is offended at this Liberty in our *English* Poet, I would

recommend him to a Discourse in *Plutarch*,[1] which shews us how frequently *Homer* has made use of the same Liberty.

Milton, by the above-mentioned Helps, and by the Choice of the noblest Words and Phrases which our Tongue would afford him, has carried our Language to a greater Height than any of the *English* Poets have ever done before or after him, and made the Sublimity of his Stile equal to that of his Sentiments.

I have been the more particular in these Observations on *Milton's* Stile, because it is that Part of him in which he appears the most singular. The Remarks I have here made upon the Practice of other Poets, with my Observations out of *Aristotle*, will perhaps alleviate the Prejudice which some have taken to his Poem upon this Account; tho' after all, I must confess that I think his Stile, tho' admirable in general, is in some places too much stiffened and obscured by the frequent Use of those Methods, which *Aristotle* has prescribed for the raising of it.

This Redundancy of those several Ways of Speech, which *Aristotle* calls *foreign Language*, and with which *Milton* has so very much enriched, and in some Places darkned the Language of his Poem, was the more proper for his use, because his Poem is written in Blank Verse. Rhyme, without any other Assistance, throws the Language off from Prose, and very often makes an indifferent Phrase pass unregarded; but where the Verse is not built upon Rhymes, there Pomp of Sound, and Energy of Expression, are indispensably necessary to support the Stile, and keep it from falling into the Flatness of Prose.

Those who have not a Taste for this Elevation of Stile, and are apt to ridicule a Poet when he departs from the common Forms of Expression, would do well to see how *Aristotle* has treated an Ancient Author called *Euclid*,[2] for his insipid

[1] On Life and Poetry of Homer, wrongly ascribed to Plutarch, Bk. I. § 16.

[2] *Poetics*, II. § 26. 'A judicious intermixture is requisite. . . It is 'without reason, therefore, that some critics have censured these modes of 'speech, and ridiculed the poet for the use of them; as old Euclid did, 'objecting that versification would be an easy business, if it were permitted 'to lengthen words at pleasure, and then giving a burlesque example of 'that sort of diction. . . In the employment of all the species of unusual 'words, moderation is necessary: for metaphors, foreign words, or any of 'the others improperly used, and with a design to be ridiculous, would 'produce the same effect. But how great a difference is made by a proper 'and temperate use of such words may be seen in heroic verse. Let any 'one put common words in the place of the metaphorical, the foreign, and 'others of the same kind, and he will be convinced of the truth of what I 'say.' He then gives two or three examples of the effect of changing

Mirth upon this Occasion. Mr. *Dryden* used to call [these [1]] sort of Men his Prose-Criticks.

I should, under this Head of the Language, consider *Milton's* Numbers, in which he has made use of several Elisions, which are not customary among other *English* Poets, as may be particularly observed in his cutting off the Letter *Y*, when it precedes a Vowel.[2] This, and some other Innovations in the

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poetical for common words. As, that (in plays now lost) 'the same Iambic 'verse occurs in Æschylus and Euripides; but by means of a single alter-'ation—the substitution of a foreign for a common and usual word—one of 'these verses appears beautiful, the other ordinary. For Æschylus in his 'Philoctetes says, "The poisonous wound that eats my flesh." But Euripides for (ἐσθιει) "eats" says (θοινασαι) "banquets on."'

[1] [this]

[2] This is not particularly observed. On the very first page of P. L. we have a line with the final *y* twice sounded before a vowel,

Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song.

Again a few lines later,

That to the height of this great argument
I may assert Eternal Providence.

Ten lines farther we read of the Serpent

Stirr'd up with envy and revenge.

We have only an apparent elision of *y* a few lines later in his aspiring

To set himself in glory above his peers,

for the line would be ruined were the *y* to be omitted by a reader. The extreme shortness of the two unaccented syllables, *y* and *a*, gives them the quantity of one in the metre, and allows by the turn of voice a suggestion of exuberance, heightening the force of the word glory. Three lines lower Milton has no elision of the *y* before a vowel in the line,

Against the throne and monarchy of God.

Nor eight lines after that in the words 'day and night.' There is elision of *y* in the line,

That were an ignominy and shame beneath
This downfall.

But none a few lines lower down in

Sole reigning holds the tyranny of heaven.

When the *y* stands by itself, unaccented, immediately after an accented syllable, and precedes a vowel that is part of another unaccented syllable standing immediately before an accented one, Milton accepts the consequence, and does not attempt to give it the force of a distinct syllable. But Addison's vague notion that it was Milton's custom to cut off the final *y* when it precedes a vowel, and that for the sake of being uncommon, came of inaccurate observation. For the reasons just given, the *y* of the word glory runs into the succeeding syllable, and most assuredly is not cut off, when we read of

the excess
Of Glory obscur'd: as when the sun, new ris'n,
Looks through the horizontal misty air,

Measure of his Verse, has varied his Numbers in such a manner, as makes them incapable of satiating the Ear, and cloying the Reader, which the same uniform Measure would certainly have done, and which the perpetual Returns of Rhime never fail to do in long Narrative Poems. I shall close these Reflections upon the Language of *Paradise Lost*, with observing that *Milton* has copied after *Homer* rather than *Virgil* in the length of his Periods, the Copiousness of his Phrases, and the running of his Verses into one another. L.

No. 286.] *Monday, January* 28, 1712. [*Steele.*

Nomina Honesta prætenduntur vitiis.—Tacit.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *York, Jan.* 18, 1712.

'I PRETEND not to inform a Gentleman of so just a Taste, 'whenever he pleases to use it; but it may not be amiss to 'inform your Readers, that there is a false Delicacy as well as 'a true one. True Delicacy, as I take it, consists in Exactness 'of Judgment and Dignity of Sentiment, or if you will, Purity 'of Affection, as this is opposed to Corruption and Grossness. 'There are Pedants in Breeding as well as in Learning. The 'Eye that cannot bear the Light is not delicate but sore. A 'good Constitution appears in the Soundness and Vigour of 'the Parts, not in the Squeamishness of the Stomach; And a 'false Delicacy is Affectation, not Politeness. What then can 'be the Standard of Delicacy but Truth and Virtue? Virtue, 'which, as the Satyrist long since observed, is real Honour; 'whereas the other Distinctions among Mankind are meerly 'titular. Judging by that Rule, in my Opinion, and in that of 'many of your virtuous Female Readers, you are so far from 'deserving Mr. *Courtly's* Accusation, that you seem too gentle, 'and to allow too many Excuses for an enormous Crime, 'which is the Reproach of the Age, and is in all its Branches 'and Degrees expresly forbidden by that Religion we pretend

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but the *y* in 'misty' stands as a full syllable because the word air is accented. So again in

Death as oft accus'd
Of tardy execution, since denounc'd
The day of his offence.

The *y* of 'tardy' is a syllable because the vowel following it is accented; the *y* also of 'day' remains, because, although an unaccented vowel follows, it is itself part of an accented syllable.

'to profess; and whose Laws, in a Nation that calls it self 'Christian, one would think should take Place of those Rules 'which Men of corrupt Minds, and those of weak Understand-'ings follow. I know not any thing more pernicious to good 'Manners, than the giving fair Names to foul Actions; for this 'confounds Vice and Virtue, and takes off that natural Horrour 'we have to Evil. An innocent Creature, who would start at 'the Name of Strumpet, may think it pretty to be called a 'Mistress, especially if her Seducer has taken care to inform 'her, that a Union of Hearts is the principal Matter in the 'Sight of Heaven, and that the Business at Church is a meer 'idle Ceremony. Who knows not that the Difference between 'obscene and modest Words expressing the same Action, con-'sists only in the accessary Idea, for there is nothing immodest 'in Letters and Syllables. Fornication and Adultery are modest 'Words: because they express an Evil Action as criminal, and 'so as to excite Horrour and Aversion: Whereas Words repre-'senting the Pleasure rather than the Sin, are for this Reason 'indecent and dishonest. Your Papers would be chargeable 'with something worse than Indelicacy, they would be Immoral, 'did you treat the detestable Sins of Uncleanness in the same 'manner as you rally an impertinent Self-love and an artful 'Glance; as those Laws would be very unjust, that should 'chastise Murder and Petty Larceny with the same Punish-'ment. Even Delicacy requires that the Pity shewn to dis-'tressed indigent Wickedness, first betrayed into, and then 'expelled the Harbours of the Brothel, should be changed 'to Detestation, when we consider pampered Vice in the 'Habitations of the Wealthy. The most free Person of Quality, 'in Mr. *Courtly's* Phrase, that is, to speak properly, a Woman 'of Figure who has forgot her Birth and Breeding, dishonoured 'her Relations and her self, abandoned her Virtue and Re-'putation, together with the natural Modesty of her Sex, and 'risqued her very Soul, is so far from deserving to be treated 'with no worse Character than that of a kind Woman, (which 'is doubtless Mr. *Courtly's* Meaning, if he has any,) that one 'can scarce be too severe on her, in as much as she sins against 'greater Restraints, is less exposed, and liable to fewer Tempt-'ations, than Beauty in Poverty and Distress. It is hoped 'therefore, Sir, that you will not lay aside your generous Design 'of exposing that monstrous Wickedness of the Town, where-'by a Multitude of Innocents are sacrificed in a more barbarous 'Manner than those who were offered to *Moloch*. The Un-'chaste are provoked to see their Vice exposed, and the Chaste

'cannot rake into such Filth without Danger of Defilement; 'but a meer SPECTATOR may look into the Bottom, and come 'off without partaking in the Guilt. The doing so will convince 'us you pursue publick Good, and not meerly your own Ad- 'vantage: But if your Zeal slackens, how can one help thinking 'that Mr. *Courtly's* Letter is but a Feint to get off from a 'Subject, in which either your own, or the private and base 'Ends of others to whom you are partial, or those [of] whom 'you are afraid, would not endure a Reformation?

I am, Sir, your humble Servant and Admirer, so long as you tread in the Paths of Truth, Virtue, and Honour.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

Trin. Coll. Cantab. Jan. 12, 1711-12.

'It is my Fortune to have a Chamber-Fellow, with whom, 'tho' I agree very well in many Sentiments, yet there is one 'in which we are as contrary as Light and Darkness. We are 'both in Love: his Mistress is a lovely Fair, and mine a lovely 'Brown. Now as the Praise of our Mistresses Beauty employs 'much of our Time, we have frequent Quarrels in entering 'upon that Subject, while each says all he can to defend his 'Choice. For my own part, I have racked my Fancy to the 'utmost; and sometimes, with the greatest Warmth of Imagin- 'ation, have told him, That Night was made before Day, and 'many more fine Things, tho' without any effect: Nay, 'last Night I could not forbear saying with more Heat than 'Judgment, that the Devil ought to be painted white. Now 'my Desire is, Sir, that you would be pleased to give us in 'Black and White your Opinion in the Matter of Dispute 'between us; which will either furnish me with fresh and pre- 'vailing Arguments to maintain my own Taste, or make me 'with less Repining allow that of my Chamber-Fellow. I 'know very well that I have *Jack Cleveland*[1] and *Bond's* '*Horace* on my Side; but then he has such a Band of Rhymers 'and Romance-Writers, with which he opposes me, and is so 'continually chiming to the Tune of Golden Tresses, yellow 'Locks, Milk, Marble, Ivory, Silver, Swan, Snow, Daisies, 'Doves, and the Lord knows what; which he is always sound- 'ing with so much Vehemence in my Ears, that he often puts 'me into a brown Study how to answer him; and I find that

[1] Cleveland celebrates brown beauties in his poem of 'the Senses 'Festival.' John Bond, who published Commentaries on Horace and Persius, Antony à Wood calls 'a polite and rare critic whose labours have 'advanced the Commonwealth of Learning very much.'

'I am in a fair Way to be quite confounded, without your 'timely Assistance afforded to,

SIR,

Your humble Servant,

[T.[1]] Philobrune.

No. 287.] *Tuesday, January* 29, 1712. [*Addison.*

Ω φιλτάτη γῆ μῆτερ, ὡς σεμνὸν σφόδρ' εἶ
Τοῖς νοῦν ἔχουσι κτῆμα—— Menand.

I LOOK upon it as a peculiar Happiness, that were I to choose of what Religion I would be, and under what Government I would live, I should most certainly give the Preference to that Form of Religion and Government which is established in my own Country. In this Point I think I am determined by Reason and Conviction; but if I shall be told that I am acted by Prejudice, I am sure it is an honest Prejudice, it is a Prejudice that arises from the Love of my Country, and therefore such an one as I will always indulge. I have in several Papers endeavoured to express my Duty and Esteem for the Church of *England*, and design this as an Essay upon the Civil Part of our Constitution, having often entertained my self with Reflections on this Subject, which I have not met with in other Writers.

That Form of Government appears to me the most reasonable, which is most conformable to the Equality that we find in human Nature, provided it be consistent with publick Peace and Tranquillity. This is what may properly be called Liberty, which exempts one Man from Subjection to another so far as the Order and Oeconomy of Government will permit.

Liberty should reach every Individual of a People, as they all share one common Nature; if it only spreads among particular Branches, there had better be none at all, since such a Liberty only aggravates the Misfortune of those who are depriv'd of it, by setting before them a disagreeable Subject of Comparison.

This Liberty is best preserved, where the Legislative Power is lodged in several Persons, especially if those Persons are of different Ranks and Interests; for where they are of the same Rank, and consequently have an Interest to manage peculiar to that Rank, it differs but little from a Despotical Government in a single Person. But the greatest Security a People can have

[1] [Z.]

for their Liberty, is when the Legislative Power is in the Hands of Persons so happily distinguished, that by providing for the particular Interests of their several Ranks, they are providing for the whole Body of the People; or in other Words, when there is no Part of the People that has not a common Interest with at least one Part of the Legislators.

If there be but one Body of Legislators, it is no better than a Tyranny; if there are only two, there will want a casting Voice, and one of them must at length be swallowed up by Disputes and Contentions that will necessarily arise between them. Four would have the same Inconvenience as two, and a greater Number would cause too much Confusion. I could never read a Passage in *Polybius*, and another in *Cicero*, to this Purpose, without a secret Pleasure in applying it to the *English* Constitution, which it suits much better than the *Roman*. Both these great Authors give the Pre-eminence to a mixt Government, consisting of three Branches, the Regal, the Noble, and the Popular. They had doubtless in their Thoughts the Constitution of the *Roman* Commonwealth, in which the Consul represented the King, the Senate the Nobles, and the Tribunes the People. This Division of the three Powers in the *Roman* Constitution was by no means so distinct and natural, as it is in the *English* Form of Government. Among several Objections that might be made to it, I think the Chief are those that affect the Consular Power, which had only the Ornaments without the Force of the Regal Authority. Their Number had not a casting Voice in it; for which Reason, if one did not chance to be employed Abroad, while the other sat at Home, the Publick Business was sometimes at a Stand, while the Consuls pulled two different Ways in it. Besides, I do not find that the Consuls had ever a Negative Voice in the passing of a Law, or Decree of Senate, so that indeed they were rather the chief Body of the Nobility, or the first Ministers of State, than a distinct Branch of the Sovereignty, in which none can be looked upon as a Part, who are not a Part of the Legislature. Had the Consuls been invested with the Regal Authority to as great a Degree as our Monarchs, there would never have been any Occasions for a Dictatorship, which had in it the Power of all the three Orders, and ended in the Subversion of the whole Constitution.

Such an History as that of *Suetonius*, which gives us a Succession of Absolute Princes, is to me an unanswerable Argument against Despotick Power. Where the Prince is a Man of Wisdom and Virtue, it is indeed happy for his People

that he is absolute; but since in the common Run of Mankind, for one that is Wise and Good you find ten of a contrary Character, it is very dangerous for a Nation to stand to its Chance, or to have its publick Happiness or Misery depend on the Virtues or Vices of a single Person. Look into the [History [1]] I have mentioned, or into any Series of Absolute Princes, how many Tyrants must you read through, before you come to an Emperor that is supportable. But this is not all; an honest private Man often grows cruel and abandoned, when converted into an absolute Prince. Give a Man Power of doing what he pleases with Impunity, you extinguish his Fear, and consequently overturn in him one of the great Pillars of Morality. This too we find confirmed by Matter of Fact. How many hopeful Heirs apparent to grand Empires, when in the Possession of them, have become such Monsters of Lust and Cruelty as are a Reproach to Human Nature.

Some tell us we ought to make our Governments on Earth like that in Heaven, which, say they, is altogether Monarchical and Unlimited. Was Man like his Creator in Goodness and Justice, I should be for following this great Model; but where Goodness and Justice are not essential to the Ruler, I would by no means put myself into his Hands to be disposed of according to his particular Will and Pleasure.

It is odd to consider the Connection between Despotic Government and Barbarity, and how the making of one Person more than Man, makes the rest less. About nine Parts of the World in ten are in the lowest State of Slavery, and consequently sunk into the most gross and brutal Ignorance. *European* Slavery is indeed a State of Liberty, if compared with that which prevails in the other three Divisions of the World; and therefore it is no Wonder that those who grovel under it have many Tracks of Light among them, of which the others are wholly destitute.

Riches and Plenty are the natural Fruits of Liberty, and where these abound, Learning and all the Liberal Arts will immediately lift up their Heads and flourish. As a Man must have no slavish Fears and Apprehensions hanging upon his Mind, [who [2]] will indulge the Flights of Fancy or Speculation, and push his Researches into all the abstruse Corners of Truth, so it is necessary for him to have about him a Competency of all the Conveniencies of Life.

The first thing every one looks after, is to provide himself with Necessaries. This Point will engross our Thoughts 'till

[1] [Historian]

[2] [that]

it be satisfied. If this is taken care of to our Hands, we look out for Pleasures and Amusements; and among a great Number of idle People, there will be many whose Pleasures will lie in Reading and Contemplation. These are the two great Sources of Knowledge, and as Men grow wise they naturally love to communicate their Discoveries; and others seeing the Happiness of such a Learned Life, and improving by their Conversation, emulate, imitate, and surpass one another, till a Nation is filled with Races of wise and understanding Persons. Ease and Plenty are therefore the great Cherishers of Knowledge: and as most of the Despotick Governments of the World have neither of them, they are naturally over-run with Ignorance and Barbarity. In *Europe*, indeed, notwithstanding several of its Princes are absolute, there are Men famous for Knowledge and Learning; but the Reason is because the Subjects are many of them rich and wealthy, the Prince not thinking fit to exert himself in his full Tyranny like the Princes of the Eastern Nations, lest his Subjects should be invited to new-mould their Constitution, having so many Prospects of Liberty within their View. But in all Despotic Governments, tho' a particular Prince may favour Arts and Letters, there is a natural Degeneracy of Mankind, as you may observe from *Augustus's* Reign, how the *Romans* lost themselves by Degrees till they fell to an Equality with the most barbarous Nations that surrounded them. Look upon *Greece* under its free States, and you would think its Inhabitants lived in different Climates, and under different Heavens, from those at present; so different are the Genius's which are formed under *Turkish* Slavery and *Grecian* Liberty.

Besides Poverty and Want, there are other Reasons that debase the Minds of Men, who live under Slavery, though I look on this as the Principal. This natural Tendency of Despotic Power to Ignorance and Barbarity, tho' not insisted upon by others, is, I think, an unanswerable Argument against that Form of Government, as it shews how repugnant it is to the Good of Mankind, and the Perfection of human Nature, which ought to be the great Ends of all Civil Institutions. L.

No. 288.] *Wednesday, January* 30, 1712. [*Steele.*

——*Pavor est utrique molestus.*—Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'WHEN you spoke of the Jilts and Coquets, you then promised to be very impartial, and not to spare even 'your own Sex, should any of their secret or open Faults come 'under your Cognizance; which has given me Encouragement 'to describe a certain Species of Mankind under the Denomin-'ation of *Male Jilts*. They are Gentlemen who do not design 'to marry, yet, that they may appear to have some Sense of 'Gallantry, think they must pay their *Devoirs* to one particular 'Fair; in order to which they single out from amongst the 'Herd of Females her to whom they design to make their 'fruitless Addresses. This done, they first take every Oppor-'tunity of being in her Company, and then never fail upon all 'Occasions to be particular to her, laying themselves at her 'Feet, protesting the Reality of their Passion with a thousand 'Oaths, solliciting a Return, and saying as many fine Things as 'their Stock of Wit will allow; and if they are not deficient that 'way, generally speak so as to admit of a double Interpretation; 'which the credulous Fair is apt to turn to her own Advantage, 'since it frequently happens to be a raw, innocent, young 'Creature, who thinks all the World as sincere as her self, and 'so her unwary Heart becomes an easy Prey to those deceitful 'Monsters, who no sooner perceive it, but immediately they 'grow cool, and shun her whom they before seemed so much 'to admire, and proceed to act the same common-place Villany 'towards another. A Coxcomb flushed with many of these 'infamous Victories shall say he is sorry for the poor Fools, 'protest and vow he never thought of Matrimony, and wonder 'talking civilly can be so strangely misinterpreted. Now, Mr. 'SPECTATOR, you that are a professed Friend to Love, will, I 'hope, observe upon those who abuse that noble Passion, and 'raise it in innocent Minds by a deceitful Affectation of it, after 'which they desert the Enamoured. Pray bestow a little of 'your Counsel to those fond believing Females who already 'have or are in Danger of broken Hearts; in which you will 'oblige a great Part of this Town, but in a particular Manner,

SIR, Your (yet Heart-whole) Admirer,
and devoted humble Servant,
Melainia.

Melainia's Complaint is occasioned by so general a Folly, that it is wonderful one could so long overlook it. But this false Gallantry proceeds from an Impotence of Mind, which makes those who are guilty of it incapable of pursuing what they themselves approve. Many a Man wishes a Woman his Wife whom he dares not take for such. Tho' no one has Power over his Inclinations or Fortunes, he is a Slave to common Fame. For this Reason I think *Melainia* gives them too soft a Name in that of Male Coquets. I know not why Irresolution of Mind should not be more contemptible than Impotence of Body; and these frivolous Admirers would be but tenderly used, in being only included in the same Term with the Insufficient another Way. They whom my Correspondent calls Male Coquets, shall hereafter be called *Fribblers*. A Fribbler is one who professes Rapture and Admiration for the Woman to whom he addresses, and dreads nothing so much as her Consent. His Heart can flutter by the Force of Imagination, but cannot fix from the Force of Judgment. It is not uncommon for the Parents of young Women of moderate Fortune to wink at the Addresses of Fribblers, and expose their Children to the ambiguous Behaviour which *Melainia* complains of, till by the Fondness to one they are to lose, they become incapable of Love towards others, and by Consequence in their future Marriage lead a joyless or a miserable Life. As therefore I shall in the Speculations which regard Love be as severe as I ought on Jilts and Libertine Women, so will I be as little merciful to insignificant and mischievous Men. In order to this, all Visitants who frequent Families wherein there are young Females, are forthwith required to declare themselves, or absent from Places where their Presence banishes such as would pass their Time more to the Advantage of those whom they visit. It is a Matter of too great Moment to be dallied with; and I shall expect from all my young People a satisfactory Account of Appearances. *Strephon* has from the Publication hereof seven Days to explain the Riddle he presented to *Eudamia;* and *Chloris* an Hour after this comes to her Hand, to declare whether she will have *Philotas*, whom a Woman of no less Merit than her self, and of superior Fortune, languishes to call her own.

To the SPECTATOR.

SIR,[1]

'Since so many Dealers turn Authors, and write quaint

[1] Peter Anthony Motteux, the writer of this letter, was born in Normandy, and came as a refugee to England at the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

'Advertisements in praise of their Wares, one who from an 'Author turn'd Dealer may be allowed for the Advancement of 'Trade to turn Author again. I will not however set up like 'some of 'em, for selling cheaper than the most able honest 'Tradesman can; nor do I send this to be better known for 'Choice and Cheapness of China and Japan Wares, Tea, Fans, 'Muslins, Pictures, Arrack, and other *Indian* Goods. Placed 'as I am in *Leadenhall-street*, near the *India-Company*, and 'the Centre of that Trade, Thanks to my fair Customers, my 'Warehouse is graced as well as the Benefit Days of my Plays 'and Operas; and the foreign Goods I sell seem no less 'acceptable than the foreign Books I translated, *Rabelais* and 'Don *Quixote:* This the Criticks allow me, and while they like 'my Wares they may dispraise my Writing. But as 'tis not so 'well known yet that I frequently cross the Seas of late, and 'speaking *Dutch* and *French*, besides other Languages, I have 'the Conveniency of buying and importing rich Brocades, *Dutch* 'Atlasses, with Gold and Silver, or without, and other foreign 'Silks of the newest Modes and best Fabricks, fine *Flanders* 'Lace, Linnens, and Pictures, at the best Hand: This my new 'way of Trade I have fallen into I cannot better publish than 'by an Application to you. My Wares are fit only for such as 'your Readers; and I would beg of you to print this Address 'in your Paper, that those whose Minds you adorn may take 'the Ornaments for their Persons and Houses from me. This, 'Sir, if I may presume to beg it, will be the greater Favour, as 'I have lately received rich Silks and fine Lace to a consider-'able Value, which will be sold cheap for a quick Return, and 'as I have also a large Stock of other Goods. *Indian* Silks 'were formerly a great Branch of our Trade; and since we 'must not sell 'em, we must seek Amends by dealing in others. 'This I hope will plead for one who would lessen the Number 'of Teazers of the Muses, and who, suiting his Spirit to his 'Circumstances, humbles the Poet to exalt the Citizen. Like 'a true Tradesman, I hardly ever look into any Books but those 'of Accompts. To say the Truth, I cannot, I think, give you 'a better Idea of my being a downright Man of Traffick, than 'by acknowledging I oftener read the Advertisements, than the

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Here he wrote about 14 plays, translated Bayle's Dictionary, Montaigne's Essays, and Don Quixote, and established himself also as a trader in Leadenhall Street. He had a wife and a fine young family when (at the age of 56, and six years after the date of this letter) he was found dead in a house of ill fame near Temple Bar under circumstances that caused a reward of fifty pounds to be offered for the discovery of his murderer.

'Matter of even your Paper. I am under a great Temptation 'to take this Opportunity of admonishing other Writers to 'follow my Example, and trouble the Town no more; but as it 'is my present Business to increase the Number of Buyers 'rather than Sellers, I hasten to tell you that I am,

SIR, Your most humble,
and most obedient Servant,
T. Peter Motteux.

No. 289.] *Thursday, January* 31, 1712. [*Addison.*

Vitæ summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam.—Hor.

UPON taking my Seat in a Coffee-house I often draw the Eyes of the whole Room upon me, when in the hottest Seasons of News, and at a time that perhaps the *Dutch* Mail is just come in, they hear me ask the Coffee-man for his last Week's Bill of Mortality: I find that I have been sometimes taken on this occasion for a Parish Sexton, sometimes for an Undertaker, and sometimes for a Doctor of Physick. In this, however, I am guided by the Spirit of a Philosopher, as I take occasion from hence to reflect upon the regular Encrease and Diminution of Mankind, and consider the several various Ways through which we pass from Life to Eternity. I am very well pleased with these Weekly Admonitions, that bring into my Mind such Thoughts as ought to be the daily Entertainment of every reasonable Creature; and can consider, with Pleasure to my self, by which of those Deliverances, or, as we commonly call them, Distempers, I may possibly make my Escape out of this World of Sorrows, into that Condition of Existence, wherein I hope to be Happier than it is possible for me at present to conceive.

But this is not all the Use I make of the above-mentioned Weekly Paper. A Bill of Mortality[1] is in my Opinion an unanswerable Argument for a Providence. How can we, without supposing our selves under the constant Care of a Supreme Being, give any possible Account for that nice Proportion, which we find in every great City, between the Deaths and Births of its Inhabitants, and between the Number of

[1] Bills of Mortality, containing the weekly number of Christenings and Deaths, with the cause of Death, were first compiled by the London Company of Parish Clerks (for 109 parishes) after the Plague in 1592. They did not give the age at death till 1728.

Males and that of Females, who are brought into the World? What else could adjust in so exact a manner the Recruits of every Nation to its Losses, and divide these new Supplies of People into such equal Bodies of both Sexes? Chance could never hold the Balance with so steady a Hand. Were we not counted out by an intelligent Supervisor, we should sometimes be over-charged with Multitudes, and at others waste away into a Desart: We should be sometimes a *populus virorum*, as *Florus* elegantly expresses it, *a Generation of Males*, and at others a Species of Women. We may extend this Consideration to every Species of living Creatures, and consider the whole animal World as an huge Army made up of innumerable *Corps*, if I may use that Term, whose Quotas have been kept entire near five thousand Years, in so wonderful a manner, that there is not probably a single Species lost during this long Tract of Time. Could we have general Bills of Mortality of every kind of Animal, or particular ones of every Species in each Continent and Island, I could almost say in every Wood, Marsh or Mountain, what astonishing Instances would they be of that Providence which watches over all its Works?

I have heard of a great Man in the *Romish* Church, who upon reading those Words in the vth Chapter of *Genesis, And all the Days that Adam lived were nine hundred and thirty Years, and he died; and all the Days of Seth were nine hundred and twelve Years, and he died; and all the Days of Methuselah were nine hundred and sixty nine Years, and he died;* immediately shut himself up in a Convent, and retired from the World, as not thinking any thing in this Life worth pursuing, which had not regard to another.

The Truth of it is, there is nothing in History which is so improving to the Reader, as those Accounts which we meet with of the Deaths of eminent Persons, and of their Behaviour in that dreadful Season. I may also add, that there are no Parts in History which affect and please the Reader in so sensible a manner. The Reason I take to be this, because there is no other single Circumstance in the Story of any Person, which can possibly be the Case of every one who reads it. A Battle or a Triumph are Conjunctures in which not one Man in a Million is likely to be engaged; but when we see a Person at the Point of Death, we cannot forbear being attentive to every thing he says or does, because we are sure that some time or other we shall our selves be in the same melancholy Circumstances. The General, the Statesman, or the Philosopher, are perhaps Characters which we may never act in;

but the dying Man is one whom, sooner or later, we shall certainly resemble.

It is, perhaps, for the same kind of Reason that few Books, [written [1]] in *English*, have been so much perused as Dr. *Sherlock's* Discourse upon Death; though at the same time I must own, that he who has not perused this Excellent Piece, has not perhaps read one of the strongest Persuasives to a Religious Life that ever was written in any Language.

The Consideration, with which I shall close this Essay upon Death, is one of the most ancient and most beaten Morals that has been recommended to Mankind. But its being so very common, and so universally received, though it takes away from it the Grace of Novelty, adds very much to the Weight of it, as it shews that it falls in with the general Sense of Mankind. In short, I would have every one consider, that he is in this Life nothing more than a Passenger, and that he is not to set up his Rest here, but to keep an attentive Eye upon that State of Being to which he approaches every Moment, and which will be for ever fixed and permanent. This single Consideration would be sufficient to extinguish the Bitterness of Hatred, the Thirst of Avarice, and the Cruelty of Ambition.

I am very much pleased with the Passage of *Antiphanes* a very ancient Poet, who lived near an hundred Years before *Socrates*, which represents the Life of Man under this View, as I have here translated it Word for Word. *Be not grieved*, says he, *above measure for thy deceased Friends*[. *They* [2]] *are not dead, but have only finished that Journey which it is necessary for every one of us to take: We ourselves must go to that great Place of Reception in which they are all of them assembled, and in this general Rendezvous of Mankind, live together in another State of Being.*

I think I have, in a former Paper, taken notice of those beautiful Metaphors in Scripture, where Life is termed a Pilgrimage, and those who pass through it are called Strangers and Sojourners upon Earth. I shall conclude this with a Story, which I have somewhere read in the Travels of Sir *John Chardin;* [3] that Gentleman after having told us, that the Inns which receive the Caravans in *Persia*, and the Eastern Countries,

[1] [which have been written]

[2] [*; for they*]

[3] Sir John Chardin was a jeweller's son, born at Paris, who came to England and was knighted by Charles II. He travelled into Persia and the East Indies, and his account of his voyages was translated into English, German, and Flemish. He was living when this paper appeared, but died in the following year, at the age of 70.

are called by the Name of *Caravansaries*, gives us a Relation to the following Purpose.

A *Dervise*, travelling through *Tartary*, being arrived at the Town of *Balk*, went into the King's Palace by Mistake, as thinking it to be a publick Inn or Caravansary. Having looked about him for some time, he enter'd into a long Gallery, where he laid down his Wallet, and spread his Carpet, in order to repose himself upon it after the Manner of the Eastern Nations. He had not been long in this Posture before he was discovered by some of the Guards, who asked him what was his Business in that Place? The *Dervise* told them he intended to take up his Night's Lodging in that Caravansary. The Guards let him know, in a very angry manner, that the House he was in was not a Caravansary, but the King's Palace. It happened that the King himself passed through the Gallery during this Debate, and smiling at the Mistake of the *Dervise*, asked him how he could possibly be so dull as not to distinguish a Palace from a Caravansary? Sir, says the *Dervise*, give me leave to ask your Majesty a Question or two. Who were the Persons that lodged in this House when it was first built? The King replied, *His Ancestors.* And who, says the *Dervise*, was the last Person that lodged here? The King replied, *His Father.* And who is it, says the *Dervise*, that lodges here at present? The King told him, *that it was he himself.* And who, says the *Dervise*, will be here after you? The King answered, *The young Prince his Son.* 'Ah Sir, said the *Dervise*, a House that changes its 'Inhabitants so often, and receives such a perpetual Succession 'of Guests, is not a Palace but a *Caravansary*.' L.

No. 290.] *Friday, February* 1, 1712. [*Steele.*

[*Projicit ampullas et sesquipedalia verba.*—Hor.[1]]

THE Players, who know I am very much their Friend, take all Opportunities to express a Gratitude to me for being so. They could not have a better Occasion of Obliging me, than one which they lately took hold of. They desired my Friend Will. Honeycomb to bring me to the Reading of a new Tragedy; it is called *The distressed Mother.*[2] I must

[1] [*Spirat Tragicum satis, et fœliciter Audet.*—Hor.]

[2] This is a third blast of the Trumpet on behalf of Ambrose Philips, who had now been adapting Racine's *Andromaque.*

confess, tho' some Days are passed since I enjoyed that Entertainment, the Passions of the several Characters dwell strongly upon my Imagination; and I congratulate to the Age, that they are at last to see Truth and humane Life represented in the Incidents which concern Heroes and Heroines. The Stile of the Play is such as becomes those of the first Education, and the Sentiments worthy those of the highest Figure. It was a most exquisite Pleasure to me, to observe real Tears drop from the Eyes of those who had long made it their Profession to dissemble Affliction; and the Player, who read, frequently throw down the Book, till he had given vent to the Humanity which rose in him at some irresistible Touches of the imagined Sorrow. We have seldom had any Female Distress on the Stage, which did not, upon cool Examination, appear to flow from the Weakness rather than the Misfortune of the Person represented: But in this Tragedy you are not entertained with the ungoverned Passions of such as are enamoured of each other merely as they are Men and Women, but their Regards are founded upon high Conceptions of each other's Virtue and Merit; and the Character which gives Name to the Play, is one who has behaved her self with heroic Virtue in the most important Circumstances of a Female Life, those of a Wife, a Widow, and a Mother. If there be those whose Minds have been too attentive upon the Affairs of Life, to have any Notion of the Passion of Love in such Extremes as are known only to particular Tempers, yet, in the above-mentioned Considerations, the Sorrow of the Heroine will move even the Generality of Mankind. Domestick Virtues concern all the World, and there is no one living who is not interested that *Andromache* should be an imitable Character. The generous Affection to the Memory of her deceased Husband, that tender Care for her Son, which is ever heightned with the Consideration of his Father, and these Regards preserved in spite of being tempted with the Possession of the highest Greatness, are what cannot but be venerable even to such an Audience as at present frequents the *English* Theatre. My Friend WILL. HONEYCOMB commended several tender things that were said, and told me they were very genteel; but whisper'd me, that he feared the Piece was not busy enough for the present Taste. To supply this, he recommended to the Players to be very careful in their Scenes, and above all Things, that every Part should be perfectly new dressed. I was very glad to find that they did not neglect my Friend's Admonition, because there are a great many in his Class of Criticism who may be gained by it; but indeed the

Truth is, that as to the Work it self, it is every where Nature. The Persons are of the highest Quality in Life, even that of Princes; but their Quality is not represented by the Poet with Direction that Guards and Waiters should follow them in every Scene, but their Grandeur appears in Greatness of Sentiment[s], flowing from Minds worthy their Condition. To make a Character truly Great, this Author understands that it should have its Foundation in superior Thoughts and Maxims of Conduct. It is very certain, that many an honest Woman would make no Difficulty, tho' she had been the Wife of *Hector*, for the sake of a Kingdom, to marry the Enemy of her Husband's Family and Country; and indeed who can deny but she might be still an honest Woman, but no Heroine? That may be defensible, nay laudable in one Character, which would be in the highest Degree exceptionable in another. When *Cato Uticensis* killed himself, *Cottius* a *Roman* of ordinary Quality and Character did the same thing; upon which one said, smiling, '*Cottius* might have lived, tho' *Cæsar* has seized 'the *Roman* Liberty.' *Cottius's* Condition might have been the same, let things at the upper End of the World pass as they would. What is further very extraordinary in this Work, is, that the Persons are all of them laudable, and their Misfortunes arise rather from unguarded Virtue than Propensity to Vice. The Town has an Opportunity of doing itself Justice in supporting the Representation of Passion, Sorrow, Indignation, even Despair itself, within the Rules of Decency, Honour and Good-breeding; and since there is no one can flatter himself his Life will be always fortunate, they may here see Sorrow as they would wish to bear it whenever it arrives.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am appointed to act a Part in the new Tragedy called '*The Distressed Mother:* It is the celebrated Grief of *Orestes* 'which I am to personate; but I shall not act it as I ought, 'for I shall feel it too intimately to be able to utter it. I was 'last Night repeating a Paragraph to my self, which I took to 'be an Expression of Rage, and in the middle of the Sentence 'there was a Stroke of Self-pity which quite unmanned me. 'Be pleased, Sir, to print this Letter, that when I am oppressed 'in this manner at such an Interval, a certain Part of the 'Audience may not think I am out; and I hope with this 'Allowance to do it to Satisfaction. *I am, SIR,*

Your most humble Servant,
George Powell.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'As I was walking t'other Day in the *Park*, I saw a Gentle-'man with a very short Face; I desire to know whether it was 'you. Pray inform me as soon as you can, lest I become the 'most heroick *Hecatissa's* Rival.

Your humble Servant to command,
SOPHIA.

Dear Madam,

'It is not me you are in love with, for I was very ill and kept 'my Chamber all that Day.

Your most humble Servant,
T. *The* SPECTATOR.

No. 291.] *Saturday, February* 2, 1712. [*Addison.*

——Ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendor maculis, quas aut Incuria fudit,
Aut Humana parum cavit Natura—— Hor.

I HAVE now considered *Milton's Paradise Lost* under those four great Heads of the Fable, the Characters, the Sentiments, and the Language; and have shewn that he excels, in general, under each of these Heads. I hope that I have made several Discoveries which may appear new, even to those who are versed in Critical Learning. Were I indeed to chuse my Readers, by whose Judgment I would stand or fall, they should not be such as are acquainted only with the *French* and *Italian* Criticks, but also with the Ancient and Moderns who have written in either of the learned Languages. Above all, I would have them well versed in the *Greek* and *Latin* Poets, without which a Man very often fancies that he understands a Critick, when in Reality he does not comprehend his Meaning.

It is in Criticism, as in all other Sciences and Speculations; one who brings with him any implicit Notions and Observations which he has made in his reading of the Poets, will find his own Reflections methodized and explained, and perhaps several little Hints that had passed in his Mind, perfected and improved in the Works of a good Critick; whereas one who has not these previous Lights is very often an utter Stranger to what he reads, and apt to put a wrong Interpretation upon it.

Nor is it sufficient, that a Man who sets up for a Judge in Criticism, should have perused the Authors above mentioned, unless he has also a clear and Logical Head. Without this

Talent he is perpetually puzzled and perplexed amidst his own Blunders, mistakes the Sense of those he would confute, or if he chances to think right, does not know how to convey his Thoughts to another with Clearness and Perspicuity. *Aristotle*, who was the best Critick, was also one of the best Logicians that ever appeared in the World.

Mr. *Lock's* Essay on Human Understanding[1] would be thought a very odd Book for a Man to make himself Master of, who would get a Reputation by Critical Writings; though at the same time it is very certain, that an Author who has not learned the Art of distinguishing between Words and Things, and of ranging his Thoughts, and setting them in proper Lights, whatever Notions he may have, will lose himself in Confusion and Obscurity. I might further observe, that there is not a *Greek* or *Latin* Critick who has not shewn, even in the Style of his Criticisms, that he was a Master of all the Elegance and Delicacy of his Native Tongue.

The Truth of it is, there is nothing more absurd, than for a Man to set up for a Critick, without a good Insight into all the Parts of Learning; whereas many of those who have endeavoured to signalize themselves by Works of this Nature among our *English* Writers, are not only defective in the above-mentioned Particulars, but plainly discover, by the Phrases which they make use of, and by their confused way of thinking, that they are not acquainted with the most common and ordinary Systems of Arts and Sciences. A few general Rules extracted out of the *French* Authors,[2] with a certain Cant

[1] First published in 1690.

[2] Dryden accounted among critics 'the greatest of his age' to be Boileau and Rapin. Boileau was the great master of French criticism. Réné Rapin, born at Tours in 1621, taught Belles Lettres with extraordinary success among his own order of Jesuits, wrote famous critical works, was one of the best Latin poets of his time, and died at Paris in 1687. His Whole Critical Works were translated by Dr. Basil Kennett in two volumes, which appeared in 1705. The preface of their publisher said of Rapin that 'he has long dictated in this part of letters. He is acknowledged as the 'great arbitrator between the merits of the best writers; and during the 'course of almost thirty years there have been few appeals from his sentence.' (See also a note on p. 168, vol. i.) Réné le Bossu, the great French authority on Epic Poetry, born in 1631, was a regular canon of St. Geneviève, and taught the Humanities in several religious houses of his order. He died, subprior of the Abbey of St. Jean de Chartres, in 1680. He wrote, besides his Treatise upon Epic Poetry, a parallel between the philosophies of Aristotle and Descartes, which appeared a few months earlier (in 1674) with less success. Another authority was Father Bouhours, of whom see note on p. 236, vol. i. Another was Bernard le Bovier de Fontenelle, called by Voltaire the most universal genius of his age. He was born at Rouen in

of Words, has sometimes set up an Illiterate heavy Writer for a most judicious and formidable Critick.

One great Mark, by which you may discover a Critick who has neither Taste nor Learning, is this, that he seldom ventures to praise any Passage in an Author which has not been before received and applauded by the Publick, and that his Criticism turns wholly upon little Faults and Errors. This part of a Critick is so very easie to succeed in, that we find every ordinary Reader, upon the publishing of a new Poem, has Wit and Ill-nature enough to turn several Passages of it into Ridicule, and very often in the right Place. This Mr. *Dryden* has very agreeably remarked in those two celebrated Lines,

Errors, like Straws, upon the Surface flow;
He who would search for Pearls must dive below.[1]

A true Critick ought to dwell rather upon Excellencies than Imperfections, to discover the concealed Beauties of a Writer, and communicate to the World such things as are worth their Observation. The most exquisite Words and finest Strokes of an Author are those which very often appear the most doubtful and exceptionable to a Man who wants a Relish for polite Learning; and they are these, which a sower undistinguishing Critick generally attacks with the greatest Violence. *Tully* observes, that it is very easie to brand or fix a Mark upon what he calls *Verbum ardens*,[2] or, as it may be rendered into *English*,

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1657, looking so delicate that he was baptized in a hurry, and at 16 was unequal to the exertion of a game at billiards, being caused by any unusual exercise to spit blood, though he lived to the age of a hundred, less one month and two days. He was taught by the Jesuits, went to the bar to please his father, pleaded a cause, lost it, and gave up the profession to devote his time wholly to literature and philosophy. He went to Paris, wrote plays and the 'Dialogues of the Dead,' living then with his uncle, Thomas Corneille. A discourse on the Eclogue prefixed to his pastoral poems made him an authority in this manner of composition. It was translated by Motteux for addition to the English translation of Bossu on the Epic, which had also appended to it an Essay on Satire by another of these French critics, André Dacier. Dacier, born at Castres in 1651, was educated at Saumur under Taneguy le Févre, who was at the same time making a scholar of his own daughter Anne. Dacier and the young lady became warmly attached to one another, married, united in abjuring Protestantism, and were for forty years, in the happiest concord, man and wife and fellow-scholars. Dacier and his wife, as well as Fontenelle, were alive when the *Spectator* was appearing; his wife dying, aged 69, in 1720, the husband, aged 71, in 1722. André Dacier translated and annotated the Poetics of Aristotle in 1692, and that critical work was regarded as his best performance.

[1] Annus Mirabilis, st. 39.

[2] Ad Brutum. Orator. Towards the beginning: 'Facile est enim verbum 'aliquod ardens (ut ita dicam) notare, idque restinctis jam animorum 'incendiis, irridere.'

a glowing bold Expression, and to turn it into Ridicule by a cold ill-natured Criticism. A little Wit is equally capable of exposing a Beauty, and of aggravating a Fault; and though such a Treatment of an Author naturally produces Indignation in the Mind of an understanding Reader, it has however its Effect among the Generality of those whose Hands it falls into, the Rabble of Mankind being very apt to think that every thing which is laughed at with any Mixture of Wit, is ridiculous in it self.

Such a Mirth as this is always unseasonable in a Critick, as it rather prejudices the Reader than convinces him, and is capable of making a Beauty, as well as a Blemish, the Subject of Derision. A Man, who cannot write with Wit on a proper Subject, is dull and stupid, but one who shews it in an improper Place, is as impertinent and absurd. Besides, a Man who has the Gift of Ridicule is apt to find Fault with any thing that gives him an Opportunity of exerting his beloved Talent, and very often censures a Passage, not because there is any Fault in it, but because he can be merry upon it. Such kinds of Pleasantry are very unfair and disingenuous in Works of Criticism, in which the greatest Masters, both Ancient and Modern, have always appeared with a serious and instructive Air.

As I intend in my next Paper to shew the Defects in *Milton's Paradise Lost*, I thought fit to premise these few Particulars, to the End that the Reader may know I enter upon it, as on a very ungrateful Work, and that I shall just point at the Imperfections, without endeavouring to enflame them with Ridicule. I must also observe with *Longinus*,[1] that the Productions of a great Genius, with many Lapses and Inadvertencies, are infinitely preferable to the Works of an inferior kind of Author, which are scrupulously exact and conformable to all the Rules of correct Writing.

I shall conclude my Paper with a Story out of *Boccalini*,[2]

1 On the Sublime, § 36.

2 Trajan Boccalini, born at Rome in 1554, was a satirical writer famous in Italy for his fine criticism and bold satire. Cardinals Borghese and Cajetan were his patrons. His 'Ragguagli di Parnasso' and 'la Secretaria di Parnasso,' in which Apollo heard the complaints of the world, and dispensed justice in his court on Parnassus, were received with delight. Afterwards, in his 'Pietra di Parangone,' he satirized the Court of Spain, and, fearing consequences, retired to Venice, where in 1613 he was attacked in his bed by four ruffians, who beat him to death with sand-bags. Boccalini's *Ragguagli di Parnasso* has been translated into English, in 1622, as 'News from Parnassus.' Also, in 1656, as 'Advertisements from Parnassus,' by H. Carey, Earl of Monmouth. This translation was reprinted in 1669 and 1674, and again in 1706 by John Hughes, one of the contributors to the *Spectator*.

which sufficiently shews us the Opinion that judicious Author entertained of the sort of Criticks I have been here mentioning. A famous Critick, says he, having gathered together all the Faults of an eminent Poet, made a Present of them to *Apollo*, who received them very graciously, and resolved to make the Author a suitable Return for the Trouble he had been at in collecting them. In order to this, he set before him a Sack of Wheat, as it had been just threshed out of the Sheaf. He then bid him pick out the Chaff from among the Corn, and lay it aside by it self. The Critick applied himself to the Task with great Industry and Pleasure, and after having made the due Separation, was presented by *Apollo* with the Chaff for his Pains.[1]

L.

No. 292.] *Monday, February* 4, 1712.

Illam, quicquid agit, quoquo Vestigia flectit,
Componit furtim, subsequiturque decor.—Tibull. L. 4.

AS no one can be said to enjoy Health, who is only not sick, without he feel within himself a lightsome and invigorating Principle, which will not suffer him to remain idle, but still spurs him on to Action: so in the Practice of every Virtue, there is some additional Grace required, to give a Claim of excelling in this or that particular Action. A Diamond may want polishing, though the Value be still intrinsically the same; and the same Good may be done with different Degrees of Lustre. No man should be contented with himself that he barely does well, but he should perform every thing in the best and most becoming Manner that he is able.

Tully tells us he wrote his Book of *Offices*, because there was no Time of Life in which some correspondent Duty might not be practised; nor is there a Duty without a certain Decency accompanying it, by which every Virtue 'tis join'd to will seem to be doubled. Another may do the same thing, and yet the Action want that Air and Beauty which distinguish it from others; like that inimitable Sun-shine *Titian* is said to have diffused over his Landschapes; which denotes them his, and has been always unequalled by any other Person.

[1] To this number of the *Spectator*, and to several numbers since that for January 8, in which it first appeared, is added an advertisement that,

The First and Second Volumes of the SPECTATOR *in* 8*vo are now ready to be delivered to the subscribers by* J. Tonson, *at* Shakespeare's Head, *over-against* Catherine Street *in the* Strand.

There is no one Action in which this Quality I am speaking of will be more sensibly perceived, than in granting a Request or doing an Office of Kindness. *Mummius*, by his Way of consenting to a Benefaction, shall make it lose its Name; while *Carus* doubles the Kindness and the Obligation: From the first the desired Request drops indeed at last, but from so doubtful a Brow, that the Obliged has almost as much Reason to resent the Manner of bestowing it, as to be thankful for the Favour it self. *Carus* invites with a pleasing Air, to give him an Opportunity of doing an Act of Humanity, meets the Petition half Way, and consents to a Request with a Countenance which proclaims the Satisfaction of his Mind in assisting the Distressed.

The Decency then that is to be observed in Liberality, seems to consist in its being performed with such Cheerfulness, as may express the God-like Pleasure is to be met with in obliging one's Fellow-Creatures; that may shew Good-nature and Benevolence overflowed, and do not, as in some Men, run upon the Tilt, and taste of the Sediments of a grutching uncommunicative Disposition.

Since I have intimated that the greatest Decorum is to be preserved in the bestowing our good Offices, I will illustrate it a little by an Example drawn from private Life, which carries with it such a Profusion of Liberality, that it can be exceeded by nothing but the Humanity and Good-nature which accompanies it. It is a Letter of *Pliny's*,[1] which I shall here translate, because the Action will best appear in its first Dress of Thought, without any foreign or ambitious Ornaments.

PLINY to *QUINTILIAN.*

'Tho' I am fully acquainted with the Contentment and just 'Moderation of your Mind, and the Conformity the Education 'you have given your Daughter bears to your own Character; 'yet since she is suddenly to be married to a Person of Dis-'tinction, whose Figure in the World makes it necessary for her 'to be at a more than ordinary Expence in Cloaths and Equip-'age suitable to her Husband's Quality; by which, tho' her 'intrinsick Worth be not augmented, yet will it receive both 'Ornament and Lustre: And knowing your Estate to be as 'moderate as the Riches of your Mind are abundant, I must 'challenge to my self some part of the Burthen; and as a 'Parent of your Child, I present her with Twelve hundred and

[1] Bk. vi. ep. 32.

'fifty Crowns towards these Expences; which Sum had been 'much larger, had I not feared the Smallness of it would be the 'greatest Inducement with you to accept of it. Farewell.

Thus should a Benefaction be done with a good Grace, and shine in the strongest Point of Light; it should not only answer all the Hopes and Exigencies of the Receiver, but even out-run his Wishes: 'Tis this happy manner of Behaviour which adds new Charms to it, and softens those Gifts of Art and Nature, which otherwise would be rather distasteful than agreeable. Without it, Valour would degenerate into Brutality, Learning into Pedantry, and the genteelest Demeanour into Affectation. Even Religion its self, unless Decency be the Handmaid which waits upon her, is apt to make People appear guilty of Sourness and ill Humour: But this shews Virtue in her first original Form, adds a Comeliness to Religion, and gives its Professors the justest Title to the Beauty of Holiness. A Man fully instructed in this Art, may assume a thousand Shapes, and please in all: He may do a thousand Actions shall become none other but himself; not that the Things themselves are different, but the Manner of doing them.

If you examine each Feature by its self, *Aglaura* and *Calliclea* are equally handsome; but take them in the Whole, and you cannot suffer the Comparison: Tho one is full of numberless nameless Graces, the other of as many nameless Faults.

The Comeliness of Person, and Decency of Behaviour, add infinite Weight to what is pronounced by any one. 'Tis the want of this that often makes the Rebukes and Advice of old rigid Persons of no Effect, and leave a Displeasure in the Minds of those they are directed to: But Youth and Beauty, if accompanied with a graceful and becoming Severity, is of mighty Force to raise, even in the most Profligate, a Sense of Shame. In *Milton*, the Devil is never described ashamed but once, and that at the Rebuke of a beauteous Angel.

So spake the Cherub, and his grave Rebuke,
Severe in youthful Beauty, added Grace
Invincible: Abash'd the Devil stood,
And felt how awful Goodness is, and saw
Virtue in her own Shape how lovely! saw, and pin'd
His Loss.[1]

The Care of doing nothing unbecoming has accompanied the greatest Minds to their last Moments. They avoided even

[1] Par. L., Bk. iv. ll. 844-9.

an indecent Posture in the very Article of Death. Thus *Cæsar* gathered his Robe about him, that he might not fall in a manner unbecoming of himself; and the greatest Concern that appeared in the Behaviour of *Lucretia*, when she stabbed her self, was, that her Body should lie in an Attitude worthy the Mind which had inhabited it.

——Ne non procumbat honeste
Extrema hæc etiam cura, cadentis erat.[1]
'Twas her last Thought, How decently to fall.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am a young Woman without a Fortune; but of a very 'high Mind: That is, Good Sir, I am to the last degree Proud 'and Vain. I am ever railing at the Rich, for doing Things, 'which, upon Search into my Heart, I find I am only angry 'because I cannot do the same my self. I wear the hooped 'Petticoat, and am all in Callicoes when the finest are in Silks. 'It is a dreadful thing to be poor and proud; therefore if you 'please, a Lecture on that Subject for the Satisfaction of

Your Uneasy Humble Servant,

Z. JEZEBEL.

No. 293.] *Tuesday, February* 5, 1712. [*Addison.*

Πᾶσιν γὰρ ἐυφρονοῦσι συμμαχεῖ τύχη.—Frag. Vet. Po.

THE famous *Gratian*,[2] in his little Book wherein he lays down Maxims for a Man's advancing himself at Court, advises his Reader to associate himself with the Fortunate, and to shun the Company of the Unfortunate; which, notwithstanding the Baseness of the Precept to an honest Mind, may have something useful in it for those who push their Interest in the World. It is certain a great Part of what we call good or ill Fortune, rises out of right or wrong Measures, and Schemes of Life. When I hear a Man complain of his being unfortunate in all his Undertakings, I shrewdly suspect him for a very weak Man in his Affairs. In Conformity with this way of thinking,

[1] Ovid. Fast., iii. 833.

[2] Balthasar Gracian, a Spanish Jesuit, who died in 1658, rector of the Jesuits' College of Tarragona, wrote many books in Spanish on Politics and Society, among others the one here referred to on the Courtier; which was known to Addison, doubtless, through the French translation by Amelot de la Houssaye.

Cardinal *Richelieu* used to say, that Unfortunate and Imprudent were but two Words for the same Thing. As the Cardinal himself had a great Share both of Prudence and Good-Fortune, his famous Antagonist, the Count *d'Olivarez*, was disgraced at the Court of *Madrid*, because it was alledged against him that he had never any Success in his Undertakings. This, says an Eminent Author, was *indirectly* accusing him of Imprudence.

Cicero recommended *Pompey* to the *Romans* for their General upon three Accounts, as he was a Man of Courage, Conduct, and Good-Fortune. It was perhaps, for the Reason abovementioned, namely, that a Series of Good-Fortune supposes a prudent Management in the Person whom it befalls, that not only *Sylla* the Dictator, but several of the *Roman* Emperors, as is still to be seen upon their Medals, among their other Titles, gave themselves that of *Felix* or Fortunate. The Heathens, indeed, seem to have valued a Man more for his Good-Fortune than for any other Quality, which I think is very natural for those who have not a strong Belief of another World. For how can I conceive a Man crowned with many distinguishing Blessings, that has not some extraordinary Fund of Merit and Perfection in him, which lies open to the Supreme Eye, tho' perhaps it is not discovered by my Observation? What is the Reason *Homer's* and *Virgil's* Heroes do not form a Resolution, or strike a Blow, without the Conduct and Direction of some Deity? Doubtless, because the Poets esteemed it the greatest Honour to be favoured by the Gods, and thought the best Way of praising a Man was to recount those Favours which naturally implied an extraordinary Merit in the Person on whom they descended.

Those who believe a future State of Rewards and Punishments act very absurdly, if they form their Opinions of a Man's Merit from his Successes. But certainly, if I thought the whole Circle of our Being was concluded between our Births and Deaths, I should think a Man's Good-Fortune the Measure and Standard of his real Merit, since Providence would have no Opportunity of rewarding his Virtue and Perfections, but in the present Life. A Virtuous Unbeliever, who lies under the Pressure of Misfortunes, has reason to cry out, as they say *Brutus* did a little before his Death, *O Virtue, I have worshipped thee as a Substantial Good, but I find thou art an empty Name.*

But to return to our first Point. Tho' Prudence does undoubtedly in a great measure produce our good or ill Fortune

in the World, it is certain there are many unforeseen Accidents and Occurrences, which very often pervert the finest Schemes that can be laid by Human Wisdom. The Race is not always to the Swift, nor the Battle to the Strong. Nothing less than infinite Wisdom can have an absolute Command over Fortune; the highest Degree of it which Man can possess, is by no means equal to fortuitous Events, and to such Contingencies as may rise in the Prosecution of our Affairs. Nay, it very often happens, that Prudence, which has always in it a great Mixture of Caution, hinders a Man from being so fortunate as he might possibly have been without it. A Person who only aims at what is likely to succeed, and follows closely the Dictates of Human Prudence, never meets with those great and unforeseen Successes, which are often the effect of a Sanguine Temper, or a more happy Rashness; and this perhaps may be the Reason, that according to the common Observation, Fortune, like other Females, delights rather in favouring the young than the old.

Upon the whole, since Man is so short-sighted a Creature, and the Accidents which may happen to him so various, I cannot but be of Dr. *Tillotson's* Opinion in another Case, that were there any Doubt of a Providence, yet it certainly would be very desirable there should be such a Being of infinite Wisdom and Goodness, on whose Direction we might rely in the Conduct of Human Life.

It is a great Presumption to ascribe our Successes to our own Management, and not to esteem our selves upon any Blessing, rather as it is the Bounty of Heaven, than the Acquisition of our own Prudence. I am very well pleased with a Medal which was struck by Queen *Elizabeth*, a little after the Defeat of the Invincible Armada, to perpetuate the Memory of that extraordinary Event. It is well known how the King of *Spain*, and others, who were the Enemies of that great Princess, to derogate from her Glory, ascribed the Ruin of their Fleet rather to the Violence of Storms and Tempests, than to the Bravery of the *English*. Queen *Elizabeth*, instead of looking upon this as a Diminution of her Honour, valued herself upon such a signal Favour of Providence, and accordingly [in[1]] the Reverse of the Medal above mentioned, [has represented] a Fleet beaten by a Tempest, and falling foul upon one another, with that Religious Inscription, *Afflavit Deus et dissipantur. He blew with his Wind, and they were scattered.*

[1] Corrected by an erratum to [you see in], but in reprint altered by the addition of [has represented]

It is remarked of a famous *Grecian* General, whose Name I cannot at present recollect,[1] and who had been a particular Favourite of Fortune, that upon recounting his Victories among his Friends, he added at the End of several great Actions, *And in this Fortune had no Share.* After which it is observed in History, that he never prospered in any thing he undertook.

As Arrogance, and a Conceitedness of our own Abilities, are very shocking and offensive to Men of Sense and Virtue, we may be sure they are highly displeasing to that Being who delights in an humble Mind, and by several of his Dispensations seems purposely to shew us, that our own Schemes or Prudence have no Share in our Advancement[s].

Since on this Subject I have already admitted several Quotations which have occurred to my Memory upon writing this Paper, I will conclude it with a little *Persian* Fable. A Drop of Water fell out of a Cloud into the Sea, and finding it self lost in such an Immensity of fluid Matter, broke out into the following Reflection: 'Alas! What an [insignificant[2]] Creature 'am I in this prodigious Ocean of Waters; my Existence is of 'no [Concern[3]] to the Universe, I am reduced to a Kind of 'Nothing, and am less then the least of the Works of God.' It so happened, that an Oyster, which lay in the Neighbourhood of this Drop, chanced to gape and swallow it up in the midst of this [its[4]] humble Soliloquy. The Drop, says the Fable, lay a great while hardning in the Shell, 'till by Degrees it was ripen'd into a Pearl, which falling into the Hands of a Diver, after a long Series of Adventures, is at present that famous Pearl which is fixed on the Top of the *Persian* Diadem. L.

No. 294.] *Wednesday, February* 6, 1712. [*Steele.*

Difficile est plurimum virtutem revereri qui semper secunda fortuna sit usus.—Tull. ad Herennium.

INSOLENCE is the Crime of all others which every Man is most apt to rail at; and yet is there one Respect in which almost all Men living are guilty of it, and that is in the Case of laying a greater Value upon the Gifts of Fortune than we ought. It is here in *England* come into our very Language,

[1] Timotheus the Athenian.

[2] Altered by an erratum to [inconsiderable] to avoid the repetition 'insignificant,' and insignificancy;' but in the reprint the second word was changed. [3] [significancy] [4] [his]

as a Propriety of Distinction, to say, when we would speak of Persons to their Advantage, they are People of Condition. There is no doubt but the proper Use of Riches implies that a Man should exert all the good Qualities imaginable; and if we mean by a Man of Condition or Quality, one who, according to the Wealth he is Master of, shews himself just, beneficent, and charitable, that Term ought very deservedly to be had in the highest Veneration; but when Wealth is used only as it is the Support of Pomp and Luxury, to be rich is very far from being a Recommendation to Honour and Respect. It is indeed the greatest Insolence imaginable, in a Creature who would feel the Extreams of Thirst and Hunger, if he did not prevent his Appetites before they call upon him, to be so forgetful of the common Necessity of Human Nature, as never to cast an Eye upon the Poor and Needy. The Fellow who escaped from a Ship which struck upon a Rock in the West, and join'd with the Country People to destroy his Brother Sailors and make her a Wreck, was thought a most execrable Creature; but does not every Man who enjoys the Possession of what he naturally wants, and is unmindful of the unsupplied Distress of other Men, betray the same Temper of Mind? When a Man looks about him, and with regard to Riches and Poverty beholds some drawn in Pomp and Equipage, and they and their very Servants with an Air of Scorn and Triumph overlooking the Multitude that pass by them; and, in the same Street, a Creature of the same Make crying out in the Name of all that is Good and Sacred to behold his Misery, and give him some Supply against Hunger and Nakedness, who would believe these two Beings were of the same Species? But so it is, that the Consideration of Fortune has taken up all our Minds, and, as I have often complained, Poverty and Riches stand in our Imaginations in the Places of Guilt and Innocence. But in all Seasons there will be some Instances of Persons who have Souls too large to be taken with popular Prejudices, and while the rest of Mankind are contending for Superiority in Power and Wealth, have their Thoughts bent upon the Necessities of those below them. The Charity-Schools which have been erected of late Years, are the greatest Instances of publick Spirit the Age has produced: But indeed when we consider how long this Sort of Beneficence has been on Foot, it is rather from the good Management of those Institutions, than from the Number or Value of the Benefactions to them, that they make so great a Figure. One would think it impossible, that in the Space of fourteen Years there should

not have been five thousand Pounds bestowed in Gifts this Way, nor sixteen hundred Children, including Males and Females, put out to Methods of Industry. It is not allowed me to speak of Luxury and Folly with the severe Spirit they deserve; I shall only therefore say, I shall very readily compound with any Lady in a Hoop-Petticoat, if she gives the Price of one half Yard of the Silk towards Cloathing, Feeding and Instructing an Innocent helpless Creature of her own Sex in one of these Schools. The Consciousness of such an Action will give her Features a nobler Life on this illustrious Day,[1] than all the Jewels that can hang in her Hair, or can be clustered at her Bosom. It would be uncourtly to speak in harsher Words to the Fair, but to Men one may take a little more Freedom. It is monstrous how a Man can live with so little Reflection, as to fancy he is not in a Condition very unjust and disproportioned to the rest of Mankind, while he enjoys Wealth, and exerts no Benevolence or Bounty to others. As for this particular Occasion of these Schools, there cannot any offer more worthy a generous Mind. Would you do an handsome thing without Return? do it for an Infant that is not sensible of the Obligation: Would you do it for publick Good? do it for one who will be an honest Artificer: Would you do it for the Sake of Heaven? give it to one who shall be instructed in the Worship of him for whose Sake you gave it. It is methinks a most laudable Institution this, if it were of no other Expectation than that of producing a Race of good and useful Servants, who will have more than a liberal, a religious Education. What would not a Man do, in common Prudence, to lay out in Purchase of one about him, who would add to all his Orders he gave the Weight of the Commandments to inforce an Obedience to them? for one who would consider his Master as his Father, his Friend, and Benefactor, upon the easy Terms, and in Expectation of no other Return but moderate Wages and gentle Usage? It is the common Vice of Children to run too much among the Servants; from such as are educated in these Places they would see nothing but Lowliness in the Servant, which would not be disingenuous in the Child. All the ill Offices and defamatory Whispers which take their Birth from Domesticks, would be prevented, if this Charity could be made universal; and a good Man might have a Knowledge of the whole Life of the Persons he designs to take into his House for his own Service, or that of his Family or Children,

[1] Queen Anne's birthday. She was born Feb. 6, 1665, and died Aug. 1, 1714, aged 49.

long before they were admitted. This would create endearing Dependencies: and the Obligation would have a paternal Air in the Master, who would be relieved from much Care and Anxiety from the Gratitude and Diligence of an humble Friend attending him as his Servant. I fall into this Discourse from a Letter sent to me, to give me Notice that Fifty Boys would be Cloathed, and take their Seats (at the Charge of some generous Benefactors) in St. *Bride's* Church on *Sunday* next. I wish I could promise to my self any thing which my Correspondent seems to expect from a Publication of it in this Paper; for there can be nothing added to what so many excellent and learned Men have said on this Occasion: But that there may be something here which would move a generous Mind, like that of him who writ to me, I shall transcribe an handsome Paragraph of Dr. *Snape's* Sermon on these Charities, which my Correspondent enclosed with this Letter.

The wise Providence has amply compensated the Disadvantages of the Poor and Indigent, in wanting many of the Conveniencies of this Life, by a more abundant Provision for their Happiness in the next. Had they been higher born, or more richly endowed, they would have wanted this Manner of Education, of which those only enjoy the Benefit, who are low enough to submit to it; where they have such Advantages without Money, and without Price, as the Rich cannot purchase with it. The Learning which is given, is generally more edifying to them, than that which is sold to others: Thus do they become more exalted in Goodness, by being depressed in Fortune, and their Poverty is, in Reality, their Preferment.[1] T.

No. 295.] *Thursday, February* 7, 1712. [*Addison.*

Prodiga non sentit pereuntem fœmina censum:
At velut exhaustâ redivivus pullulet arcâ
Nummus, et è pleno semper tollatur acervo,
Non unquam reputat quanti sibi gaudia constent.—Juv.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AM turned of my great Climacteric, and am naturally a 'Man of a meek Temper. About a dozen Years ago I was 'married, for my Sins, to a young Woman of a good Family,

[1] From January 24 there occasionally appears the advertisement.

'Just Published.

'A very neat Pocket Edition of the SPECTATOR, in two volumes 12mo. 'Printed for S. Buckley, at the Dolphin, in Little Britain, and J. Tonson, 'at Shakespear's Head, over-against Catherine-Street in the Strand.'

'and of an high Spirit; but could not bring her to close with 'me, before I had entered into a Treaty with her longer than 'that of the Grand Alliance. Among other Articles, it was 'therein stipulated, that she should have 400*l.* a Year for *Pin-'money*, which I obliged my self to pay Quarterly into the hands 'of one who had acted as her Plenipotentiary in that Affair. I 'have ever since religiously observed my part in this solemn 'Agreement. Now, Sir, so it is, that the Lady has had several 'Children since I married her; to which, if I should credit 'our malicious Neighbours, her *Pin-money* has not a little con-'tributed. The Education of these my Children, who, contrary 'to my Expectation, are born to me every Year, streightens me 'so much, that I have begged their Mother to free me from 'the Obligation of the above-mentioned *Pin-money*, that it 'may go towards making a Provision for her Family. This 'Proposal makes her noble Blood swell in her Veins, insomuch 'that finding me a little tardy in her last Quarter's Payment, 'she threatens me every Day to arrest me; and proceeds so 'far as to tell me, that if I do not do her Justice, I shall die 'in a Jayl. To this she adds, when her Passion will let her 'argue calmly, that she has several Play-Debts on her Hand, 'which must be discharged very suddenly, and that she cannot 'lose her Money as becomes a Woman of her Fashion, if she 'makes me any Abatements in this Article. I hope, Sir, you 'will take an Occasion from hence to give your Opinion upon 'a Subject which you have not yet touched, and inform us if 'there are any Precedents for this Usage among our Ancestors; 'or whether you find any mention of *Pin-money* in *Grotius*, '*Puffendorf*, or any other of the Civilians.

I am ever
the humblest of your Admirers,
Josiah Fribble, *Esq.*

As there is no Man living who is a more professed Advocate for the Fair Sex than my self, so there is none that would be more unwilling to invade any of their ancient Rights and Privileges; but as the Doctrine of *Pin-money* is of a very late Date, unknown to our Great Grandmothers, and not yet received by many of our Modern Ladies, I think it is for the Interest of both Sexes to keep it from spreading.

Mr. *Fribble* may not, perhaps, be much mistaken where he intimates, that the supplying a Man's Wife with *Pin-money*, is furnishing her with Arms against himself, and in a manner becoming accessary to his own Dishonour. We may indeed,

generally observe, that in proportion as a Woman is more or less Beautiful, and her Husband advanced in Years, she stands in need of a greater or less number of *Pins*, and upon a Treaty of Marriage, rises or falls in her Demands accordingly. It must likewise be owned, that high Quality in a Mistress does very much inflame this Article in the Marriage Reckoning.

But where the Age and Circumstances of both Parties are pretty much upon a level, I cannot but think the insisting upon *Pin-money* is very extraordinary; and yet we find several Matches broken off upon this very Head. What would a Foreigner, or one who is a Stranger to this Practice, think of a Lover that forsakes his Mistress, because he is not willing to keep her in *Pins;* but what would he think of the Mistress, should he be informed that she asks five or six hundred Pounds a Year for this use? Should a Man unacquainted with our Customs be told the Sums which are allowed in *Great Britain*, under the Title of *Pin-money*, what a prodigious Consumption of *Pins* would he think there was in this Island? *A Pin a Day*, says our frugal Proverb, *is a Groat a Year*, so that according to this Calculation, my Friend *Fribble's* Wife must every Year make use of Eight Millions six hundred and forty thousand *new Pins*.

I am not ignorant that our *British* Ladies allege they comprehend under this general Term several other Conveniencies of Life; I could therefore wish, for the Honour of my Countrywomen, that they had rather called it *Needle-Money*, which might have implied something of Good-housewifry, and not have given the malicious World occasion to think, that Dress and Trifles have always the uppermost Place in a Woman's Thoughts.

I know several of my fair Reasoners urge, in defence of this Practice, that it is but a necessary Provision they make for themselves, in case their Husband proves a Churl or a Miser; so that they consider this Allowance as a kind of Alimony, which they may lay their Claim to, without actually separating from their Husbands. But with Submission, I think a Woman who will give up her self to a Man in Marriage, where there is the least Room for such an Apprehension, and trust her Person to one whom she will not rely on for the common Necessaries of Life, may very properly be accused (in the Phrase of an homely Proverb) of being *Penny wise and Pound foolish*.

It is observed of over-cautious Generals, that they never engage in a Battel without securing a Retreat, in case the Event should not answer their Expectations; on the other

hand, the greatest Conquerors have burnt their Ships, or broke down the Bridges behind them, as being determined either to succeed or die in the Engagement. In the same manner I should very much suspect a Woman who takes such Precautions for her Retreat, and contrives Methods how she may live happily, without the Affection of one to whom she joins herself for Life. Separate Purses between Man and Wife are, in my Opinion, as unnatural as separate Beds. A Marriage cannot be happy, where the Pleasures, Inclinations, and Interests of both Parties are not the same. There is no greater Incitement to Love in the Mind of Man, than the Sense of a Person's depending upon him for her Ease and Happiness; as a Woman uses all her Endeavours to please the Person whom she looks upon as her Honour, her Comfort, and her Support.

For this Reason I am not very much surprized at the Behaviour of a rough Country 'Squire, who, being not a little shocked at the Proceeding of a young Widow that would not recede from her Demands of *Pin-money*, was so enraged at her mercenary Temper, that he told her in great Wrath, 'As much 'as she thought him her Slave, he would shew all the World 'he did not care a Pin for her.' Upon which he flew out of the Room, and never saw her more.

Socrates, in *Plato's Alcibiades*, says, he was informed by one, who had travelled through *Persia*, that as he passed over a great Tract of Lands, and enquired what the Name of the Place was, they told him it was the *Queen's Girdle;* to which he adds, that another wide Field which lay by it, was called the *Queen's Veil;* and that in the same Manner there was a large Portion of Ground set aside for every part of Her Majesty's Dress. These Lands might not be improperly called the Queen of *Persia's Pin-money*.

I remember my Friend Sir ROGER, who I dare say never read this Passage in *Plato*, told me some time since, that upon his courting the Perverse Widow (of whom I have given an Account in former Papers) he had disposed of an hundred Acres in a Diamond-Ring, which he would have presented her with, had she thought fit to accept it; and that upon her Wedding-Day she should have carried on her Head fifty of the tallest Oaks upon his Estate. He further informed me that he would have given her a Cole-pit to keep her in clean Linnen, that he would have allowed her the Profits of a Windmill for her Fans, and have presented her once in three Years with the Sheering of his Sheep [for her[1]] Under-Petticoats. To

[1] [to keep her in]

which the Knight always adds, that though he did not care for fine Cloaths himself, there should not have been a Woman in the Country better dressed than my Lady *Coverley*. Sir ROGER perhaps, may in this, as well as in many other of his Devices, appear something odd and singular, but if the Humour of *Pin-money* prevails, I think it would be very proper for every Gentleman of an Estate to mark out so many Acres of it under the Title of *The Pins*. L.

No. 296.] *Friday, February* 8, 1712. [*Steele.*

———*Nugis addere pondus.*—Hor.

Dear SPEC.

'HAVING lately conversed much with the Fair Sex on the 'Subject of your Speculations, (which since their Appear-'ance in Publick, have been the chief Exercise of the Female 'loquacious Faculty) I found the fair Ones possess'd with a 'Dissatisfaction at your prefixing *Greek* Motto's to the Frontis-'piece of your late Papers; and, as a Man of Gallantry, I 'thought it a Duty incumbent on me to impart it to you, in 'Hopes of a Reformation, which is only to be effected by a 'Restoration of the *Latin* to the usual Dignity in your Papers, 'which of late, the *Greek*, to the great Displeasure of your 'Female Readers, has usurp'd; for tho' the *Latin* has the 'Recommendation of being as unintelligible to them as the '*Greek*, yet being written of the same Character with their 'Mother-Tongue, by the Assistance of a Spelling-Book it's 'legible; which Quality the *Greek* wants: And since the In-'troduction of Operas into this Nation, the Ladies are so 'charmed with Sounds abstracted from their Ideas, that they 'adore and honour the Sound of *Latin* as it is old *Italian*. I 'am a Sollicitor for the Fair Sex, and therefore think my self 'in that Character more likely to be prevalent in this Request, 'than if I should subscribe myself by my proper Name.

T. M.

I desire you may insert this in one of your Speculations, to shew my Zeal for removing the Dissatisfaction of the Fair Sex, and restoring you to their Favour.

SIR,

'I was some time since in Company with a young Officer, 'who entertained us with the Conquest he had made over a

'Female Neighbour of his; when a Gentleman who stood by, 'as I suppose, envying the Captain's good Fortune, asked him 'what Reason he had to believe the Lady admired him? Why, 'says he, my Lodgings are opposite to hers, and she is con- 'tinually at her Window either at Work, Reading, taking Snuff, 'or putting her self in some toying Posture on purpose to draw 'my Eyes that Way. The Confession of this vain Soldier 'made me reflect on some of my own Actions; for you must 'know, Sir, I am often at a Window which fronts the Apart- 'ments of several Gentlemen, who I doubt not have the same 'Opinion of me. I must own I love to look at them all, one 'for being well dressed, a second for his fine Eye, and one 'particular one, because he is the least Man I ever saw; but 'there is something so easie and pleasant in the Manner of my 'little Man, that I observe he is a Favourite of all his Acquaint- 'ance. I could go on to tell you of many others that I believe 'think I have encouraged them from my Window: But pray 'let me have your Opinion of the Use of the Window in a 'beautiful Lady: and how often she may look out at the same 'Man, without being supposed to have a Mind to jump out 'to him.

Yours,

Aurelia Careless.

Twice.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I have for some Time made Love to a Lady, who received 'it with all the kind Returns I ought to expect. But without 'any Provocation, that I know of, she has of late shunned me 'with the utmost Abhorrence, insomuch that she went out of 'Church last *Sunday* in the midst of Divine Service, upon 'my coming into the same Pew. Pray, Sir, what must I do in 'this Business?

Your Servant,

Euphues.

Let her alone Ten Days.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *York, Jan.* 20, 1711-12.

'We have in this Town a sort of People who pretend to Wit 'and write Lampoons: I have lately been the Subject of one 'of them. The Scribler had not Genius enough in Verse to 'turn my Age, as indeed I am an old Maid, into Raillery, for 'affecting a youthier Turn than is consistent with my Time of 'Day; and therefore he makes the Title to his Madrigal, The 'Character of Mrs. *Judith Lovebane*, born in the Year [1680.[1]] 'What I desire of you is, That you disallow that a Coxcomb

[1] [1780.]

'who pretends to write Verse, should put the most malicious 'Thing he can say in Prose. This I humbly conceive will 'disable our Country Wits, who indeed take a great deal of 'Pains to say any thing in Rhyme, tho' they say it very ill.

I am, SIR,

Your Humble Servant,
Susanna Lovebane.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'We are several of us, Gentlemen and Ladies, who Board 'in the same House, and after Dinner one of our Company '(an agreeable Man enough otherwise) stands up and reads 'your Paper to us all. We are the civillest People in the 'World to one another, and therefore I am forced to this way 'of desiring our Reader, when he is doing this Office, not to 'stand afore the Fire. This will be a general Good to our 'Family this cold Weather. He will, I know, take it to be 'our common Request when he comes to these Words, *Pray, 'Sir, sit down;* which I desire you to insert, and you will 'particularly oblige

Your Daily Reader,
Charity Frost.

SIR,

'I am a great Lover of Dancing, but cannot perform so well 'as some others; however, by my Out-of-the-Way Capers, 'and some original Grimaces, I don't fail to divert the Com-'pany, particularly the Ladies, who laugh immoderately all the 'Time. Some, who pretend to be my Friends, tell me they 'do it in Derision, and would advise me to leave it off, withal 'that I make my self ridiculous. I don't know what to do in 'this Affair, but I am resolved not to give over upon any 'Account, 'till I have the Opinion of the SPECTATOR.

Your humble Servant,
John Trott.

If Mr. *Trott* is not awkward out of Time, he has a Right to Dance let who will Laugh: But if he has no Ear he will interrupt others; and I am of Opinion he should sit still. Given under my Hand this Fifth of *February*, 1711-12.

T. *The* SPECTATOR.

No. 297.] *Saturday, February* 9, 1712. [*Addison.*

——————velut si
Egregio inspersos reprendas corpore nævos.—Hor.

AFTER what I have said in my last *Saturday's* Paper, I shall enter on the Subject of this without further Preface, and remark the several Defects which appear in the Fable, the Characters, the Sentiments, and the Language of *Milton's Paradise Lost;* not doubting but the Reader will pardon me, if I alledge at the same time whatever may be said for the Extenuation of such Defects. The first Imperfection which I shall observe in the Fable is that the Event of it is unhappy.

The Fable of every Poem is, according to *Aristotle's* Division, either *Simple* or *Implex*.[1] It is called Simple when there is no change of Fortune in it: Implex, when the Fortune of the chief Actor changes from Bad to Good, or from Good to Bad. The Implex Fable is thought the most perfect; I suppose, because it is more proper to stir up the Passions of the Reader, and to surprize him with a greater Variety of Accidents.

The Implex Fable is therefore of two kinds: In the first the chief Actor makes his Way through a long Series of Dangers and Difficulties, till he arrives at Honour and Prosperity, as we see in the [Story of *Ulysses*.[2]] In the second, the chief Actor in the Poem falls from some eminent Pitch of Honour and Prosperity, into Misery and Disgrace. Thus we see *Adam* and *Eve* sinking from a State of Innocence and Happiness, into the most abject Condition of Sin and Sorrow.

The most taking Tragedies among the Ancients were built on this last sort of Implex Fable, particularly the Tragedy of *Œdipus*, which proceeds upon a Story, if we may believe *Aristotle*, the most proper for Tragedy that could be invented by the Wit of Man.[3] I have taken some Pains in a former Paper to shew, that this kind of Implex Fable, wherein the Event is unhappy, is more apt to affect an Audience than that of the first kind; notwithstanding many excellent Pieces among the Ancients, as well as most of those which have been written of late Years in our own Country, are raised upon contrary

[1] Poetics, cap. x. Addison got his affected word 'implex' by reading Aristotle through the translation and notes of André Dacier. Implex was the word used by the French, but the natural English translation of Aristotle's ἁπλοῖ and πεπλεγμένοι is into simple and complicated.

[2] [Stories of *Achilles, Ulysses,* and *Æneas.*]

[3] Poetics, cap. xi.

Plans. I must however own, that I think this kind of Fable, which is the most perfect in Tragedy, is not so proper for an Heroic Poem.

Milton seems to have been sensible of this Imperfection in his Fable, and has therefore endeavoured to cure it by several Expedients; particularly by the Mortification which the great Adversary of Mankind meets with upon his Return to the Assembly of Infernal Spirits, as it is described in [a[1]] beautiful Passage of the Tenth Book; and likewise by the Vision wherein *Adam* at the close of the Poem sees his Off-spring triumphing over his great Enemy, and himself restored to a happier *Paradise* than that from which he fell.

There is another Objection against *Milton's* Fable, which is indeed almost the same with the former, tho' placed in a different Light, namely, That the Hero in the *Paradise Lost* is unsuccessful, and by no means a Match for his Enemies. This gave Occasion to Mr. *Dryden's* Reflection, that the Devil was in reality *Milton's* Hero.[2] I think I have obviated this Objection in my first Paper. The *Paradise Lost* is an Epic [or a] Narrative Poem, [and] he that looks for an Hero in it, searches for that which *Milton* never intended; [but[3]] if he will needs fix the Name of an Hero upon any Person in it, 'tis certainly the *Messiah* who is the Hero, both in the Principal Action, and in the [chief Episodes.[4]] Paganism could not furnish out a real Action for a Fable greater than that of the *Iliad* or *Æneid*, and therefore an Heathen could not form a higher Notion of a Poem than one of that kind, which they call an Heroic. Whether *Milton's* is not of a [sublimer[5]] Nature I will not presume to determine: It is sufficient that I shew there is in the *Paradise Lost* all the Greatness of Plan, Regularity of Design, and masterly Beauties which we discover in *Homer* and *Virgil*.

I must in the next Place observe, that *Milton* has interwoven in the Texture of his Fable some Particulars which do not seem to have Probability enough for an Epic Poem, particularly in the Actions which he ascribes to *Sin* and *Death*, and the Picture

[1] [that]

[2] Dedication of the Æneid; where, after speaking of small claimants of the honours of the Epic, he says, 'Spenser has a better plea for his "Fairy 'Queen" had his action been finished, or been one; and Milton if the Devil 'had not been his hero, instead of Adam; if the giant had not foiled the 'knight, and driven him out of his stronghold, to wander through the world 'with his lady-errant; and if there had not been more machining persons 'than human in his poem.'

[3] [or]

[4] [Episode]

[5] [greater]

which he draws of the *Limbo of Vanity*, with other Passages in the second Book. Such Allegories rather savour of the Spirit of *Spenser* and *Ariosto*, than of *Homer* and *Virgil*.

In the Structure of his Poem he has likewise admitted of too many Digressions. It is finely observed by *Aristotle*, that the Author of an Heroic Poem should seldom speak himself, but throw as much of his Work as he can into the Mouths of those who are his Principal Actors.[1] *Aristotle* has given no reason for this Precept; but I presume it is because the Mind of the Reader is more awed and elevated when he hears *Æneas* or *Achilles* speak, than when *Virgil* or *Homer* talk in their own Persons. Besides that assuming the Character of an eminent Man is apt to fire the Imagination, and raise the Ideas of the Author. *Tully* tells us,[2] mentioning his Dialogue of Old Age, in which *Cato* is the chief Speaker, that upon a Review of it he was agreeably imposed upon, and fancied that it was *Cato*, and not he himself, who uttered his Thoughts on that Subject.

If the Reader would be at the Pains to see how the Story of the *Iliad* and the *Æneid* is delivered by those Persons who act in it, he will be surprized to find how little in either of these Poems proceeds from the Authors. *Milton* has, in the general disposition of his Fable, very finely observed this great Rule; insomuch that there is scarce a third Part of it which comes from the Poet; the rest is spoken either by *Adam* and *Eve*, or by some Good or Evil Spirit who is engaged either in their Destruction or Defence.

From what has been here observed it appears, that Digressions are by no means to be allowed of in an Epic Poem. If the Poet, even in the ordinary course of his Narration, should speak as little as possible, he should certainly never let his Narration sleep for the sake of any Reflections of his own. I have often observed, with a secret Admiration, that the longest Reflection in the *Æneid* is in that Passage of the Tenth Book, where *Turnus* is represented as dressing himself in the Spoils of *Pallas*, whom he had slain. *Virgil* here lets his Fable stand

[1] Poetics, cap. xxv. The reason he gives is that when the Poet speaks in his own person 'he is not then the Imitator.' Other Poets than Homer, Aristotle adds, 'ambitious to figure throughout themselves, imitate but little 'and seldom. Homer, after a few preparatory lines, immediately introduces 'a man or woman or some other character, for all have their character.' Of Lucan, as an example of the contrary practice, Hobbes said in his 'Dis-'course concerning the Virtues of an Heroic Poem,' 'No Heroic Poem 'raises such admiration of the Poet, as his hath done, though not so great 'admiration of the persons he introduceth.

[2] Letters to Atticus, Bk. xiii., Ep. 44.

still for the sake of the following Remark. *How is the Mind of Man ignorant of Futurity, and unable to bear prosperous Fortune with Moderation? The Time will come when* Turnus *shall wish that he had left the Body of* Pallas *untouched, and curse the Day on which he dressed himself in these Spoils.* As the great Event of the *Æneid*, and the Death of *Turnus*, whom *Æneas* slew because he saw him adorned with the Spoils of *Pallas*, turns upon this Incident, *Virgil* went out of his way to make this Reflection upon it, without which so small a Circumstance might possibly have slipped out of his Reader's Memory. *Lucan*, who was an Injudicious Poet, lets drop his Story very frequently for the sake of his unnecessary Digressions, or his *Diverticula*, as *Scaliger* calls them.[1] If he gives us an Account of the Prodigies which preceded the Civil War, he declaims upon the Occasion, and shews how much happier it would be for Man, if he did not feel his Evil Fortune before it comes to pass; and suffer not only by its real Weight, but by the Apprehension of it. *Milton's* Complaint [for [2]] his Blindness, his Panegyrick on Marriage, his Reflections on *Adam* and *Eve's* going naked, of the Angels eating, and several other Passages in his Poem, are liable to the same Exception, tho' I must confess there is so great a Beauty in these very Digressions, that I would not wish them out of his Poem.

I have, in a former Paper, spoken of the *Characters* of *Milton's Paradise Lost*, and declared my Opinion, as to the Allegorical Persons who are introduced in it.

If we look into the *Sentiments*, I think they are sometimes defective under the following Heads: First, as there are several of them too much pointed, and some that degenerate even into Punns. Of this last kind I am afraid is that in the First Book, where speaking of the Pigmies, he calls them,

> ——*The small* Infantry
> *Warr'd on by Cranes*——

Another Blemish [that [3]] appears in some of his Thoughts, is his frequent Allusion to Heathen Fables, which are not certainly of a Piece with the Divine Subject of which he treats. I do not find fault with these Allusions, where the Poet himself represents them as fabulous, as he does in some Places, but where he mentions them as Truths and Matters of Fact. The Limits of my Paper will not give me leave to be particular in Instances of this kind; the Reader will easily remark them in his Perusal of the Poem.

[1] Poetices, Lib. iii. cap. 25. [2] [of] [3] [which]

A third fault in his Sentiments, is an unnecessary Ostentation of Learning, which likewise occurs very frequently. It is certain that both *Homer* and *Virgil* were Masters of all the Learning of their Times, but it shews it self in their Works after an indirect and concealed manner. *Milton* seems ambitious of letting us know, by his Excursions on Free-Will and Predestination, and his many Glances upon History, Astronomy, Geography, and the like, as well as by the Terms and Phrases he sometimes makes use of, that he was acquainted with the whole Circle of Arts and Sciences.

If, in the last place, we consider the *Language* of this great Poet, we must allow what I have hinted in a former Paper, that it is often too much laboured, and sometimes obscured by old Words, Transpositions, and Foreign Idioms. *Seneca's* Objection to the Style of a great Author, *Riget ejus oratio, nihil in eâ placidum nihil lene*, is what many Criticks make to *Milton:* As I cannot wholly refuse it, so I have already apologized for it in another Paper; to which I may further add, that *Milton's* Sentiments and Ideas were so wonderfully Sublime, that it would have been impossible for him to have represented them in their full Strength and Beauty, without having recourse to these Foreign Assistances. Our Language sunk under him, and was unequal to that Greatness of Soul, which furnished him with such glorious Conceptions.

A second Fault in his Language is, that he often affects a kind of Jingle in his Words, as in the following Passages, and many others:

And brought into the World *a* World *of Woe.*
———*Begirt th' Almighty throne*
Beseeching *or* besieging———
This tempted *our* attempt———
At one slight bound *high overleapt all* bound.

I know there are Figures for this kind of Speech, that some of the greatest Ancients have been guilty of it, and that *Aristotle* himself has given it a place in his Rhetorick among the Beauties of that Art.[1] But as it is in its self poor and trifling, it is I

[1] Rhetoric, iii. ch. 11, where he cites such verbal jokes as, You wish him πέρσαι (i. e. to side with Persia—to ruin him), and the saying of Isocrates concerning Athens, that its sovereignty (ἀρχὴ) was to the city a beginning (ἀρχὴ) of evils. As this closes Addison's comparison of Milton's practice with Aristotle's doctrine (the following papers being expressions of his personal appreciation of the several books of Paradise Lost), we may note here that Milton would have been quite ready to have his work tried by the test Addison has been applying. In his letter to Samuel Hartlib, sketching his ideal of a good Education, he assigns to advanced pupils logic

think at present universally exploded by all the Masters of Polite Writing.

The last Fault which I shall take notice of in *Milton's* Style, is the frequent use of what the Learned call *Technical Words*, or Terms of Art. It is one of the great Beauties of Poetry, to make hard things intelligible, and to deliver what is abstruse [of[1]] it self in such easy Language as may be understood by ordinary Readers: Besides, that the Knowledge of a Poet should rather seem born with him, or inspired, than drawn from Books and Systems. I have often wondered how Mr. *Dryden* could translate a Passage out of *Virgil* after the following manner.

Tack to the Larboard, and stand off to Sea.
Veer Star-board Sea and Land.——

Milton makes use of *Larboard* in the same manner. When he is upon Building he mentions *Doric Pillars*, *Pilasters*, *Cornice*, *Freeze*, *Architrave*. When he talks of Heavenly Bodies, you meet with *Eccliptic* and *Eccentric*, the *trepidation*, *Stars dropping from the Zenith*, *Rays culminating from the Equator*. To which might be added many Instances of the like kind in several other Arts and Sciences.

I shall in my next [Papers[2]] give an Account of the many particular Beauties in *Milton*, which would have been too long to insert under those general Heads I have already treated of, and with which I intend to conclude this Piece of Criticism.

L.

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and then 'rhetoric taught out of the rules of Plato, Aristotle, Phalereus, 'Cicero, Hermogenes, Longinus. To which poetry would be made subse-'quent, or, indeed, rather precedent, as being less subtile and fine, but more 'simple, sensuous, and passionate. I mean not here the prosody of a verse, 'which they could not but have hit on before among the rudiments of 'grammar; but that sublime art which in Aristotle's Poetics, in Horace, 'and the Italian commentaries of Castelvetro, Tasso, Mazzoni, and others, '*teaches what the laws are of a true epic poem*, what of a dramatic, what of a 'lyric, what decorum is, which is the grand masterpiece to observe. This 'would make them soon perceive what despicable creatures our common 'rhymers and play-writers be; and show them what religious, what glorious 'and magnificent use might be made of poetry, both in divine and human 'things.'

[1] [in]

[2] [*Saturday's* Paper]

No. 298.] *Monday, February* 11, 1712. [*Steele.*

Nusquam Tuta fides—— Virg.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *London, Feb.* 9, 1711-12.

'I AM a Virgin, and in no Case despicable; but yet such as 'I am I must remain, or else become, 'tis to be feared, less 'happy: for I find not the least good Effect from the just 'Correction you some time since gave, that too free, that looser 'Part of our Sex which spoils the Men; the same Connivance 'at the Vices, the same easie Admittance of Addresses, the 'same vitiated Relish of the Conversation of the greatest of 'Rakes (or in a more fashionable Way of expressing one's self, 'of such as have seen the World most) still abounds, increases, 'multiplies.

'The humble Petition therefore of many of the most strictly 'virtuous, and of my self, is, That you'll once more exert your 'Authority, and that according to your late Promise, your full, 'your impartial Authority, on this sillier Branch of our Kind: 'For why should they be the uncontroulable Mistresses of our 'Fate? Why should they with Impunity indulge the Males in 'Licentiousness whilst single, and we have the dismal Hazard 'and Plague of reforming them when married? Strike home, 'Sir, then, and spare not, or all our maiden Hopes, our gilded 'Hopes of nuptial Felicity are frustrated, are vanished, and 'you your self, as well as Mr. *Courtly*, will, by smoothing over 'immodest Practices with the Gloss of soft and harmless Names, 'for ever forfeit our Esteem. Nor think that I'm herein more 'severe than need be: If I have not reason more than enough, 'do you and the World judge from this ensuing Account, which, 'I think, will prove the Evil to be universal.

'You must know then, that since your Reprehension of this 'Female Degeneracy came out, I've had a Tender of Respects 'from no less than five Persons, of tolerable Figure too as 'Times go: But the Misfortune is, that four of the five are 'professed Followers of the Mode. They would face me 'down, that all Women of good Sense ever were, and ever will 'be, Latitudinarians in Wedlock; and always did, and will, 'give and take what they profanely term Conjugal Liberty of 'Conscience.

'The two first of them, a Captain and a Merchant, to 'strengthen their Argument, pretend to repeat after a Couple, a 'Brace of Ladies of Quality and Wit, That *Venus* was always

'kind to *Mars;* and what Soul that has the least spark of 'Generosity, can deny a Man of Bravery any thing? And 'how pitiful a Trader that, whom no Woman but his own Wife 'will have Correspondence and Dealings with? Thus these; 'whilst the third, the Country Squire, confessed, That indeed he 'was surprized into good Breeding, and entered into the Know-'ledge of the World unawares. That dining t'other Day at a 'Gentleman's House, the Person who entertained was obliged 'to leave him with his Wife and Nieces; where they spoke with 'so much Contempt of an absent Gentleman for being slow at 'a Hint, that he had resolved never to be drowsy, unmannerly, 'or stupid for the future at a Friend's House; and on a hunting 'Morning, not to pursue the Game either with the Husband 'abroad, or with the Wife at home.

'The next that came was a Tradesman, [no[1]] less full of the 'Age than the former; for he had the Gallantry to tell me, that 'at a late Junket which he was invited to, the Motion being 'made, and the Question being put, 'twas by Maid, Wife and 'Widow resolved *nemine contradicente*, That a young sprightly 'Journeyman is absolutely necessary in their Way of Business: 'To which they had the Assent and Concurrence of the Hus-'bands present I dropped him a Curtsy, and gave him to 'understand that was his Audience of Leave.

'I am reckoned pretty, and have had very many Advances 'besides these; but have been very averse to hear any of them, 'from my Observation on these above-mentioned, 'till I hoped 'some Good from the Character of my present Admirer, a 'Clergyman. But I find even amongst them there are indirect 'Practices in relation to Love, and our Treaty is at present a 'little in Suspence, 'till some Circumstances are cleared. There 'is a Charge against him among the Women, and the Case is 'this: It is alledg'd, That a certain endowed Female would 'have appropriated her self to and consolidated her self with a 'Church, which my Divine now enjoys; (or, which is the same 'thing, did prostitute her self to her Friend's doing this for 'her): That my Ecclesiastick, to obtain the one, did engage 'himself to take off the other that lay on Hand; but that on 'his Success in the Spiritual, he again renounced the Carnal.

'I put this closely to him, and taxed him with Disingenuity. 'He to clear himself made the subsequent Defence, and that 'in the most solemn Manner possible: That he was applied to 'and instigated to accept of a Benefice: That a conditional 'Offer thereof was indeed made him at first, but with Disdain

[1] [nor]

'by him rejected: That when nothing (as they easily perceived) 'of this Nature could bring him to their Purpose, Assurance of 'his being entirely unengaged before-hand, and safe from all 'their After-Expectations (the only Stratagem left to draw him 'in) was given him: That pursuant to this the Donation it self 'was without Delay, before several reputable Witnesses, tendered 'to him *gratis*, with the open Profession of not the least Reserve, 'or most minute Condition; but that yet immediately after In-'duction, his insidious Introducer (or her crafty Procurer, which 'you will) industriously spread the Report, which had reached 'my Ears, not only in the Neighbourhood of that said Church, 'but in *London*, in the University, in mine and his own County, 'and where-ever else it might probably obviate his Application 'to any other Woman, and so confine him to this alone: And, 'in a Word, That as he never did make any previous Offer 'of his Service, or the least Step to her Affection; so on his 'Discovery of these Designs thus laid to trick him, he could 'not but afterwards, in Justice to himself, vindicate both his 'Innocence and Freedom by keeping his proper Distance.

'This is his Apology, and I think I shall be satisfied with it. 'But I cannot conclude my tedious Epistle, without recom-'mending to you not only to resume your former Chastisement, 'but to add to your Criminals the Simoniacal Ladies, who 'seduce the sacred Order into the Difficulty of either breaking 'a mercenary Troth made to them whom they ought not to 'deceive, or by breaking or keeping it offending against him 'whom they cannot deceive. Your Assistance and Labours of 'this sort would be of great Benefit, and your speedy Thoughts 'on this Subject would be very seasonable to,

SIR, Your most obedient Servant,

T. Chastity Loveworth.

No. 299.] *Tuesday, February* 12, 1712. [*Addison.*

Malo Venusinam, quam te, Cornelia, Mater
Gracchorum, si cum magnis virtutibus affers
Grande supercilium, et numeras in dote triumphos.
Tolle tuum precor Annibalem victumque Syphacem
In castris, et cum totâ Carthagine migra.—Juv.

IT is observed, that a Man improves more by reading the Story of a Person eminent for Prudence and Virtue, than by the finest Rules and Precepts of Morality In the same

manner a Representation of those Calamities and Misfortunes which a weak Man suffers from wrong Measures, and ill-concerted Schemes of Life, is apt to make a deeper Impression upon our Minds, than the wisest Maxims and Instructions that can be given us, for avoiding the like Follies and Indiscretions on our own private Conduct. It is for this Reason that I lay before my Reader the following Letter, and leave it with him to make his own use of it, without adding any Reflections of my own upon the Subject Matter.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'Having carefully perused a Letter sent you by *Josiah* '*Fribble*, Esq., with your subsequent Discourse upon *Pin-* '*Money*, I do presume to trouble you with an Account of my 'own Case, which I look upon to be no less deplorable than 'that of Squire *Fribble*. I am a Person of no Extraction, 'having begun the World with a small parcel of Rusty Iron, 'and was for some Years commonly known by the Name of '*Jack Anvil*.[1] I have naturally a very happy Genius for 'getting Money, insomuch that by the Age of Five and twenty 'I had scraped together Four thousand two hundred Pounds 'Five Shillings, and a few odd Pence. I then launched out 'into considerable Business, and became a bold Trader both 'by Sea and Land, which in a few Years raised me a very '[great [2]] Fortune. For these my Good Services I was 'Knighted in the thirty fifth Year of my Age, and lived with 'great Dignity among my City-Neighbours by the Name of Sir '*John Anvil*. Being in my Temper very Ambitious, I was 'now bent upon making a Family, and accordingly resolved 'that my Descendants should have a Dash of Good Blood in 'their Veins. In order to this, I made Love to the Lady '*Mary Oddly*, an Indigent young Woman of Quality. To cut 'short the Marriage Treaty, I threw her a *Charte Blanche*, as 'our News Papers call it, desiring her to write upon it her own 'Terms. She was very concise in her Demands, insisting only 'that the Disposal of my Fortune, and the Regulation of my 'Family, should be entirely in her Hands. Her Father and 'Brothers appeared exceedingly averse to this Match, and would 'not see me for some time; but at present are so well re-'conciled, that they Dine with me almost every Day, and have 'borrowed considerable Sums of me; which my Lady *Mary* 'very often twits me with, when she would shew me how kind

[1] This has been said to refer to a Sir Ambrose Crowley, who changed his name to Crawley.

[2] [considerable] corrected by an erratum in No. 301.

'her Relations are to me. She had no Portion, as I told you 'before, but what she wanted in Fortune, she makes up in 'Spirit. She at first changed my Name to Sir *John Envil*, 'and at present writes her self *Mary Enville*. I have had some 'Children by her, whom she has Christened with the Sirnames 'of her Family, in order, as she tells me, to wear out the 'Homeliness of their Parentage by the Father's Side. Our 'eldest Son is the Honourable *Oddly Enville*, Esq., and our 'eldest Daughter *Harriot Enville*. Upon her first coming into 'my Family, she turned off a parcel of very careful Servants, 'who had been long with me, and introduced in their stead a 'couple of Black-a-moors, and three or four very genteel 'Fellows in Laced Liveries, besides her *French* woman, who 'is perpetually making a Noise in the House in a Language 'which no body understands, except my Lady *Mary*. She next 'set her self to reform every Room of my House, having glazed 'all my Chimney-pieces with Looking-glass, and planted every 'Corner with such heaps of *China*, that I am obliged to move 'about my own House with the greatest Caution and Circum-'spection, for fear of hurting some of our Brittle Furniture. 'She makes an Illumination once a Week with Wax-Candles 'in one of the largest Rooms, in order, as she phrases it, to 'see Company. At which time she always desires me to be 'Abroad, or to confine my self to the Cock-loft, that I may not 'disgrace her among her Visitants of Quality. Her Footmen, 'as I told you before, are such Beaus that I do not much care 'for asking them Questions; when I do, they answer me with 'a sawcy Frown, and say that every thing, which I find Fault 'with, was done by my Lady *Mary's* Order. She tells me that 'she intends they shall wear Swords with their next Liveries, 'having lately observed the Footmen of two or three Persons 'of Quality hanging behind the Coach with Swords by their 'Sides. As soon as the first Honey-Moon was over, I re-'presented to her the Unreasonableness of those daily Inno-'vations which she made in my Family, but she told me I was 'no longer to consider my self as Sir *John Anvil*, but as her 'Husband; and added, with a Frown, that I did not seem to 'know who she was. I was surprized to be treated thus, after 'such Familiarities as had passed between us. But she has 'since given me to know, that whatever Freedoms she may 'sometimes indulge me in, she expects in general to be treated 'with the Respect that is due to her Birth and Quality. Our 'Children have been trained up from their Infancy with so 'many Accounts of their Mother's Family, that they know the

'Stories of all the great Men and Women it has produced. 'Their Mother tells them, that such an one commanded in 'such a Sea Engagement, that their Great Grandfather had a 'Horse shot under him at *Edge-hill*, that their Uncle was at 'the Siege of *Buda*, and that her Mother danced in a Ball 'at Court with the Duke of *Monmouth;* with abundance of 'Fiddle-faddle of the same Nature. I was, the other Day, a 'little out of Countenance at a Question of my little Daughter '*Harriot*, who asked me, with a great deal of Innocence, why I 'never told them of the Generals and Admirals that had been 'in *my* Family. As for my Eldest Son *Oddly*, he has been so 'spirited up by his Mother, that if he does not mend his Man-'ners I shall go near to disinherit him. He drew his Sword 'upon me before he was nine years old, and told me, that he 'expected to be used like a Gentleman; upon my offering to 'correct him for his Insolence, my Lady *Mary* stept in between 'us, and told me, that I ought to consider there was some 'Difference between his Mother and mine. She is perpetually 'finding out the Features of her own Relations in every one of 'my Children, tho', by the way, I have a little Chubfaced Boy 'as like me as he can stare, if I durst say so; but what most 'angers me, when she sees me playing with any of them upon 'my Knee, she has begged me more than once to converse with 'the Children as little as possibly, that they may not learn any 'of my awkward Tricks.

'You must farther know, since I am opening my Heart to 'you, that she thinks her self my Superior in Sense, as much 'as she is in Quality, and therefore treats me like a plain 'well-meaning Man, who does not know the World. She 'dictates to me in my own Business, sets me right in Point of 'Trade, and if I disagree with her about any of my Ships at 'Sea, wonders that I will dispute with her, when I know very 'well that her Great Grandfather was a Flag Officer.

'To compleat my Sufferings, she has teazed me for this 'Quarter of [a [1]] Year last past, to remove into one of the 'Squares at the other End of the Town, promising for my En-'couragement, that I shall have as good a Cock-loft as any 'Gentleman in the Square; to which the Honourable *Oddly* '*Enville*, Esq., always adds, like a Jack-a-napes as he is, that 'he hopes 'twill be as near the Court as possible.

'In short, *Mr.* SPECTATOR, I am so much out of my natural 'Element, that to recover my old Way of Life I would be 'content to begin the World again, and be plain *Jack Anvil;*

[1] [an]

'but alas! I am in for Life, and am bound to subscribe my 'self, with great Sorrow of Heart,

Your humble Servant,

L. John Enville, *Knt.*

No. 300.] *Wednesday, February* 13, 1712. [*Steele.*

——*Diversum vitio vitium prope majus.*—Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'WHEN you talk of the Subject of Love, and the Relations 'arising from it, methinks you should take Care to leave 'no Fault unobserved which concerns the State of Marriage. 'The great Vexation that I have observed in it, is, that the 'wedded Couple seem to want Opportunities of being often 'enough alone together, and are forced to quarrel and be fond 'before Company. Mr. *Hotspur* and his Lady, in a Room full 'of their Friends, are ever saying something so smart to each 'other, and that but just within Rules, that the whole Company 'stand in the utmost Anxiety and Suspence for fear of their 'falling into Extremities which they could not be present at. 'On the other Side, *Tom Faddle* and his pretty Spouse where-'ever they come are billing at such a Rate, as they think must 'do our Hearts good who behold 'em. Cannot you possibly 'propose a Mean between being Wasps and Doves in Publick? I 'should think if you advised to hate or love sincerely it would 'be better: For if they would be so discreet as to hate from 'the very Bottom of their Hearts, their Aversion would be too 'strong for little Gibes every Moment; and if they loved with 'that calm and noble Value which dwells in the Heart, with a 'Warmth like that of Life-Blood, they would not be so im-'patient of their Passion as to fall into observable Fondness. 'This Method, in each Case, would save Appearances; but as 'those who offend on the fond Side are by much the fewer, I 'would have you begin with them, and go on to take Notice 'of a most impertinent Licence married Women take, not 'only to be very loving to their Spouses in Publick, but also 'make nauseous Allusions to private Familiarities, and the like. '*Lucina* is a Lady of the greatest Discretion, you must know, 'in the World; and withal very much a Physician: Upon the 'Strength of these two Qualities there is nothing she will not 'speak of before us Virgins; and she every Day talks with a

'very grave Air in such a Manner, as is very improper so much 'as to be hinted at but to obviate the greatest Extremity. 'Those whom they call good Bodies, notable People, hearty 'Neighbours, and the purest goodest Company in the World, 'are the great Offenders in this Kind. Here I think I have 'laid before you an open Field for Pleasantry; and hope you 'will shew these People that at least they are not witty: In 'which you will save from many a Blush a daily Sufferer, who 'is very much

Your most humble Servant,
Susanna Loveworth.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'In yours of *Wednesday* the 30th past, you and your Cor- 'respondent are very severe on a sort of Men, whom you call 'Male Coquets; but without any other Reason, in my Appre- 'hension, than that of paying a shallow Compliment to the fair 'Sex, by accusing some Men of imaginary Faults, that the 'Women may not seem to be the more faulty Sex; though at 'the same time you suppose there are some so weak as to be 'imposed upon by fine Things and false Addresses. I can't 'persuade my self that your Design is to debar the Sexes the 'Benefit of each other's Conversation within the Rules of 'Honour; nor will you, I dare say, recommend to 'em, or 'encourage the common Tea-Table Talk, much less that of 'Politicks and Matters of State: And if these are forbidden 'Subjects of Discourse, then, as long as there are any Women 'in the World who take a Pleasure in hearing themselves 'praised, and can bear the Sight of a Man prostrate at their 'Feet, so long I shall make no Wonder that there are those 'of the other Sex who will pay them those impertinent Humili- 'ations. We should have few People such Fools as to practise 'Flattery, if all were so wise as to despise it. I don't deny but 'you would do a meritorious Act, if you could prevent all Im- 'positions on the Simplicity of young Women; but I must 'confess I don't apprehend you have laid the Fault on the 'proper Person, and if I trouble you with my Thoughts upon 'it I promise my self your Pardon. Such of the Sex as are 'raw and innocent, and most exposed to these Attacks, have, 'or their Parents are much to blame if they have not, one to 'advise and guard 'em, and are obliged themselves to take Care 'of 'em: but if these, who ought to hinder Men from all 'Opportunities of this sort of Conversation, instead of that en- 'courage and promote it, the Suspicion is very just that there 'are some private Reasons for it; and I'll leave it to you to

'determine on which Side a Part is then acted. Some Women 'there are who are arrived at Years of Discretion, I mean 'are got out of the Hands of their Parents and Governours, 'and are set up for themselves, who yet are liable to these 'Attempts; but if these are prevailed upon, you must excuse 'me if I lay the Fault upon them, that their Wisdom is not 'grown with their Years. My Client, Mr. *Strephon*, whom you 'summoned to declare himself, gives you Thanks however for 'your Warning, and begs the Favour only to inlarge his Time 'for a Week, or to the last Day of the Term, and then he'll 'appear *gratis*, and pray no Day over.

Yours,
Philanthropos.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I was last Night to visit a Lady who I much esteem, and 'always took for my Friend; but met with so very different a 'Reception from what I expected, that I cannot help applying 'my self to you on this Occasion. In the room of that Civility 'and Familiarity I used to be treated with by her, an affected 'Strangeness in her Looks, and Coldness in her Behaviour, 'plainly told me I was not the welcome Guest which the Regard 'and Tenderness she has often expressed for me gave me 'Reason to flatter my self to think I was. Sir, this is certainly 'a great Fault, and I assure you a very common one; there-'fore I hope you will think it a fit Subject for some Part of a '*Spectator*. Be pleased to acquaint us how we must behave our 'selves towards this valetudinary Friendship, subject to so many 'Heats and Colds, and you will oblige,

SIR, Your humble Servant,
Miranda.

SIR,

'I cannot forbear acknowledging the Delight your late '*Spectators* on *Saturdays* have given me; for it is writ in the 'honest Spirit of Criticism, and called to my Mind the following 'four Lines I had read long since in a Prologue to a Play called '*Julius Cæsar*,[1] which has deserved a better Fate. The Verses 'are addressed to the little Criticks.

Shew your small Talent, and let that suffice ye;
But grow not vain upon it, I advise ye.
For every Fop can find out Faults in Plays:
You'll ne'er arrive at Knowing when to praise.

Yours, *D. G.*

T.

[1] By William Alexander, Earl of Stirling (who died in 1640); one of his four 'Monarchicke Tragedies.' He received a grant of Nova Scotia to colonize, and was secretary of state for Scotland.

No. 301.] *Thursday, February* 14, 1712. [*Budgell.*

Possint ut Juvenes visere fervidi
Multo non sine risu,
Dilapsam in cineres facem.—Hor.

WE are generally so much pleased with any little Accomplishments, either of Body or Mind, which have once made us remarkable in the World, that we endeavour to perswade our selves it is not in the Power of Time to rob us of them. We are eternally pursuing the same Methods which first procured us the Applauses of Mankind. It is from this Notion that an Author writes on, tho' he is come to Dotage; without ever considering that his Memory is impaired, and that he has lost that Life, and those Spirits, which formerly raised his Fancy, and fired his Imagination. The same Folly hinders a Man from submitting his Behaviour to his Age, and makes *Clodius*, who was a celebrated Dancer at five and twenty, still love to hobble in a Minuet, tho' he is past Threescore. It is this, in a Word, which fills the Town with elderly Fops, and superannuated Coquets.

Canidia, a Lady of this latter Species, passed by me Yesterday in her Coach. *Canidia* was an haughty Beauty of the last Age, and was followed by Crowds of Adorers, whose Passions only pleased her, as they gave her Opportunities of playing the Tyrant. She then contracted that awful Cast of the Eye and forbidding Frown, which she has not yet laid aside, and has still all the Insolence of Beauty without its Charms. If she now attracts the Eyes of any Beholders, it is only by being remarkably ridiculous; even her own Sex laugh at her Affectation; and the Men, who always enjoy an ill-natured Pleasure in seeing an imperious Beauty humbled and neglected, regard her with the same Satisfaction that a free Nation sees a Tyrant in Disgrace.

WILL. HONEYCOMB, who is a great Admirer of the Gallantries in King *Charles* the Second's Reign, lately communicated to me a Letter written by a Wit of that Age to his Mistress, who it seems was a Lady of *Canidia's* Humour; and tho' I do not always approve of my Friend WILL's Taste, I liked this Letter so well, that I took a Copy of it, with which I shall here present my Reader.

To CLOE.

MADAM,

'Since my waking Thoughts have never been able to influence 'you in my Favour, I am resolved to try whether my Dreams 'can make any Impression on you. To this end I shall give

'you an Account of a very odd one which my Fancy presented 'to me last Night, within a few Hours after I left you.

'Methought I was unaccountably conveyed into the most 'delicious Place mine Eyes ever beheld, it was a large Valley 'divided by a River of the purest Water I had ever seen. The 'Ground on each Side of it rose by an easie Ascent, and was 'covered with Flowers of an infinite Variety, which as they were 'reflected in the Water doubled the Beauties of the Place, or 'rather formed an Imaginary Scene more beautiful than the 'real. On each Side of the River was a Range of lofty Trees, 'whose Boughs were loaden with almost as many Birds as 'Leaves. Every Tree was full of Harmony.

'I had not gone far in this pleasant Valley, when I perceived 'that it was terminated by a most magnificent Temple. The 'Structure was ancient, and regular. On the Top of it was 'figured the God *Saturn*, in the same Shape and Dress that 'the Poets usually represent *Time*.

'As I was advancing to satisfie my Curiosity by a nearer 'View, I was stopped by an Object far more beautiful than 'any I had before discovered in the whole Place. I fancy, 'Madam, you will easily guess that this could hardly be any 'thing but your self; in reality it was so; you lay extended on 'the Flowers by the side of the River, so that your Hands 'which were thrown in a negligent Posture, almost touched the 'Water. Your Eyes were closed; but if your Sleep deprived 'me of the Satisfaction of seeing them, it left me at leisure to 'contemplate several other Charms, which disappear when 'your Eyes are open. I could not but admire the Tranquility 'you slept in, especially when I considered the Uneasiness you 'produce in so many others.

'While I was wholly taken up in these Reflections, the 'Doors of the Temple flew open, with a very great Noise; and 'lifting up my Eyes, I saw two Figures, in human Shape, coming 'into the Valley. Upon a nearer Survey, I found them to be 'Youth and Love. The first was encircled with a kind of 'Purple Light, that spread a Glory over all the Place; the 'other held a flaming Torch in his Hand. I could observe, 'that all the way as they came towards us, the Colours of the 'Flowers appeared more lively, the Trees shot out in Blossoms, 'the Birds threw themselves into Pairs, and Serenaded them as 'they passed: The whole Face of Nature glowed with new 'Beauties. They were no sooner arrived at the Place where 'you lay, when they seated themselves on each Side of you. 'On their Approach, methought I saw a new Bloom arise in

'your Face, and new Charms diffuse themselves over your 'whole Person. You appeared more than Mortal; but, to my 'great Surprise, continued fast asleep, tho' the two Deities made 'several gentle Efforts to awaken you.

'After a short Time, YOUTH (displaying a Pair of Wings, 'which I had not before taken notice of) flew off. LOVE still 'remained, and holding the Torch which he had in his Hand 'before your Face, you still appeared as beautiful as ever. The 'glaring of the Light in your Eyes at length awakened you; 'when, to my great Surprise, instead of acknowledging the 'Favour of the Deity, you frowned upon him, and struck the 'Torch out of his Hand into the River. The God after having 'regarded you with a Look that spoke at [once [1]] his Pity and 'Displeasure, flew away. Immediately a kind of Gloom over-'spread the whole Place. At the same time I saw an hideous 'Spectre enter at one end of the Valley. His Eyes were sunk 'into his Head, his Face was pale and withered, and his Skin 'puckered up in Wrinkles. As he walked on the sides of the 'Bank the River froze, the Flowers faded, the Trees shed their 'Blossoms, the Birds dropped from off the Boughs, and fell 'dead at his Feet. By these Marks I knew him to be OLD-'AGE. You were seized with the utmost Horror and Amaze-'ment at his Approach. You endeavoured to have fled, but 'the Phantome caught you in his Arms. You may easily guess 'at the Change you suffered in this Embrace. For my own 'Part, though I am still too full of the [frightful [2]] Idea, I will 'not shock you with a Description of it. I was so startled at 'the Sight that my Sleep immediately left me, and I found my 'self awake, at leisure to consider of a Dream which seems too 'extraordinary to be without a Meaning. I am, Madam, with 'the greatest Passion,

Your most Obedient,
X. *most Humble Servant*, &c.

No. 302.] *Friday, February* 15, 1712. [*Steele.*

> ——*Lachrymæque decoræ,*
> *Gratior et pulchro veniens in corpore Virtus.*—Vir. Æn. 5.

I READ what I give for the Entertainment of this Day with a great deal of Pleasure, and publish it just as it came to my Hands. I shall be very glad to find there are many guessed at for *Emilia.*

[1] [the same time] [2] [dreadful]

Mr. SPECTATOR,[1]

'If this Paper has the good Fortune to be honoured with a 'Place in your Writings, I shall be the more pleased, because 'the Character of *Emilia* is not an imaginary but a real one. I 'have industriously obscured the whole by the Addition of one 'or two Circumstances of no Consequence, that the Person it 'is drawn from might still be concealed; and that the Writer 'of it might not be in the least suspected, and for [other[2]] 'Reasons, I chuse not to give it the Form of a Letter: But if, 'besides the Faults of the Composition, there be any thing in 'it more proper for a Correspondent than the SPECTATOR him-'self to write, I submit it to your better Judgment, to receive 'any other Model you think fit.

I am, SIR,

Your very humble Servant.

There is nothing which gives one so pleasing a Prospect of human Nature, as the Contemplation of Wisdom and Beauty: The latter is the peculiar Portion of that Sex which is therefore called Fair; but the happy Concurrence of both these Excellencies in the same Person, is a Character too celestial to be frequently met with. Beauty is an over-weaning self-sufficient thing, careless of providing it self any more substantial Ornaments; nay so little does it consult its own Interests, that it too often defeats it self by betraying that Innocence which renders it lovely and desirable. As therefore Virtue makes a beautiful Woman appear more beautiful, so Beauty makes a virtuous Woman really more virtuous. Whilst I am considering these two Perfections gloriously united in one Person, I cannot help representing to my Mind the Image of *Emilia*.

Who ever beheld the charming *Emilia*, without feeling in his Breast at once the Glow of Love and the Tenderness of virtuous Friendship? The unstudied Graces of her Behaviour, and the pleasing Accents of her Tongue, insensibly draw you on to wish for a nearer Enjoyment of them; but even her Smiles carry in them a silent Reproof to the Impulses of licentious Love. Thus, tho' the Attractives of her Beauty play almost irresistibly upon you and create Desire, you immediately stand corrected not by the Severity but the Decency of her Virtue. That Sweetness and Good-humour which is so visible

[1] The character of Emilia in this paper was by Dr. Bromer, a clergyman. The lady is said to have been 'the mother of Mr. Ascham, of Conington, 'in Cambridgeshire, and grandmother of Lady Hatton.' The letter has been claimed also for John Hughes (Letters of John Hughes, &c., vol. iii. p. 8), and Emilia identified with Anne, Countess of Coventry.

[2] [some other]

in her Face, naturally diffuses it self into every Word and Action: A Man must be a Savage, who at the Sight of *Emilia*, is not more inclined to do her Good than gratifie himself. Her Person, as it is thus studiously embellished by Nature, thus adorned with unpremeditated Graces, is a fit Lodging for a Mind so fair and lovely; there dwell rational Piety, modest Hope, and chearful Resignation.

Many of the prevailing Passions of Mankind do undeservedly pass under the Name of Religion; which is thus made to express itself in Action, according to the Nature of the Constitution in which it resides: So that were we to make a Judgment from Appearances, one would imagine Religion in some is little better than Sullenness and Reserve, in many Fear, in others the Despondings of a melancholly Complexion, in others the Formality of insignificant unaffecting Observances, in others Severity, in others Ostentation. In *Emilia* it is a Principle founded in Reason and enlivened with Hope; it does not break forth into irregular Fits and Sallies of Devotion, but is an uniform and consistent Tenour of Action; It is strict without Severity, compassionate without Weakness; it is the Perfection of that good Humour which proceeds from the Understanding, not the Effect of an easy Constitution.

By a generous Sympathy in Nature, we feel our selves disposed to mourn when any of our Fellow-Creatures are afflicted; but injured Innocence and Beauty in Distress, is an Object that carries in it something inexpressibly moving: It softens the most manly Heart with the tenderest Sensations of Love and Compassion, till at length it confesses its Humanity, and flows out into Tears.

Were I to relate that part of *Emilia's* Life which has given her an Opportunity of exerting the Heroism of Christianity, it would make too sad, too tender a Story: But when I consider her alone in the midst of her Distresses, looking beyond this gloomy Vale of Affliction and Sorrow into the Joys of Heaven and Immortality, and when I see her in Conversation thoughtless and easie as if she were the most happy Creature in the World, I am transported with Admiration. Surely never did such a Philosophic Soul inhabit such a beauteous Form! For Beauty is often made a Privilege against Thought and Reflection; it laughs at Wisdom, and will not abide the Gravity of its Instructions.

Were I able to represent *Emilia's* Virtues in their proper Colours and their due Proportions, Love or Flattery might perhaps be thought to have drawn the Picture larger than Life;

but as this is but an imperfect Draught of so excellent a Character, and as I cannot, will not hope to have any Interest in her Person, all that I can say of her is but impartial Praise extorted from me by the prevailing Brightness of her Virtues. So rare a Pattern of Female Excellence ought not to be concealed, but should be set out to the View and Imitation of the World; for how amiable does Virtue appear thus as it were made visible to us in so fair an Example!

Honoria's Disposition is of a very different Turn: Her Thoughts are wholly bent upon Conquest and arbitrary Power. That she has some Wit and Beauty no Body denies, and therefore has the Esteem of all her Acquaintance as a Woman of an agreeable Person and Conversation; but (whatever her Husband may think of it) that is not sufficient for *Honoria:* She waves that Title to Respect as a mean Acquisition, and demands Veneration in the Right of an Idol; for this Reason her natural Desire of Life is continually checked with an inconsistent Fear of Wrinkles and old Age.

Emilia cannot be supposed ignorant of her personal Charms, tho' she seems to be so; but she will not hold her Happiness upon so precarious a Tenure, whilst her Mind is adorned with Beauties of a more exalted and lasting Nature. When in the full Bloom of Youth and Beauty we saw her surrounded with a Crowd of Adorers, she took no Pleasure in Slaughter and Destruction, gave no false deluding Hopes which might encrease the Torments of her disappointed Lovers; but having for some Time given to the Decency of a Virgin Coyness, and examined the Merit of their several Pretensions, she at length gratified her own, by resigning herself to the ardent Passion of *Bromius*. *Bromius* was then Master of many good Qualities and a moderate Fortune, which was soon after unexpectedly encreased to a plentiful Estate. This for a good while proved his Misfortune, as it furnished his unexperienced Age with the Opportunities of Evil Company and a sensual Life. He might have longer wandered in the Labyrinths of Vice and Folly, had not *Emilia's* prudent Conduct won him over to the Government of his Reason. Her Ingenuity has been constantly employed in humanizing his Passions and refining his Pleasures. She shewed him by her own Example, that Virtue is consistent with decent Freedoms and good Humour, or rather, that it cannot subsist without 'em. Her good Sense readily instructed her, that a silent Example and an easie unrepining Behaviour, will always be more perswasive than the Severity of Lectures and Admonitions; and that there is so much Pride interwoven into the

Make of human Nature, that an obstinate Man must only take the Hint from another, and then be left to advise and correct himself. Thus by an artful Train of Management and unseen Perswasions, having at first brought him not to dislike, and at length to be pleased with that which otherwise he would not have bore to hear of, she then knew how to press and secure this Advantage, by approving it as his Thoughts, and seconding it as his Proposal. By this Means she has gained an Interest in some of his leading Passions, and made them accessary to his Reformation.

There is another Particular of *Emilia's* Conduct which I can't forbear mentioning: To some perhaps it may at first Sight appear but a trifling inconsiderable Circumstance; but for my Part, I think it highly worthy of Observation, and to be recommended to the Consideration of the fair Sex. I have often thought wrapping Gowns and dirty Linnen, with all that huddled Oeconomy of Dress which passes under the general Name of a Mob, the Bane of conjugal Love, and one of the readiest Means imaginable to alienate the Affection of an Husband, especially a fond one. I have heard some Ladies, who have been surprized by Company in such a Deshabille, apologize for it after this Manner; *Truly I am ashamed to be caught in this Pickle; but my Husband and I were sitting all alone by our selves, and I did not expect to see such good Company* —This by the way is a fine Compliment to the good Man, which 'tis ten to one but he returns in dogged Answers and a churlish Behaviour, without knowing what it is that puts him out of Humour.

Emilia's Observation teaches her, that as little Inadvertencies and Neglects cast a Blemish upon a great Character; so the Neglect of Apparel, even among the most intimate Friends, does insensibly lessen their Regards to each other, by creating a Familiarity too low and contemptible. She understands the Importance of those Things which the Generality account Trifles; and considers every thing as a Matter of Consequence, that has the least Tendency towards keeping up or abating the Affection of her Husband; him she esteems as a fit Object to employ her Ingenuity in pleasing, because he is to be pleased for Life.

By the Help of these, and a thousand other nameless Arts, which 'tis easier for her to practise than for another to express, by the Obstinacy of her Goodness and unprovoked Submission, in spight of all her Afflictions and ill Usage, *Bromius* is become a Man of Sense and a kind Husband, and *Emilia* a happy Wife.

Ye guardian Angels to whose Care Heaven has entrusted its dear *Emilia*, guide her still forward in the Paths of Virtue, defend her from the Insolence and Wrongs of this undiscerning World; at length when we must no more converse with such Purity on Earth, lead her gently hence innocent and unreprovable to a better Place, where by an easie Transition from what she now is, she may shine forth an Angel of Light. T.

No. 303.] *Saturday, February* 16, 1712. [*Addison.*

——volet hæc sub luce videri,
Judicis argutum quæ non formidat acumen.—Hor.

I HAVE seen in the Works of a Modern Philosopher, a Map of the Spots in the Sun. My last Paper of the Faults and Blemishes in *Milton's Paradise Lost*, may be considered as a Piece of the same Nature. To pursue the Allusion: As it is observed, that among the bright Parts of the Luminous Body above mentioned, there are some which glow more intensely, and dart a stronger Light than others; so, notwithstanding I have already shewn *Milton's* Poem to be very beautiful in general, I shall now proceed to take Notice of such Beauties as appear to me more exquisite than the rest. *Milton* has proposed the Subject of his Poem in the following Verses.

Of Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought Death into the World and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, *till one greater Man*
Restore us, and regain the blisful Seat,
Sing Heavenly Muse——

These Lines are perhaps as plain, simple and unadorned as any of the whole Poem, in which Particular the Author has conformed himself to the Example of *Homer* and the Precept of *Horace*.

His Invocation to a Work which turns in a great measure upon the Creation of the World, is very properly made to the Muse who inspired *Moses* in those Books from whence our Author drew his Subject, and to the Holy Spirit who is therein represented as operating after a particular manner in the first Production of Nature. This whole Exordium rises very happily into noble Language and Sentiment, as I think the Transition to the Fable is exquisitely beautiful and natural.

The Nine Days Astonishment, in which the Angels lay entranced after their dreadful Overthrow and Fall from Heaven,

before they could recover either the use of Thought or Speech, is a noble *Circumstance*, and very finely imagined. The Division of Hell into Seas of Fire, and into firm Ground impregnated with the same furious Element, with that particular Circumstance of the Exclusion of *Hope* from those Infernal Regions, are Instances of the same great and fruitful Invention.

The Thoughts in the first Speech and Description of *Satan*, who is one of the Principal Actors in this Poem, are wonderfully proper to give us a full Idea of him. His Pride, Envy and Revenge, Obstinacy, Despair and Impenitence, are all of them very artfully interwoven. In short, his first Speech is a Complication of all those Passions which discover themselves separately in several other of his Speeches in the Poem. The whole part of this great Enemy of Mankind is filled with such Incidents as are very apt to raise and terrifie the Reader's Imagination. Of this nature, in the Book now before us, is his being the first that awakens out of the general Trance, with his Posture on the burning Lake, his rising from it, and the Description of his Shield and Spear.

Thus Satan *talking to his nearest Mate,*
With head up-lift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blaz'd, his other parts beside
Prone on the Flood, extended long and large,
Lay floating many a rood———
Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
His mighty Stature ; on each hand the flames
Driv'n backward slope their pointing Spires, and rowl'd
In Billows, leave i'th' midst a horrid vale.
Then with expanded wings he steers his flight
Aloft, incumbent on the dusky Air
That felt unusual weight———
———His pondrous Shield
Ethereal temper, massie, large and round,
Behind him cast ; the broad circumference
Hung on his Shoulders like the Moon, whose orb
Thro' Optick Glass the Tuscan *Artist views*
At Ev'ning, from the top of Fesole,
Or in Valdarno, *to descry new Lands,*
Rivers, or Mountains, on her spotted Globe.
His Spear (*to equal which the tallest pine*
Hewn on Norwegian *Hills to be the Mast*
Of some great Ammiral, were but a wand)
He walk'd with, to support uneasie Steps
Over the burning Marl———

To which we may add his Call to the fallen Angels that lay plunged and stupified in the Sea of Fire.

He call'd so loud, that all the hollow deep
Of Hell resounded———

But there is no single Passage in the whole Poem worked up to a greater Sublimity, than that wherein his Person is described in those celebrated Lines:

———He, above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent
Stood like a Tower, &c.

His Sentiments are every way answerable to his Character, and suitable to a created Being of the most exalted and most depraved Nature. Such is that in which he takes Possession of his Place of Torments.

———Hail Horrors! hail
Infernal World! and thou profoundest Hell
Receive thy new Possessor, one who brings
A mind not to be changed by place or time.

And Afterwards,

———Here at least
We shall be free; th' Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:
Here we may reign secure; and in my choice
To reign is worth Ambition, tho' in Hell:
Better to reign in Hell, than serve in Heav'n.

Amidst those Impieties which this Enraged Spirit utters in other places of the Poem, the Author has taken care to introduce none that is not big with absurdity, and incapable of shocking a Religious Reader; his Words, as the Poet himself describes them, bearing only a *Semblance of Worth, not Substance.* He is likewise with great Art described as owning his Adversary to be Almighty. Whatever perverse Interpretation he puts on the Justice, Mercy, and other Attributes of the Supreme Being, he frequently confesses his Omnipotence, that being the Perfection he was forced to allow him, and the only Consideration which could support his Pride under the Shame of his Defeat.

Nor must I here omit that beautiful Circumstance of his bursting out in Tears, upon his Survey of those innumerable Spirits whom he had involved in the same Guilt and Ruin with himself.

———He now prepared
To speak; whereat their doubled ranks they bend
From wing to wing, and half enclose him round
With all his Peers: Attention held them mute.
Thrice he assay'd, and thrice in spite of Scorn
Tears such as Angels weep, burst forth———

The Catalogue of Evil Spirits has abundance of Learning in it, and a very agreeable turn of Poetry, which rises in a great

measure from [its[1]] describing the Places where they were worshipped, by those beautiful Marks of Rivers so frequent among the Ancient Poets. The Author had doubtless in this place *Homer's* Catalogue of Ships, and *Virgil's* List of Warriors, in his View. The Characters of *Moloch* and *Belial* prepare the Reader's Mind for their respective Speeches and Behaviour in the second and sixth Book. The Account of *Thammuz* is finely Romantick, and suitable to what we read among the Ancients of the Worship which was paid to that Idol.

> [———Thammuz *came next behind,*
> *Whose annual Wound in* Lebanon *allur'd*
> *The* Syrian *Damsels to lament his fate,*
> *In am'rous Ditties all a Summer's day,*
> *While smooth* Adonis *from his native Rock*
> *Ran purple to the Sea, suppos'd with Blood*
> *Of* Thammuz *yearly wounded: the Love tale*
> *Infected* Zion's *Daughters with like Heat,*
> *Whose wanton Passions in the sacred Porch*
> Ezekiel *saw, when by the Vision led*
> *His Eye survey'd the dark Idolatries*
> *Of alienated* Judah.———

The Reader will pardon me if I insert as a Note on this beautiful Passage, the Account given us by the late ingenious Mr. *Maundrell*[2] of this Ancient Piece of Worship, and probably the first Occasion of such a Superstition. 'We came to a fair 'large River—doubtless the Ancient River *Adonis*, so famous 'for the Idolatrous Rites performed here in Lamentation of '*Adonis*. We had the Fortune to see what may be supposed to 'be the Occasion of that Opinion which *Lucian* relates, con-'cerning this River, *viz.* That this Stream, at certain Seasons 'of the Year, especially about the Feast of *Adonis*, is of a 'bloody Colour; which the Heathens looked upon as proceed-'ing from a kind of Sympathy in the River for the Death of '*Adonis*, who was killed by a wild Boar in the Mountains, out 'of which this Stream rises. Something like this we saw actu-'ally come to pass; for the Water was stain'd to a surprizing

[1] [his]

[2] A Journey from Aleppo to Jerusalem at Easter, A.D. 1697. By Henry Maundrell, M.A. It was published at Oxford in 1703, and was in a new edition in 1707. It reached a seventh edition in 1749. Maundrell was a Fellow of Exeter College, which he left to take the appointment of chaplain to the English factory at Aleppo. The brief account of his journey is in the form of a diary, and the passage quoted is under the date, March 15, when they were two days' journey from Tripoli. The stream he identifies with the Adonis was called, he says, by the Turks Ibrahim Pasha. It is near Gibyle, called by the Greeks Byblus, a place once famous for the birth and temple of Adonis. The extract from *Paradise Lost* and the passage from Maundrell were interpolated in the first reprint of the *Spectator*.

'Redness; and, as we observ'd in Travelling, had discolour'd the 'Sea a great way into a reddish Hue, occasion'd doubtless by 'a sort of Minium, or red Earth, washed into the River by the 'Violence of the Rain, and not by any Stain from *Adonis's* Blood.]

The Passage in the Catalogue, explaining the manner how Spirits transform themselves by Contractions or Enlargement of their Dimensions, is introduced with great Judgment, to make way for several surprizing Accidents in the Sequel of the Poem. There follows one, at the very End of the first Book, which is what the *French* Criticks call *Marvellous*, but at the same time *probable* by reason of the Passage last mentioned. As soon as the Infernal Palace is finished, we are told the Multitude and Rabble of Spirits immediately shrunk themselves into a small Compass, that there might be Room for such a numberless Assembly in this capacious Hall. But it is the Poet's Refinement upon this Thought which I most admire, and which is indeed very noble in its self. For he tells us, that notwithstanding the vulgar, among the fallen Spirits, contracted their Forms, those of the first Rank and Dignity still preserved their natural Dimensions.

Thus incorporeal Spirits to smallest Forms
Reduc'd their Shapes immense, and were at large,
Though without Number, still amidst the Hall
Of that Infernal Court. But far within,
And in their own Dimensions like themselves,
The great Seraphick Lords and Cherubim,
In close recess and secret conclave sate,
A thousand Demy-Gods on Golden Seats,
Frequent and full———————

The Character of *Mammon*, and the Description of the *Pandæmonium*, are full of Beauties.

There are several other Strokes in the first Book wonderfully poetical, and Instances of that Sublime Genius so peculiar to the Author. Such is the Description of *Azazel's* Stature, and of the Infernal Standard, which he unfurls; as also of that ghastly Light, by which the Fiends appear to one another in their Place of Torments.

The Seat of Desolation, void of Light,
Save what the glimm'ring of those livid Flames
Casts pale and dreadful———

The Shout of the whole Host of fallen Angels when drawn up in Battel Array:

———The universal Host up sent
A Shout that tore Hell's Concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos *and old* Night.

The Review, which the Leader makes of his Infernal Army:

———He thro' the armed files
Darts his experienc'd eye, and soon traverse
The whole Battalion views, their Order due,
Their Visages and Stature as of Gods.
Their Number last he sums; and now his Heart
Distends with Pride, and hard'ning in his strength
Glories————

The Flash of Light which appear'd upon the drawing of their Swords:

He spake: and to confirm his words outflew
Millions of flaming Swords, drawn from the thighs
Of mighty Cherubim; *the sudden Blaze*
Far round illumin'd Hell———

The sudden Production of the *Pandæmonium:*

Anon out of the Earth a Fabrick huge
Rose like an Exhalation, with the Sound
Of dulcet Symphonies and Voices sweet.

The Artificial Illuminations made in it:

———From the arched Roof
Pendent by subtle Magick, many a Row
Of Starry Lamps and blazing Crescets, fed
With Naphtha *and* Asphaltus, *yielded Light*
As from a Sky————

There are also several noble Similes and Allusions in the First Book of *Paradise Lost.* And here I must observe, that when *Milton* alludes either to Things or Persons, he never quits his Simile till it rises to some very great Idea, which is often foreign to the Occasion that gave Birth to it. The Resemblance does not, perhaps, last above a Line or two, but the Poet runs on with the Hint till he has raised out of it some glorious Image or Sentiment, proper to inflame the Mind of the Reader, and to give it that sublime kind of Entertainment, which is suitable to the Nature of an Heroick Poem. Those who are acquainted with *Homer's* and *Virgil's* way of Writing, cannot but be pleased with this kind of Structure in *Milton's* Similitudes. I am the more particular on this Head, because ignorant Readers, who have formed their Taste upon the quaint Similes, and little Turns of Wit, which are so much in Vogue among Modern Poets, cannot relish these Beauties which are of a much higher Nature, and are therefore apt to censure *Milton's* Comparisons in which they do not see any surprizing Points of Likeness. Monsieur *Perrault* was a Man of this viciated Relish, and for that very Reason has endeavoured to turn into Ridicule several of *Homer's* Similitudes, which he

calls *Comparaisons a longue queue, Long-tail'd Comparisons.*[1] I shall conclude this Paper on the First Book of *Milton* with the Answer which Monsieur *Boileau* makes to *Perrault* on this Occasion; 'Comparisons, says he, in Odes and Epic Poems, 'are not introduced only to illustrate and embellish the Dis- 'course, but to amuse and relax the Mind of the Reader, by 'frequently disengaging him from too painful an Attention to 'the Principal Subject, and by leading him into other agree- 'able Images. *Homer*, says he, excelled in this Particular, 'whose Comparisons abound with such Images of Nature as 'are proper to relieve and diversifie his Subjects. He con- 'tinually instructs the Reader, and makes him take notice, 'even in Objects which are every Day before our Eyes, of such 'Circumstances as we should not otherwise have observed.' *To this he adds, as a Maxim universally acknowledged*, 'That it 'is not necessary in Poetry for the Points of the Comparison 'to correspond with one another exactly, but that a general 'Resemblance is sufficient, and that too much Nicety in this 'Particular favours of the Rhetorician and Epigrammatist.

In short, if we look into the Conduct of *Homer*, *Virgil* and *Milton*, as the great Fable is the Soul of each Poem, so to give their Works an agreeable Variety, their Episodes are so many short Fables, and their Similes so many short Episodes; to which you may add, if you please, that their Metaphors are so many short Similes. If the Reader considers the Comparisons in the first Book of *Milton*, of the Sun in an Eclipse, of the Sleeping *Leviathan*, of the Bees swarming about their Hive, of the Fairy Dance, in the view wherein I have here placed them, he will easily discover the great Beauties that are in each of those Passages. L.

[1] See note to No. 279. Charles Perrault made himself a lasting name by his Fairy Tales, a charming embodiment of French nursery traditions. The four volumes of his *Parallèle des Anciens et des Modernes*, published in 1692-6, included the good general idea of human progress, but worked it out badly, dealing irreverently with Plato as well as Homer and Pindar, and exalting among the moderns not only Molière and Corneille, but also Chapelain, Scudéri, and Quinault, whom he called 'the greatest lyrical and dramatic 'poet that France ever had.' The battle had begun with a debate in the Academy: Racine having ironically complimented Perrault on the ingenuity with which he had elevated little men above the ancients in his poem (published 1687), *le Siècle de Louis le Grand*. Fontenelle touched the matter lightly, as Perrault's ally, in his *Digression sur les Anciens et les Modernes*, but afterwards drew back, saying, 'I do not belong to the party which 'claims me for its chief.' The leaders on the respective sides, unequally matched, were Perrault and Boileau.

No. 304.] *Monday, February* 18, 1712. [*Steele.*

Vulnus alit venis et cæco carpitur igni.—Virg.

THE Circumstances of my Correspondent, whose Letter I now insert, are so frequent, that I cannot want Compassion so much as to forbear laying it before the Town. There is something so mean and inhuman in a direct *Smithfield* Bargain for Children, that if this Lover carries his Point, and observes the Rules he pretends to follow, I do not only wish him Success, but also that it may animate others to follow his Example. I know not one Motive relating to this Life which would produce so many honourable and worthy Actions, as the Hopes of obtaining a Woman of Merit: There would ten thousand Ways of Industry and honest Ambition be pursued by young Men, who believed that the Persons admired had Value enough for their Passion to attend the Event of their good Fortune in all their Applications, in order to make their Circumstances fall in with the Duties they owe to themselves, their Families, and their Country; All these Relations a Man should think of who intends to go into the State of Marriage, and expects to make it a State of Pleasure and Satisfaction.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I have for some Years indulged a Passion for a young Lady 'of Age and Quality suitable to my own, but very much supe- 'rior in Fortune. It is the Fashion with Parents (how justly I 'leave you to judge) to make all Regards give way to the Article 'of Wealth. From this one Consideration it is that I have 'concealed the ardent Love I have for her; but I am beholden 'to the Force of my Love for many Advantages which I reaped 'from it towards the better Conduct of my Life. A certain 'Complacency to all the World, a strong Desire to oblige 'where-ever it lay in my Power, and a circumspect Behaviour 'in all my Words and Actions, have rendered me more 'particularly acceptable to all my Friends and Acquaintance. 'Love has had the same good Effect upon my Fortune; and I 'have encreased in Riches in proportion to my Advancement 'in those Arts which make a man agreeable and amiable. 'There is a certain Sympathy which will tell my Mistress from 'these Circumstances, that it is I who writ this for her Reading, 'if you will please to insert it. There is not a downright 'Enmity, but a great Coldness between our Parents; so that if 'either of us declared any kind Sentiment for each other, her

'Friends would be very backward to lay an Obligation upon 'our Family, and mine to receive it from hers. Under these 'delicate Circumstances it is no easie Matter to act with Safety. 'I have no Reason to fancy my Mistress has any Regard for 'me, but from a very disinterested Value which I have for her. 'If from any Hint in any future Paper of yours she gives me 'the least Encouragement, I doubt not but I shall surmount all 'other Difficulties; and inspired by so noble a Motive for the 'Care of my Fortune, as the Belief she is to be concerned in 'it, I will not despair of receiving her one Day from her 'Father's own Hand.

I am, SIR,

Your most obedient humble Servant,

Clytander.

To his Worship the SPECTATOR,

The humble Petition of *Anthony Title-Page*, Stationer, in the Centre of *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*,

Sheweth,

That your Petitioner and his Fore-Fathers have been Sellers of Books for Time immemorial; That your Petitioner's Ancestor, *Crouchback Title-Page*, was the first of that Vocation in *Britain*; who keeping his Station (in fair Weather) at the Corner of *Lothbury*, was by way of Eminency called *the Stationer*, a Name which from him all succeeding Booksellers have affected to bear: That the Station of your Petitioner and his Father has been in the Place of his present Settlement ever since that Square has been built: That your Petitioner has formerly had the Honour of your Worship's Custom, and hopes you never had Reason to complain of your Penny-worths; that particularly he sold you your first *Lilly's* Grammar, and at the same Time a *Wit's Commonwealth* almost as good as new: Moreover, that your first rudimental Essays in Spectatorship were made in your Petitioner's Shop, where you often practised for Hours together, sometimes on his Books upon the Rails, sometimes on the little Hieroglyphicks either gilt, silvered, or plain, which the *Egyptian* Woman on the other Side of the Shop had wrought in Gingerbread, and sometimes on the *English* Youth, who in sundry Places there were exercising themselves in the traditional Sports of the Field.

From these Considerations it is, that your Petitioner is encouraged to apply himself to you, and to proceed humbly to acquaint your Worship, That he has certain Intelligence that you receive great Numbers of defamatory Letters designed by

their Authors to be published, which you throw aside and totally neglect: Your Petitioner therefore prays, that you will please to bestow on him those Refuse Letters, and he hopes by printing them to get a more plentiful Provision for his Family; or at the worst, he may be allowed to sell them by the Pound Weight to his good Customers the Pastry-Cooks of *London* and *Westminster*. *And your Petitioner shall ever pray*, &c.

To the SPECTATOR,

The humble Petition of *Bartholomew Ladylove*, of *Round-Court* in the Parish of St. *Martins in the Fields*, in Behalf of himself and Neighbours,

Sheweth,

That your Petitioners have with great Industry and Application arrived at the most exact Art of Invitation or Entreaty: That by a beseeching Air and perswasive Address, they have for many Years last past peaceably drawn in every tenth Passenger, whether they intended or not to call at their Shops, to come in and buy; and from that Softness of Behaviour, have arrived among Tradesmen at the gentle Appellation of *the Fawners*.

That there have of late set up amongst us certain Persons of *Monmouth-street* and *Long-lane*, who by the Strength of their Arms, and Loudness of their Throats, draw off the Regard of all Passengers from your said Petitioners; from which Violence they are distinguished by the Name of *the Worriers*.

That while your Petitioners stand ready to receive Passengers with a submissive Bow, and repeat with a gentle Voice, *Ladies, what do you want? pray look in here;* the Worriers reach out their Hands at Pistol-shot, and seize the Customers at Arms Length.

That while the Fawners strain and relax the Muscles of their Faces in making Distinction between a Spinster in a coloured Scarf and an Handmaid in a Straw-Hat, the Worriers use the same Roughness to both, and prevail upon the Easiness of the Passengers, to the Impoverishment of your Petitioners.

Your Petitioners therefore most humbly pray, that the Worriers may not be permitted to inhabit the politer Parts of the Town; and that *Round-Court* may remain a Receptacle for Buyers of a more soft Education.

And your Petitioners, &c.

The Petition of the New-Exchange, *concerning the Arts of Buying and Selling, and particularly valuing Goods by the Complexion of the Seller, will be considered on another Occasion.*

T.

No. 305.] *Tuesday, February* 19, 1712. [*Addison.*

Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis
Tempus eget——— Virg.

OUR late News-Papers being full of the Project now on foot in the Court of *France*, for Establishing a Political Academy, and I my self having received Letters from several Virtuoso's among my Foreign Correspondents, which give some Light into that Affair, I intend to make it the Subject of this Day's Speculation. A general Account of this Project may be met with in the *Daily Courant* of last *Friday* in the following Words, translated from the Gazette of *Amsterdam.*

Paris, February 12. 'Tis confirmed that the King has 'resolved to establish a new Academy for Politicks, of which the 'Marquis *de Torcy*, Minister and Secretary of State, is to be 'Protector. Six Academicians are to be chosen, endowed with 'proper Talents, for beginning to form this Academy. into which 'no Person is to be admitted under Twenty-five Years of Age: 'They must likewise each have an Estate of Two thousand 'Livres a Year, either in Possession, or to come to 'em by 'Inheritance. The King will allow to each a Pension of a 'Thousand Livres. They are likewise to have able Masters to 'teach 'em the necessary Sciences, and to instruct them in 'all the Treaties of Peace, Alliance, and others, which have 'been made in several Ages past. These Members are to meet 'twice a Week at the *Louvre.* From this Seminary are to be 'chosen Secretaries to Ambassies, who by degrees may advance 'to higher Employments.

Cardinal *Richelieu's* Politicks made *France* the Terror of *Europe.* The Statesmen who have appeared in the Nation of late Years, have on the contrary rendered it either the Pity or Contempt of its Neighbours. The Cardinal erected that famous Academy which has carried all the Parts of Polite Learning to the greatest Height. His chief Design in that Institution was to divert the Men of Genius from meddling with Politicks, a Province in which he did not care to have any one else interfere with him. On the contrary, the Marquis *de Torcy* seems resolved to make several young Men in *France* as Wise as himself, and is therefore taken up at present in establishing a Nursery of Statesmen.

Some private Letters add, that there will also be erected a Seminary of Petticoat Politicians, who are to be brought up at

the Feet of Madam *de Maintenon*, and to be dispatched into Foreign Courts upon any Emergencies of State; but as the News of this last Project has not been yet confirmed, I shall take no farther Notice of it.

Several of my Readers may doubtless remember that upon the Conclusion of the last War, which had been carried on so successfully by the Enemy, their Generals were many of them transformed into Ambassadors; but the Conduct of those who have commanded in the present War, has, it seems, brought so little Honour and Advantage to their great Monarch, that he is resolved to trust his Affairs no longer in the Hands of those Military Gentlemen.

The Regulations of this new Academy very much deserve our Attention. The Students are to have in Possession, or Reversion, an Estate of two thousand *French* Livres *per Annum*, which, as the present Exchange runs, will amount to at least one hundred and twenty six Pounds *English*. This, with the Royal Allowance of a Thousand Livres, will enable them to find themselves in Coffee and Snuff; not to mention News-Papers, Pen and Ink, Wax and Wafers, with the like Necessaries for Politicians.

A Man must be at least Five and Twenty before he can be initiated into the Mysteries of this Academy, tho' there is no Question but many grave Persons of a much more advanced Age, who have been constant Readers of the *Paris* Gazette, will be glad to begin the World a-new, and enter themselves upon this List of Politicians.

The Society of these hopeful young Gentlemen is to be under the Direction of six Professors, who, it seems, are to be Speculative Statesmen, and drawn out of the Body of the Royal Academy. These six wise Masters, according to my private Letters, are to have the following Parts allotted them.

The first is to instruct the Students in *State Legerdemain*, as how to take off the Impression of a Seal, to split a Wafer, to open a Letter, to fold it up again, with other the like ingenious Feats of Dexterity and Art. When the Students have accomplished themselves in this Part of their Profession, they are to be delivered into the Hands of their second Instructor, who is a kind of *Posture-Master*.

This Artist is to teach them how to nod judiciously, to shrug up their Shoulders in a dubious Case, to connive with either Eye, and in a Word, the whole Practice of *Political Grimace*.

The Third is a sort of *Language-Master*, who is to instruct them in the Style proper for a Foreign Minister in his ordinary

Discourse. And to the End that this College of Statesmen may be thoroughly practised in the Political Style, they are to make use of it in their common Conversations, before they are employed either in Foreign or Domestick Affairs. If one of them asks another, what a-clock it is, the other is to answer him indirectly, and, if possible, to turn off the Question. If he is desired to change a *Louis d'or*, he must beg Time to consider of it. If it be enquired of him, whether the King is at *Versailles* or *Marly*, he must answer in a Whisper. If he be asked the News of the late *Gazette*, or the Subject of a Proclamation, he is to reply, that he has not yet read it: Or if he does not care for explaining himself so far, he needs only draw his Brow up in Wrinkles, or elevate the Left Shoulder.

The Fourth Professor is to teach the whole Art of Political Characters and Hieroglyphics; and to the End that they may be perfect also in this Practice, they are not to send a Note to one another (tho' it be but to borrow a *Tacitus* or a *Machiavil*) which is not written in Cypher.

Their Fifth Professor, it is thought, will be chosen out of the Society of Jesuits, and is to be well read in the Controversies of probable Doctrines, mental Reservation, and the Rights of Princes. This Learned Man is to instruct them in the Grammar, Syntax, and construing Part of *Treaty-Latin;* how to distinguish between the Spirit and the Letter, and likewise demonstrate how the same Form of Words may lay an Obligation upon any Prince in *Europe*, different from that which it lays upon his Most Christian Majesty. He is likewise to teach them the Art of finding Flaws, Loop-holes, and Evasions, in the most solemn Compacts, and particularly a great *Rabbinical Secret*, revived of late Years by the Fraternity of Jesuits, namely, that contradictory Interpretations of the same Article may both of them be true and valid.

When our Statesmen are sufficiently improved by these several Instructors, they are to receive their last Polishing from one who is to act among them as *Master of the Ceremonies*. This Gentleman is to give them Lectures upon those important Points of the *Elbow Chair*, and the *Stair Head*, to instruct them in the different Situations of the Right-Hand, and to furnish them with Bows and Inclinations of all Sizes, Measures and Proportions. In short, this Professor is to give the Society their *Stiffening*, and infuse into their Manners that beautiful Political Starch, which may qualifie them for Levees, Conferences, Visits, and make them shine in what vulgar Minds are apt to look upon as Trifles.

I have not yet heard any further Particulars, which are to be observed in this Society of unfledged Statesmen; but I must confess, had I a Son of five and twenty, that should take it into his Head at that Age to set up for a Politician, I think I should go near to disinherit him for a Block-head. Besides, I should be apprehensive lest the same Arts which are to enable him to negotiate between Potentates might a little infect his ordinary behaviour between Man and Man. There is no Question but these young *Machiavils* will, in a little time, turn their College upside-down with Plots and Stratagems, and lay as many Schemes to Circumvent one another in a Frog or a Sallad, as they may hereafter put in Practice to over-reach a Neighbouring Prince or State.

We are told, that the *Spartans*, tho' they punished Theft in their young Men when it was discovered, looked upon it as Honourable if it succeeded. Provided the Conveyance was clean and unsuspected, a Youth might afterwards boast of it. This, say the Historians, was to keep them sharp, and to hinder them from being imposed upon, either in their publick or private Negotiations. Whether any such Relaxations of Morality, such little *jeux d'esprit*, ought not to be allowed in this intended Seminary of Politicians, I shall leave to the Wisdom of their Founder.

In the mean time we have fair Warning given us by this doughty Body of Statesmen: and as *Sylla* saw many *Marius's* in *Cæsar*, so I think we may discover many *Torcy's* in this College of *Academicians*. Whatever we think of our selves, I am afraid neither our *Smyrna* or St. *James's* will be a Match for it. Our Coffee-houses are, indeed, very good Institutions, but whether or no these our *British* Schools of Politicks may furnish out as able Envoys and Secretaries as an Academy that is set apart for that Purpose, will deserve our serious Consideration, especially if we remember that our Country is more famous for producing Men of Integrity than Statesmen; and that on the contrary, *French* Truth and *British* Policy make a Conspicuous Figure *in* NOTHING, as the Earl of *Rochester* has very well observed in his admirable Poem upon that Barren Subject.

L.

No. 306.] *Wednesday, February* 20, 1712. [*Steele.*

———*Quæ forma, ut se tibi semper*
Imputet?——— Juv.

Mr. SPECTATOR,[1]

'I WRITE this to communicate to you a Misfortune which 'frequently happens, and therefore deserves a consolatory 'Discourse on the Subject. I was within this Half-Year in 'the Possession of as much Beauty and as many Lovers as any 'young Lady in *England*. But my Admirers have left me, 'and I cannot complain of their Behaviour. I have within 'that Time had the Small-Pox; and this Face, which (accord-'ing to many amorous Epistles which I have by me) was the 'Seat of all that is beautiful in Woman, is now disfigured with 'Scars. It goes to the very Soul of me to speak what I really 'think of my Face; and tho' I think I did not over-rate my 'Beauty while I had it, it has extremely advanc'd in its value 'with me now it is lost. There is one Circumstance which 'makes my Case very particular; the ugliest Fellow that ever 'pretended to me, was and is most in my Favour, and he 'treats me at present the most unreasonably. If you could 'make him return an Obligation which he owes me, in liking 'a Person that is not amiable;——But there is, I fear, no 'Possibility of making Passion move by the Rules of Reason 'and Gratitude. But say what you can to one who has sur-'vived her self, and knows not how to act in a new Being. My 'Lovers are at the Feet of my Rivals, my Rivals are every 'Day bewailing me, and I cannot enjoy what I am, by reason 'of the distracting Reflection upon what I was. Consider the 'Woman I was did not die of old Age, but I was taken off 'in the Prime of my Youth, and according to the Course of 'Nature may have Forty Years After-Life to come. I have 'nothing of my self left which I like, but that

I am, SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

Parthenissa.

When *Lewis* of *France* had lost the Battle of *Ramelies*, the Addresses to him at that time were full of his Fortitude, and

[1] Mr. John Duncombe ascribed this letter to his relative, John Hughes, and said that by Parthenissa was meant a Miss Rotherham, afterwards married to the Rev. Mr. Wyatt, master of Felsted School, in Essex. The name of Parthenissa is from the heroine of a romance by Roger Boyle, Earl of Orrery.

they turned his Misfortune to his Glory; in that, during his Prosperity, he could never have manifested his heroick Constancy under Distresses, and so the World had lost the most eminent Part of his Character. *Parthenissa's* Condition gives her the same Opportunity; and to resign Conquests is a Task as difficult in a Beauty as an Hero. In the very Entrance upon this Work she must burn all her Love-Letters; or since she is so candid as not to call her Lovers who follow her no longer Unfaithful, it would be a very good beginning of a new Life from that of a Beauty, to send them back to those who writ them, with this honest Inscription, *Articles of a Marriage Treaty broken off by the Small-Pox.* I have known but one Instance, where a Matter of this Kind went on after a like Misfortune, where the Lady, who was a Woman of Spirit, writ this Billet to her Lover.

SIR,

'If you flattered me before I had this terrible Malady, pray 'come and see me now: But if you sincerely liked me, stay 'away; for I am not the same

Corinna.

The Lover thought there was something so sprightly in her Behaviour, that he answered,

Madam,

'I am not obliged, since you are not the same Woman, to 'let you know whether I flattered you or not; but I assure 'you, I do not, when I tell you I now like you above all your 'Sex, and hope you will bear what may befall me when we are 'both one, as well as you do what happens to your self now 'you are single; therefore I am ready to take such a Spirit 'for my Companion as soon as you please.

Amilcar.

If *Parthenissa* can now possess her own Mind, and think as little of her Beauty as she ought to have done when she had it, there will be no great Diminution of her Charms; and if she was formerly affected too much with them, an easie Behaviour will more than make up for the Loss of them. Take the whole Sex together, and you find those who have the strongest Possession of Men's Hearts are not eminent for their Beauty: You see it often happen that those who engage Men to the greatest Violence, are such as those who are Strangers to them would take to be remarkably defective for that End. The fondest Lover I know, said to me one Day in a Crowd of

Women at an Entertainment of Musick, You have often heard me talk of my Beloved: That Woman there, continued he, smiling when he had fixed my Eye, is her very Picture. The Lady he shewed me was by much the least remarkable for Beauty of any in the whole Assembly; but having my Curiosity extremely raised, I could not keep my Eyes off of her. Her Eyes at last met mine, and with a sudden Surprize she looked round her to see who near her was remarkably handsome that I was gazing at. This little Act explain'd the Secret: She did not understand herself for the Object of Love, and therefore she was so. The Lover is a very honest plain Man; and what charmed him was a Person that goes along with him in the Cares and Joys of Life, not taken up with her self, but sincerely attentive with a ready and chearful Mind, to accompany him in either.

I can tell *Parthenissa* for her Comfort, That the Beauties, generally speaking, are the most impertinent and disagreeable of Women. An apparent Desire of Admiration, a Reflection upon their own Merit, and a precious Behaviour in their general Conduct, are almost inseparable Accidents in Beauties. All you obtain of them is granted to Importunity and Sollicitation for what did not deserve so much of your Time, and you recover from the Possession of it, as out of a Dream.

You are ashamed of the Vagaries of Fancy which so strangely mis-led you, and your Admiration of a Beauty, merely as such, is inconsistent with a tolerable Reflection upon your self: The chearful good-humoured Creatures, into whose Heads it never entred that they could make any Man unhappy, are the Persons formed for making Men happy. There's Miss *Liddy* can dance a Jigg, raise Paste, write a good Hand, keep an Account, give a reasonable Answer, and do as she is bid, while her elder Sister Madam *Martha* is out of Humour, has the Spleen, learns by Reports of People of higher Quality new Ways of being uneasie and displeased. And this happens for no Reason in the World, but that poor *Liddy* knows she has no such thing as a certain Negligence *that is so becoming*, that there is not I know not what in *her Air:* And that if she talks like a Fool, there is no one will say, Well! I know not what it is, but *every Thing pleases when she speaks it.*

Ask any of the Husbands of your great Beauties, and they'll tell you that they hate their Wives Nine Hours of every Day they pass together. There is such a Particularity for ever affected by them, that they are incumbered with their Charms in all they say or do. They pray at publick Devotions as they are Beauties. They converse on ordinary Occasions as they

are Beauties. Ask *Belinda* what it is a Clock, and she is at a stand whether so great a Beauty should answer you. In a Word, I think, instead of offering to administer Consolation to *Parthenissa*, I should congratulate her Metamorphosis; and however she thinks she was not in the least insolent in the Prosperity of her Charms, she was enough so to find she may make her self a much more agreeable Creature in her present Adversity. The Endeavour to please is highly promoted by a Consciousness that the Approbation of the Person you would be agreeable to, is a Favour you do not deserve; for in this Case Assurance of Success is the most certain way to Disappointment. Good-Nature will always supply the Absence of Beauty, but Beauty cannot long supply the Absence of Good-Nature.

P. S.

Madam, *February* 18.

'I have yours of this Day, wherein you twice bid me not to 'disoblige you, but you must explain yourself further before I 'know what to do. *Your most obedient Servant,*

T. The SPECTATOR.

No. 307.] *Thursday, February* 21, 1712. [*Budgell.*

——Versate diu quid ferre recusent
Quid valeant humeri—— Hor.

I AM so well pleased with the following Letter, that I am in hopes it will not be a disagreeable Present to the Publick.

SIR,

'Though I believe none of your Readers more admire your 'agreeable manner of working up Trifles than my self, yet as 'your Speculations are now swelling into Volumes, and will 'in all Probability pass down to future Ages, methinks I would 'have no single Subject in them, wherein the general Good of 'Mankind is concern'd, left unfinished.

'I have a long time expected with great Impatience that 'you would enlarge upon the ordinary Mistakes which are 'committed in the Education of our Children. I the more 'easily flattered my self that you would one time or other 'resume this Consideration, because you tell us that your 168th 'Paper was only composed of a few broken Hints; but finding 'myself hitherto disappointed, I have ventur'd to send you my 'own Thoughts on this Subject.

'I remember *Pericles* in his famous Oration at the Funeral 'of those *Athenian* young Men who perished in the *Samian* 'Expedition, has a Thought very much celebrated by several 'Ancient Criticks, namely, That the Loss which the Common-'wealth suffered by the Destruction of its Youth, was like the 'Loss which the Year would suffer by the Destruction of the 'Spring. The Prejudice which the Publick sustains from a 'wrong Education of Children, is an Evil of the same Nature, 'as it in a manner starves Posterity, and defrauds our Country 'of those Persons who, with due Care, might make an eminent 'Figure in their respective Posts of Life.

'I have seen a Book written by *Juan Huartes*,[1] a *Spanish* 'Physician, entitled *Examen de Ingenios*, wherein he lays it 'down as one of his first Positions, that Nothing but Nature 'can qualifie a Man for Learning; and that without a proper 'Temperament for the particular Art or Science which he 'studies, his utmost Pains and Application, assisted by the 'ablest Masters, will be to no purpose.

'He illustrates this by the Example of *Tully's* Son *Marcus*.

'*Cicero*, in order to accomplish his Son in that sort of 'Learning which he designed him for, sent him to *Athens*, the 'most celebrated Academy at that time in the World, and 'where a vast Concourse, out of the most Polite Nations, could 'not but furnish a young Gentleman with a Multitude of great 'Examples, and Accidents that might insensibly have instructed 'him in his designed Studies: He placed him under the Care 'of *Cratippus*, who was one of the greatest Philosophers of the 'Age, and, as if all the Books which were at that time written 'had not been sufficient for his Use, he composed others on 'purpose for him: Notwithstanding all this, History informs 'us, that *Marcus* proved a meer Blockhead, and that Nature, '(who it seems was even with the Son for her Prodigality to 'the Father) rendered him incapable of improving by all the 'Rules of Eloquence, the Precepts of Philosophy, his own 'Endeavours, and the most refined Conversation in *Athens*. 'This Author therefore proposes, that there should be certain 'Tryers or Examiners appointed by the State to inspect the 'Genius of every particular Boy, and to allot him the Part 'that is most suitable to his natural Talents.

'*Plato* in one of his Dialogues tells us, that *Socrates*, who 'was the Son of a Midwife, used to say, that as his Mother,

[1] Juan Huarte was born in French Navarre, and obtained much credit in the sixteenth century for the book here cited. It was translated into Latin and French. The best edition is of Cologne, 1610.

'tho' she was very skilful in her Profession, could not deliver 'a Woman, unless she was first with Child; so neither could 'he himself raise Knowledge out of a Mind, where Nature 'had not planted it.

'Accordingly the Method this Philosopher took, of instructing 'his Scholars by several Interrogatories or Questions, was only 'helping the Birth, and bringing their own Thoughts to Light.

'The *Spanish* Doctor above mentioned, as his Speculations 'grow more refined, asserts that every kind of Wit has a 'particular Science corresponding to it, and in which alone 'it can be truly Excellent. As to those Genius's, which may 'seem to have an equal Aptitude for several things, he regards 'them as so many unfinished Pieces of Nature wrought off 'in haste.

'There are, indeed, but very few to whom Nature has been 'so unkind, that they are not capable of shining in some 'Science or other. There is a certain Byass towards Know-'ledge in every Mind, which may be strengthened and improved 'by proper Applications.

'The Story of *Clavius*[1] is very well known; he was entered 'in a College of Jesuits, and after having been tryed at several 'Parts of Learning, was upon the Point of being dismissed as 'an hopeless Blockhead, 'till one of the Fathers took it into 'his Head to make an assay of his Parts in Geometry, which 'it seems hit his Genius so luckily that he afterwards became 'one of the greatest Mathematicians of the Age. It is com-'monly thought that the Sagacity of these Fathers, in discover-'ing the Talent of a young Student, has not a little contributed 'to the Figure which their Order has made in the World.

'How different from this manner of Education is that which 'prevails in our own Country? Where nothing is more usual 'than to see forty or fifty Boys of several Ages, Tempers and 'Inclinations, ranged together in the same Class, employed 'upon the same Authors, and enjoyned the same Tasks? 'Whatever their natural Genius may be, they are all to be made 'Poets, Historians, and Orators alike. They are all obliged

[1] Christopher Clavius, a native of Bamberg, died in 1612, aged 75, at Rome, whither he had been sent by the Jesuits, and where he was regarded as the Euclid of his age. It was Clavius whom Pope Gregory XIII. employed in 1581 to effect the reform in the Roman Calendar promulgated in 1582, when the 5th of October became throughout Catholic countries the 15th of the New Style, an improvement that was not admitted into Protestant England until 1752. Clavius wrote an Arithmetic and Commentaries on Euclid, and justified his reform of the Calendar against the criticism of Scaliger.

'to have the same Capacity, to bring in the same Tale of 'Verse, and to furnish out the same Portion of Prose. Every 'Boy is bound to have as good a Memory as the Captain of 'the Form. To be brief, instead of adapting Studies to the 'particular Genius of a Youth, we expect from the young Man, 'that he should adapt his Genius to his Studies. This, I must 'confess, is not so much to be imputed to the Instructor, as to 'the Parent, who will never be brought to believe, that his Son 'is not capable of performing as much as his Neighbour's, and 'that he may not make him whatever he has a Mind to.

'If the present Age is more laudable than those which have 'gone before it in any single Particular, it is in that generous 'Care which several well-disposed Persons have taken in the 'Education of poor Children; and as in these Charity-Schools 'there is no Place left for the over-weening Fondness of a 'Parent, the Directors of them would make them beneficial to 'the Publick, if they considered the Precept which I have been 'thus long inculcating. They might easily, by well examining 'the Parts of those under their Inspection, make a just Dis-'tribution of them into proper Classes and Divisions, and allot 'to them this or that particular Study, as their Genius qualifies 'them for Professions, Trades, Handicrafts, or Service by Sea 'or Land.

'How is this kind of Regulation wanting in the three great 'Professions!

'Dr. *South* complaining of Persons who took upon them 'Holy Orders, tho' altogether unqualified for the Sacred Func-'tion, says somewhere, that many a Man runs his Head against 'a Pulpit, who might have done his Country excellent Service 'at a Plough-tail.

'In like manner many a Lawyer, who makes but an in-'different Figure at the Bar, might have made a very elegant 'Waterman, and have shined at the *Temple* Stairs, tho' he 'can get no Business in the House.

'I have known a Corn-cutter, who with a right Education 'would have been an excellent Physician.

'To descend lower, are not our Streets filled with sagacious 'Draymen, and Politicians in Liveries? We have several 'Taylors of six Foot high, and meet with many a broad pair 'of Shoulders that are thrown away upon a Barber, when per-'haps at the same time we see a pigmy Porter reeling under 'a Burthen, who might have managed a Needle with much 'Dexterity, or have snapped his Fingers with great Ease to 'himself, and Advantage to the Publick.

'The *Spartans*, tho' they acted with the Spirit which I am 'here speaking of, carried it much farther than what I propose: 'Among them it was not lawful for the Father himself to bring 'up his Children after his own Fancy. As soon as they were 'seven Years old they were all listed in several Companies, 'and disciplined by the Publick. The old Men were Spectators 'of their Performances, who often raised Quarrels among them, 'and set them at Strife with one another, that by those early 'Discoveries they might see how their several Talents lay, and 'without any regard to their Quality, dispose of them accord-'ingly for the Service of the Commonwealth. By this Means '*Sparta* soon became the Mistress of *Greece*, and famous through 'the whole World for her Civil and Military Discipline.

'If you think this Letter deserves a place among your 'Speculations, I may perhaps trouble you with some other 'Thoughts on the same Subject.

X. *I am*, &c.

No. 308.] *Friday, February* 22, 1712. [*Steele.*

——Jam proterva
Fronte petet Lalage maritum.—Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I GIVE you this Trouble in order to propose my self to you 'as an Assistant in the weighty Cares which you have 'thought fit to undergo for the publick Good. I am a very 'great Lover of Women, that is to say honestly, and as it is 'natural to study what one likes, I have industriously applied 'my self to understand them. The present Circumstance 'relating to them, is, that I think there wants under you, as 'SPECTATOR, a Person to be distinguished and vested in the 'Power and Quality of a Censor on Marriages. I lodge at the '*Temple*, and know, by seeing Women come hither, and after-'wards observing them conducted by their Council to Judges 'Chambers, that there is a Custom in Case of making Con-'veyance of a Wife's Estate, that she is carried to a Judge's 'Apartment and left alone with him, to be examined in private 'whether she has not been frightened or sweetned by her 'Spouse into the Act she is going to do, or whether it is of her 'own free Will. Now if this be a Method founded upon 'Reason and Equity, why should there not be also a proper 'Officer for examining such as are entring into the State of

'Matrimony, whether they are forced by Parents on one Side, 'or moved by Interest only on the other, to come together, 'and bring forth such awkward Heirs as are the Product of 'half Love and constrained Compliances? There is no Body, 'though I say it my self, would be fitter for this Office than I 'am: For I am an ugly Fellow of great Wit and Sagacity. 'My Father was an hail Country-'Squire, my Mother a witty 'Beauty of no Fortune: The Match was made by Consent of 'my Mother's Parents against her own: and I am the Child 'of a Rape on the Wedding-Night; so that I am as healthy 'and as homely as my Father, but as sprightly and agreeable 'as my Mother. It would be of great Ease to you if you 'would use me under you, that Matches might be better 'regulated for the future, and we might have no more Children 'of Squabbles. I shall not reveal all my Pretensions till I 'receive your Answer; and am, *SIR*,

Your most humble Servant,
Mules Palfrey.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am one of those unfortunate Men within the City-Walls, 'who am married to a Woman of Quality, but her Temper is 'something different from that of Lady *Anvil*. My Lady's 'whole Time and Thoughts are spent in keeping up to the 'Mode both in Apparel and Furniture. All the Goods in my 'House have been changed three times in seven Years. I 'have had seven Children by her; and by our Marriage Articles 'she was to have her Apartment new furnished as often as she 'lay in. Nothing in our House is useful but that which is 'fashionable; my Pewter holds out generally half a Year, my 'Plate a full Twelvemonth; Chairs are not fit to sit in that 'were made two Years since, nor Beds fit for any thing but 'to sleep in that have stood up above that Time. My Dear is 'of Opinion that an old-fashioned Grate consumes Coals, but 'gives no Heat: If she drinks out of Glasses of last Year, she 'cannot distinguish Wine from Small-Beer. Oh dear Sir you 'may guess all the rest. *Yours.*

'*P. S.* I could bear even all this, if I were not obliged also 'to eat *fashionably*. I have a plain Stomach, and have a 'constant Loathing of whatever comes to my own Table; for 'which Reason I dine at the *Chop-House* three Days a Week: 'Where the good Company wonders they never see you of 'late. I am sure by your unprejudiced Discourses you love 'Broth better than Soup.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Will's, Feb.* 19.

'You may believe you are a Person as much talked of as 'any Man in Town. I am one of your best Friends in this 'House, and have laid a Wager you are so candid a Man and 'so honest a Fellow, that you will print this Letter, tho' it is 'in Recommendation of a new Paper called *The Historian.*[1] 'I have read it carefully, and find it written with Skill, good 'Sense, Modesty, and Fire. You must allow the Town is 'kinder to you than you deserve; and I doubt not but you 'have so much Sense of the World, Change of Humour, and 'instability of all humane Things, as to understand, that the 'only Way to preserve Favour, is to communicate it to others 'with Good-Nature and Judgment. You are so generally read, 'that what you speak of will be read. This with Men of 'Sense and Taste is all that is wanting to recommend *The* '*Historian.*

I am, SIR,

Your daily Advocate,

Reader Gentle.

I was very much surprised this Morning, that any one should find out my Lodging, and know it so well, as to come directly to my Closet-Door, and knock at it, to give me the following Letter. When I came out I opened it, and saw by a very strong Pair of Shoes and a warm Coat the Bearer had on, that he walked all the Way to bring it me, tho' dated from *York.* My Misfortune is that I cannot talk, and I found the Messenger had so much of me, that he could think better than speak. He had, I observed, a polite Discerning hid under a shrewd Rusticity: He delivered the Paper with a *Yorkshire* Tone and a Town Leer.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'The Privilege you have indulged *John Trot* has proved 'of very bad Consequence to our illustrious Assembly, which, 'besides the many excellent Maxims it is founded upon, is 'remarkable for the extraordinary Decorum always observed 'in it. One Instance of which is that the *Carders*, (who are 'always of the first Quality) never begin to play till the *French-* 'Dances are finished, and the Country-Dances begin: But *John* '*Trot* having now got your Commission in his Pocket, (which 'every one here has a profound Respect for) has the Assurance

[1] Steele's papers had many imitations, as the *Historian*, here named; the *Rhapsody*, *Observator*, *Moderator*, *Growler*, *Censor*, *Hermit*, *Surprize*, *Silent Monitor*, *Inquisitor*, *Pilgrim*, *Restorer*, *Instructor*, *Grumbler*, &c. There was also in 1712 a *Rambler*, anticipating the name of Dr. Johnson's *Rambler* of 1750-2.

'to set up for a Minuit-Dancer. Not only so, but he has 'brought down upon us the whole Body of the *Trots*, which 'are very numerous, with their Auxiliaries the Hobblers and 'the Skippers, by which Means the Time is so much wasted, 'that unless we break all Rules of Government, it must redound 'to the utter Subversion of the *Brag-Table*, the discreet Mem-'bers of which value Time as *Fribble's* Wife does her Pin-'Money. We are pretty well assured that your Indulgence to '*Trot* was only in relation to Country-Dances; however we 'have deferred the issuing an Order of Council upon the 'Premisses, hoping to get you to join with us, that *Trot*, nor 'any of his Clan, presume for the future to dance any but 'Country-Dances, unless a Horn-Pipe upon a Festival-Day. 'If you will do this you will oblige a great many Ladies, and 'particularly

Your most humble Servant,
York, Feb. 16. Eliz. Sweepstakes.

I never meant any other than that Mr. *Trott* should confine himself to Country-Dances. And I further direct, that he shall take out none but his own Relations according to their Nearness of Blood, but any Gentlewoman may take out him.

London, Feb. 21. *The* SPECTATOR.
T.

No. 309.] *Saturday, February* 23, 1712. [*Addison.*

Di, quibus imperium est animarum, umbræque silentes,
Et Chaos, et Phlegethon, loca nocte silentia late;
Sit mihi fas audita loqui! sit numine vestro
Pandere res alta terra et caligine mersas.—Virg.

I HAVE before observed in general, that the Persons whom *Milton* introduces into his Poem always discover such Sentiments and Behaviour, as are in a peculiar manner conformable to their respective Characters. Every Circumstance in their Speeches and Actions is with great Justness and Delicacy adapted to the Persons who speak and act. As the Poet very much excels in this Consistency of his Characters, I shall beg Leave to consider several Passages of the Second Book in this Light. That superior Greatness and Mock-Majesty, which is ascribed to the Prince of the fallen Angels, is admirably preserved in the Beginning of this Book. His opening and closing the Debate; his taking on himself that great Enterprize at the Thought of which the whole Infernal

Assembly trembled; his encountering the hideous Phantom who guarded the Gates of Hell, and appeared to him in all his Terrors, are Instances of that proud and daring Mind which could not brook Submission even to Omnipotence.

> Satan *was now at hand, and from his Seat*
> *The Monster moving onward came as fast*
> *With horrid strides, Hell trembled as he strode,*
> *Th' undaunted Fiend what this might be admir'd,*
> *Admir'd, not fear'd———*

The same Boldness and Intrepidity of Behaviour discovers it self in the several Adventures which he meets with during his Passage through the Regions of unformed Matter, and particularly in his Address to those tremendous Powers who are described as presiding over it.

The Part of *Moloch* is likewise in all its Circumstances full of that Fire and Fury which distinguish this Spirit from the rest of the fallen Angels. He is described in the first Book as besmeared with the Blood of Human Sacrifices, and delighted with the Tears of Parents and the Cries of Children. In the Second Book he is marked out as the fiercest Spirit that fought in Heaven: and if we consider the Figure which he makes in the Sixth Book, where the Battle of the Angels is described, we find it every way answerable to the same furious enraged Character.

> ——*Where the might of* Gabriel *fought,*
> *And with fierce Ensigns pierc'd the deep array*
> *Of* Moloc, *furious King, who him defy'd,*
> *And at his chariot wheels to drag him bound*
> *Threaten'd, nor from the Holy one of Heav'n*
> *Refrain'd his tongue blasphemous; but anon*
> *Down cloven to the waste, with shatter'd arms*
> *And uncouth pain fled bellowing.———*

It may be worth while to observe, that *Milton* has represented this violent impetuous Spirit, who is hurried only by such precipitate Passions, as the *first* that rises in that Assembly, to give his Opinion upon their present Posture of Affairs. Accordingly he declares himself abruptly for War, and appears incensed at his Companions, for losing so much Time as even to deliberate upon it. All his Sentiments are Rash, Audacious and Desperate. Such is that of arming themselves with their Tortures, and turning their Punishments upon him who inflicted them.

> ————*No, let us rather chuse,*
> *Arm'd with Hell flames and fury, all at once*
> *O'er Heavens high tow'rs to force resistless way,*

Turning our tortures into horrid arms
Against the Torturer ; when to meet the Noise
Of his almighty Engine he shall hear
Infernal Thunder, and for Lightning see
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
Among his Angels ; and his throne it self
Mixt with Tartarean *Sulphur, and strange Fire,*
His own invented Torments——

His preferring Annihilation to Shame or Misery, is also highly suitable to his Character; as the Comfort he draws from their disturbing the Peace of Heaven, that if it be not Victory it is Revenge, is a Sentiment truly Diabolical, and becoming the Bitterness of this implacable Spirit.

Belial is described in the first Book, as the Idol of the Lewd and Luxurious. He is in the Second Book, pursuant to that Description, characterised as timorous and slothful; and if we look in the Sixth Book, we find him celebrated in the Battel of Angels for nothing but that scoffing Speech which he makes to *Satan*, on their supposed Advantage over the Enemy. As his Appearance is uniform, and of a Piece, in these three several Views, we find his Sentiments in the Infernal Assembly every way conformable to his Character. Such are his Apprehensions of a second Battel, his Horrors of Annihilation, his preferring to be miserable rather than *not to be*. I need not observe, that the Contrast of Thought in this Speech, and that which precedes it, gives an agreeable Variety to the Debate.

Mammon's Character is so fully drawn in the First Book, that the Poet adds nothing to it in the Second. We were before told, that he was the first who taught Mankind to ransack the Earth for Gold and Silver, and that he was the Architect of *Pandæmonium*, or the Infernal Place, where the Evil Spirits were to meet in Council. His Speech in this Book is every way suitable to so depraved a Character. How proper is that Reflection, of their being unable to taste the Happiness of Heaven were they actually there, in the Mouth of one, who while he was in Heaven, is said to have had his Mind dazled with the outward Pomps and Glories of the Place, and to have been more intent on the Riches of the Pavement, than on the Beatifick Vision. I shall also leave the Reader to judge how agreeable the following Sentiments are to the same Character.

——This deep World
Of Darkness do we dread? How oft amidst
Thick cloud and dark doth Heav'ns all-ruling Sire
Chuse to reside, his Glory unobscured,
And with the Majesty of Darkness round
Covers his Throne ; from whence deep Thunders roar

Mustering their Rage, and Heav'n resembles Hell?
As he our Darkness, cannot we his Light
Imitate when we please? This desart Soil
Wants not her hidden Lustre, Gems and Gold;
Nor want we Skill or Art, from whence to raise
Magnificence; and what can Heav'n shew more?

Beelzebub, who is reckoned the second in Dignity that fell, and is, in the First Book, the second that awakens out of the Trance, and confers with *Satan* upon the Situation of their Affairs, maintains his Rank in the Book now before us. There is a wonderful Majesty described in his rising up to speak. He acts as a kind of Moderator between the two opposite Parties, and proposes a third Undertaking, which the whole Assembly gives into. The Motion he makes of detaching one of their Body in search of a new World is grounded upon a Project devised by *Satan*, and cursorily proposed by him in the following Lines of the first Book.

Space may produce new Worlds, whereof so rife
There went a Fame in Heav'n, that he erelong
Intended to create, and therein plant
A Generation, whom his choice Regard
Should favour equal to the Sons of Heav'n:
Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps
Our first Eruption, thither or elsewhere:
For this Infernal Pit shall never hold
Celestial Spirits in Bondage, nor th' Abyss
Long under Darkness cover. But these Thoughts
Full Counsel must mature: ——

It is on this Project that *Beelzebub* grounds his Proposal.

——*What if we find*
Some easier Enterprize? There is a Place
(If ancient and prophetick Fame in Heav'n
Err not) another World, the happy Seat
Of some new Race call'd MAN, *about this Time*
To be created like to us, though less
In Power and Excellence, but favour'd more
Of him who rules above; so was his Will
Pronounc'd among the Gods, and by an Oath,
That shook Heav'n's whole Circumference, confirm'd.

The Reader may observe how just it was not to omit in the First Book the Project upon which the whole Poem turns: As also that the Prince of the fallen Angels was the only proper Person to give it Birth, and that the next to him in Dignity was the fittest to second and support it.

There is besides, I think, something wonderfully Beautiful, and very apt to affect the Reader's Imagination in this ancient Prophecy or Report in Heaven, concerning the Creation of

Man. Nothing could shew more the Dignity of the Species, than this Tradition which ran of them before their Existence. They are represented to have been the Talk of Heaven, before they were created. *Virgil*, in compliment to the *Roman* Commonwealth, makes the Heroes of it appear in their State of Pre-existence; but *Milton* does a far greater Honour to Mankind in general, as he gives us a Glimpse of them even before they are in Being.

The rising of this great Assembly is described in a very Sublime and Poetical Manner.

Their rising all at once was as the Sound
Of Thunder heard remote———

The Diversions of the fallen Angels, with the particular Account of their Place of Habitation, are described with great Pregnancy of Thought, and Copiousness of Invention. The Diversions are every way suitable to Beings who had nothing left them but Strength and Knowledge misapplied. Such are their Contentions at the Race, and in Feats of Arms, with their Entertainment in the following Lines.

Others with vast Typhæan *rage more fell*
Rend up both Rocks and Hills, and ride the Air
In Whirlwind; Hell scarce holds the wild Uproar.

Their Musick is employed in celebrating their own criminal Exploits, and their Discourse in sounding the unfathomable Depths of Fate, Free-will and Fore-knowledge.

The several Circumstances in the Description of Hell are finely imagined; as the four Rivers which disgorge themselves into the Sea of Fire, the Extreams of Cold and Heat, and the River of Oblivion. The monstrous Animals produced in that Infernal World are represented by a single Line, which gives us a more horrid Idea of them, than a much longer Description would have done.

———*Nature breeds,*
Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious Things,
Abominable, inutterable, and worse
Than Fables yet have feign'd, or Fear conceiv'd,
Gorgon's, and Hydra's, and Chimera's dire.

This Episode of the fallen Spirits, and their Place of Habitation, comes in very happily to unbend the Mind of the Reader from its Attention to the Debate. An ordinary Poet would indeed have spun out so many Circumstances to a great Length, and by that means have weakned, instead of illustrated, the principal Fable.

The Flight of Satan to the Gates of Hell is finely imaged.

I have already declared my Opinion of the Allegory concerning *Sin* and *Death*, which is however a very finished Piece in its kind, when it is not considered as a Part of an Epic Poem. The Genealogy of the several Persons is contrived with great Delicacy. *Sin* is the Daughter of *Satan*, and *Death* the Offspring of *Sin*. The incestuous Mixture between *Sin* and *Death* produces those Monsters and Hell-hounds which from time to time enter into their Mother, and tear the Bowels of her who gave them Birth. These are the Terrors of an evil Conscience, and the proper Fruits of *Sin*, which naturally rise from the Apprehensions of *Death*. This last beautiful Moral is, I think, clearly intimated in the Speech of *Sin*, where complaining of this her dreadful Issue, she adds,

> Before mine Eyes in Opposition sits
> Grim *Death* my Son and Foe, who sets them on,
> *And me his Parent would full soon devour*
> *For want of other Prey, but that he knows*
> *His End with mine involv'd*———

I need not mention to the Reader the beautiful Circumstance in the last Part of this Quotation. He will likewise observe how naturally the three Persons concerned in this Allegory are tempted by one common Interest to enter into a Confederacy together, and how properly *Sin* is made the Portress of Hell, and the only Being that can open the Gates to that World of Tortures.

The descriptive Part of this Allegory is likewise very strong, and full of Sublime Ideas. The Figure of *Death*, [the Regal Crown upon his Head,] his Menace of *Satan*, his advancing to the Combat, the Outcry at his Birth, are Circumstances too noble to be past over in Silence, and extreamly suitable to this *King of Terrors*. I need not mention the Justness of Thought which is observed in the Generation of these several Symbolical Persons; that *Sin* was produced upon the first Revolt of *Satan*, that *Death* appear'd soon after he was cast into Hell, and that the Terrors of Conscience were conceived at the Gate of this Place of Torments. The Description of the Gates is very poetical, as the opening of them is full of *Milton's* Spirit.

> ———*On a sudden open fly*
> *With impetuous Recoil and jarring Sound*
> *Th' infernal Doors, and on their Hinges grate*
> *Harsh Thunder, that the lowest Bottom shook*
> *Of* Erebus. *She open'd, but to shut*
> *Excell'd her Pow'r; the Gates wide open stood,*
> *That with extended Wings a banner'd Host*
> *Under spread Ensigns marching might pass through*

With Horse and Chariots rank'd in loose Array;
So wide they stood, and like a Furnace Mouth
Cast forth redounding Smoak and ruddy Flame.

In *Satan's* Voyage through the *Chaos* there are several Imaginary Persons described, as residing in that immense Waste of Matter. This may perhaps be conformable to the Taste of those Criticks who are pleased with nothing in a Poet which has not Life and Manners ascribed to it; but for my own Part, I am pleased most with those Passages in this Description which carry in them a greater Measure of Probability, and are such as might possibly have happened. Of this kind is his first mounting in the Smoke that rises from the Infernal Pit, his falling into a Cloud of Nitre, and the like combustible Materials, that by their Explosion still hurried him forward in his Voyage; his springing upward like a Pyramid of Fire, with his laborious Passage through that Confusion of Elements which the Poet calls

The Womb of Nature, and perhaps her Grave.

The Glimmering Light which shot into the *Chaos* from the utmost Verge of the Creation, with the distant discovery of the Earth that hung close by the Moon, are wonderfully Beautiful and Poetical. L.

No. 310.] *Monday, February* 25, 1712. [*Steele.*

Connubio Jungam stabili—— Virg.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AM a certain young Woman that love a certain young Man 'very heartily; and my Father and Mother were for it a 'great while, but now they say I can do better, but I think I 'cannot. They bid me love him, and I cannot unlove him. 'What must I do? speak quickly.

Biddy Dow-bake.

Dear SPEC, *Feb.* 19, 1712.

'I have lov'd a Lady entirely for this Year and Half, tho' for 'a great Part of the Time (which has contributed not a little to 'my Pain) I have been debarred the Liberty of conversing with 'her. The Grounds of our Difference was this; that when we 'had enquired into each other's Circumstances, we found that 'at our first setting out into the World, we should owe five 'hundred Pounds more than her Fortune would pay off. My 'Estate is seven hundred Pounds a Year, besides the benefit of

'Tin-Mines. Now, dear SPEC, upon this State of the Case, and 'the Lady's positive Declaration that there is still no other 'Objection, I beg you'll not fail to insert this, with your Opinion 'as soon as possible, whether this ought to be esteemed a just 'Cause or Impediment why we should not be join'd, and you 'will for ever oblige

Yours sincerely,
Dick Lovesick.

'*P. S.* Sir, if I marry this Lady by the Assistance of your 'Opinion, you may expect a Favour for it.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I have the misfortune to be one of those unhappy Men who 'are distinguished by the Name of discarded Lovers; but I am 'the less mortified at my Disgrace, because the young Lady is 'one of those Creatures who set up for Negligence of Men, are 'forsooth the most rigidly Virtuous in the World, and yet their 'Nicety will permit them, at the Command of Parents, to go to 'Bed to the most utter Stranger that can be proposed to them. 'As to me my self, I was introduced by the Father of my 'Mistress; but find I owe my being at first received to a Com-'parison of my Estate with that of a former Lover, and that I 'am now in like manner turned off, to give Way to an humble 'Servant still richer than I am. What makes this Treatment the 'more extravagant is, that the young Lady is in the Manage-'ment of this way of Fraud, and obeys her Father's Orders on 'these Occasions without any Manner of Reluctance, and does 'it with the same Air that one of your Men of the World would 'signifie the Necessity of Affairs for turning another out of 'Office. When I came home last Night I found this Letter 'from my Mistress.

SIR,

"I hope you will not think it is any manner of Disrespect to "your Person or Merit, that the intended Nuptials between us "are interrupted. My Father says he has a much better Offer "for me than you can make, and has ordered me to break off "the Treaty between us. If it had proceeded, I should have "behaved my self with all suitable Regard to you, but as it is, I "beg we may be Strangers for the Future. Adieu.

LYDIA.

'This great Indifference on this Subject, and the mercenary 'Motives for making Alliances, is what I think lies naturally 'before you, and I beg of you to give me your Thoughts upon

'it. My Answer to *Lydia* was as follows, which I hope you 'will approve; for you are to know the Woman's Family affect 'a wonderful Ease on these Occasions, tho' they expect it should 'be painfully received on the Man's Side.

MADAM,

"I have received yours, and knew the Prudence of your House "so well, that I always took Care to be ready to obey your "Commands, tho' they should be to see you no more. Pray "give my Service to all the good Family.

Adieu,

"The Opera Subscription is full. Clitophon.

Memorandum. *The Censor of Marriage to consider this Letter, and report the common Usages on such Treaties, with how many Pounds or Acres are generally esteemed sufficient Reason for preferring a new to an old Pretender; with his Opinion what is proper to be determined in such Cases for the future.*

Mr. SPECTATOR,

There is an elderly Person, lately left off Business and settled in our Town, in order, as he thinks, to retire from the 'World; but he has brought with him such an Inclination to 'Talebearing, that he disturbs both himself and all our Neigh-'bourhood. Notwithstanding this Frailty, the honest Gentleman 'is so happy as to have no Enemy: At the same time he has 'not one Friend who will venture to acquaint him with his 'Weakness. It is not to be doubted but if this Failing were set 'in a proper Light, he would quickly perceive the Indecency 'and evil Consequences of it. Now, Sir, this being an Infirmity 'which I hope may be corrected, and knowing that he pays 'much Deference to you, I beg that when you are at Leisure to 'give us a Speculation on Gossiping, you would think of my 'Neighbour: You will hereby oblige several who will be glad 'to find a Reformation in their gray-hair'd Friend: And how 'becoming will it be for him, instead of pouring forth Words at 'all Adventures to set a Watch before the Door of his Mouth, 'to refrain his *Tongue*, to check its Impetuosity, and guard 'against the Sallies of that *little, pert, forward, busie Person;* 'which, under a sober Conduct, might prove a useful Member 'of a Society. In Compliance with whose Intimations, I have 'taken the Liberty to make this Address to you.

I am, SIR,

Your most obscure Servant

Philanthropos.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Feb.* 16, 1712.

'This is to Petition you in Behalf of my self and many more 'of your gentle Readers, that at any time when you have private 'Reasons against letting us know what you think your self, you 'would be pleased to pardon us such Letters of your Corre- 'spondents as seem to be of no use but to the Printer.

'It is further our humble Request, that you would substitute 'Advertisements in the Place of such Epistles; and that in 'order hereunto *Mr. Buckley* may be authorized to take up of 'your zealous Friend Mr. *Charles Lillie*, any Quantity of Words 'he shall from time to time have occasion for.

'The many useful parts of Knowledge which may be com- 'municated to the Publick this Way, will, we hope, be a 'Consideration in favour of your Petitioners.

And your Petitioners, &c.

Note, That particular Regard be had to this Petition; and the Papers marked Letter R may be carefully examined for the future.[1] T.

No. 311.] *Tuesday, February* 26, 1712. [*Addison.*

Nec Veneris pharetris macer est; aut lampade fervet:
Inde faces ardent, veniunt a dote sagittæ.—Juv.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AM amazed that among all the Variety of Characters, with 'which you have enriched your Speculations, you have never 'given us a Picture of those audacious young Fellows among 'us, who commonly go by the Name of *Fortune-Stealers*. You 'must know, Sir, I am one who live in a continual Apprehension 'of this sort of People that lye in wait, Day and Night, for our 'Children, and may be considered as a kind of Kidnappers 'within the Law. I am the Father of a Young Heiress, whom 'I begin to look upon as Marriageable, and who has looked 'upon her self as such for above these Six Years. She is now 'in the Eighteenth Year of her Age. The Fortune-hunters have 'already cast their Eyes upon her, and take care to plant them- 'selves in her View whenever she appears in any Publick As 'sembly. I have my self caught a young Jackanapes with a 'pair of Silver Fringed Gloves, in the very Fact. You must

[1] R. is one of Steele's signatures, but he had not used it since No. 134 for August 3, 1711, every paper of his since that date having been marked with a T.

'know, Sir, I have kept her as a Prisoner of State ever since 'she was in her Teens. Her Chamber Windows are cross-'barred, she is not permitted to go out of the House but with 'her Keeper, who is a stay'd Relation of my own; I have like-'wise forbid her the use of Pen and Ink for this Twelve-Month 'last past, and do not suffer a Ban-box to be carried into her 'Room before it has been searched. Notwithstanding these 'Precautions, I am at my Wits End for fear of any sudden 'Surprize. There were, two or three Nights ago, some Fiddles 'heard in the Street, which I am afraid portend me no Good; 'not to mention a tall *Irish*-Man, that has been seen walking 'before my House more than once this Winter. My Kinswoman 'likewise informs me, that the Girl has talked to her twice or 'thrice of a Gentleman in a Fair Wig, and that she loves to go 'to Church more than ever she did in her Life. She gave me 'the slip about a Week ago, upon which my whole House was 'in Alarm. I immediately dispatched a Hue and Cry after her 'to the Change, to her Mantua-maker, and to the young Ladies 'that Visit her; but after above an Hour's search she returned 'of herself, having been taking a Walk, as she told me, by '*Rosamond's* Pond. I have hereupon turned off her Woman, 'doubled her Guards, and given new Instructions to my Rela-'tion, who, to give her her due, keeps a watchful Eye over all her 'Motions. This, Sir, keeps me in a perpetual Anxiety, and 'makes me very often watch when my Daughter sleeps, as I am 'afraid she is even with me in her turn. Now, Sir, what I would 'desire of you is, to represent to this fluttering Tribe of young 'Fellows, who are for making their Fortunes by these indirect 'Means, that stealing a Man's Daughter for the sake of her 'Portion, is but a kind of Tolerated Robbery; and that they 'make but a poor Amends to the Father, whom they plunder 'after this Manner, by going to bed with his Child. Dear Sir, 'be speedy in your Thoughts on this Subject, that, if possible, 'they may appear before the Disbanding of the Army.

I am, SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

Tim. Watchwell.

Themistocles, the great *Athenian* General, being asked whether he would chuse to marry his Daughter to an indigent Man of Merit, or to a worthless Man of an Estate, replied, That he should prefer a Man without an Estate, to an Estate without a Man. The worst of it is, our Modern Fortune-Hunters are those who turn their Heads that way, because they are good for nothing else. If a young Fellow finds he can make nothing

of *Cook* and *Littleton*, he provides himself with a Ladder of Ropes, and by that means very often enters upon the Premises.

The same Art of Scaling has likewise been practised with good Success by many military Ingineers. Stratagems of this nature make Parts and Industry superfluous, and cut short the way to Riches.

Nor is Vanity a less Motive than Idleness to this kind of Mercenary Pursuit. A Fop who admires his Person in a Glass, soon enters into a Resolution of making his Fortune by it, not questioning but every Woman that falls in his way will do him as much Justice as he does himself. When an Heiress sees a Man throwing particular Graces into his Ogle, or talking loud within her Hearing, she ought to look to her self; but if withal she observes a pair of Red-Heels, a Patch, or any other Particularity in his Dress, she cannot take too much care of her Person. These are Baits not to be trifled with, Charms that have done a world of Execution, and made their way into Hearts which have been thought impregnable. The Force of a Man with these Qualifications is so well known, that I am credibly informed there are several Female Undertakers about the Change, who upon the Arrival of a likely Man out of a neighbouring Kingdom, will furnish him with proper Dress from Head to Foot, to be paid for at a double Price on the Day of Marriage.

We must however distinguish between Fortune-Hunters and Fortune-Stealers. The first are those assiduous Gentlemen who employ their whole Lives in the Chace, without ever coming at the Quarry. *Suffenus* has combed and powdered at the Ladies for thirty Years together, and taken his Stand in a Side Box, 'till he has grown wrinkled under their Eyes. He is now laying the same Snares for the present Generation of Beauties, which he practised on their Mothers. *Cottilus*, after having made his Applications to more than you meet with in Mr. *Cowley's* Ballad of Mistresses, was at last smitten with a City Lady of 20,000*l.* Sterling: but died of old Age before he could bring Matters to bear. Nor must I here omit my worthy Friend Mr. HONEYCOMB, who has often told us in the Club, that for twenty years successively, upon the death of a Childless rich Man, he immediately drew on his Boots, called for his Horse, and made up to the Widow. When he is rallied upon his ill Success, WILL. with his usual Gaiety tells us, that he always found [her[1]] Pre-engaged.

Widows are indeed the great Game of your Fortune-Hunters. There is scarce a young Fellow in the Town of six Foot high,

[1] [them]

that has not passed in Review before one or other of these wealthy Relicts. *Hudibrass's Cupid*, who

——took his Stand
Upon a Widow's Jointure Land,[1]

is daily employed in throwing Darts, and kindling Flames. But as for Widows, they are such a Subtle Generation of People, that they may be left to their own Conduct; or if they make a false Step in it, they are answerable for it to no Body but themselves. The young innocent Creatures who have no Knowledge and Experience of the World, are those whose Safety I would principally consult in this Speculation. The stealing of such an one should, in my Opinion, be as punishable as a Rape. Where there is no Judgment there is no Choice; and why the inveigling a Woman before she is come to Years of Discretion, should not be as Criminal as the seducing of her before she is ten Years old, I am at a Loss to comprehend.

L.

No. 312.] *Wednesday, February* 27, 1712. [*Steele.*

Quod huic Officium, quæ laus, quod Decus erit tanti, quod adipisci cum colore Corporis velit, qui dolorem summum malum sibi persuaserit? Quam porro quis ignominiam, quam turpitudinem non pertulerit, ut effugiat dolorem, si id summum malum esse decrevit?—Tull. de Dolore tolerando.

IT is a very melancholy Reflection, that Men are usually so weak, that it is absolutely necessary for them to know Sorrow and Pain to be in their right Senses. Prosperous People (for Happy there are none) are hurried away with a fond Sense of their present Condition, and thoughtless of the Mutability of Fortune: Fortune is a Term which we must use in such Discourses as these, for what is wrought by the unseen Hand of the Disposer of all Things. But methinks the Disposition of a Mind which is truly great, is that which makes Misfortunes and Sorrows little when they befall our selves, great and lamentable when they befall other Men. The most unpardonable Malefactor in the World going to his Death and bearing it with Composure, would win the Pity of those who should behold him; and this not because his Calamity is deplorable, but because he seems himself not to deplore it: We suffer for him who is less sensible of his own Misery, and are inclined to despise him who sinks under the Weight of his

[1] Hudibras, Part I., Canto 3, ll. 310-11.

Distresses. On the other hand, without any Touch of Envy, a temperate and well-govern'd Mind looks down on such as are exalted with Success, with a certain Shame for the Imbecility of human Nature, that can so far forget how liable it is to Calamity, as to grow giddy with only the Suspence of Sorrow, which is the Portion of all Men. He therefore who turns his Face from the unhappy Man, who will not look again when his Eye is cast upon modest Sorrow, who shuns Affliction like a Contagion, does but pamper himself up for a Sacrifice, and contract in himself a greater Aptitude to Misery by attempting to escape it. A Gentleman where I happened to be last Night, fell into a Discourse which I thought shewed a good Discerning in him: He took Notice that whenever Men have looked into their Heart for the Idea of true Excellency in human Nature, they have found it to consist in Suffering after a right Manner and with a good Grace. Heroes are always drawn bearing Sorrows, struggling with Adversities, undergoing all kinds of Hardships, and having in the Service of Mankind a kind of Appetite to Difficulties and Dangers. The Gentleman went on to observe, that it is from this secret Sense of the high Merit which there is in Patience under Calamities, that the Writers of Romances, when they attempt to furnish out Characters of the highest Excellence, ransack Nature for things terrible; they raise a new Creation of Monsters, Dragons, and Giants: Where the Danger ends, the Hero ceases; when he won an Empire, or gained his Mistress, the rest of his Story is not worth relating. My Friend carried his Discourse so far as to say, that it was for higher Beings than Men to join Happiness and Greatness in the same Idea; but that in our Condition we have no Conception of superlative Excellence, or Heroism, but as it is surrounded with a Shade of Distress.

It is certainly the proper Education we should give our selves, to be prepared for the ill Events and Accidents we are to meet with in a Life sentenced to be a Scene of Sorrow: But instead of this Expectation, we soften our selves with Prospects of constant Delight, and destroy in our Minds the Seeds of Fortitude and Virtue, which should support us in Hours of Anguish. The constant Pursuit of Pleasure has in it something insolent and improper for our Being. There is a pretty sober Liveliness in the Ode of *Horace* to *Delius*, where he tells him, loud Mirth, or immoderate Sorrow, Inequality of Behaviour either in Prosperity or Adversity, are alike ungraceful in Man that is born to die. Moderation in both Circumstances is peculiar to generous Minds: Men of that Sort ever taste the

Gratifications of Health, and all other Advantages of Life, as if they were liable to part with them, and when bereft of them, resign them with a Greatness of Mind which shews they know their Value and Duration. The Contempt of Pleasure is a certain Preparatory for the Contempt of Pain: Without this, the Mind is as it were taken suddenly by any unforeseen Event; but he that has always, during Health and Prosperity, been abstinent in his Satisfactions, enjoys, in the worst of Difficulties, the Reflection, that his Anguish is not aggravated with the Comparison of past Pleasures which upbraid his present Condition. *Tully* tells us a Story after *Pompey*, which gives us a good Taste of the pleasant Manner the Men of Wit and Philosophy had in old Times of alleviating the Distresses of Life by the Force of Reason and Philosophy. *Pompey*, when he came to *Rhodes*, had a Curiosity to visit the famous Philosopher *Possidonius;* but finding him in his sick Bed, he bewailed the Misfortune that he should not hear a Discourse from him: But you may, answered *Possidonius;* and immediately entered into the Point of Stoical Philosophy, which says Pain is not an Evil. During the Discourse, upon every Puncture he felt from his Distemper, he smiled and cried out, Pain, Pain, be as impertinent and troublesome as you please, I shall never own that thou art an Evil.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'Having seen in several of your Papers, a Concern for the 'Honour of the Clergy, and their doing every thing as becomes 'their Character, and particularly performing the publick Service 'with a due Zeal and Devotion; I am the more encouraged to 'lay before them, by your Means, several Expressions used by 'some of them in their Prayers before Sermon, which I am not 'well satisfied in: As their giving some Titles and Epithets to 'great Men, which are indeed due to them in their several 'Ranks and Stations, but not properly used, I think, in our 'Prayers. Is it not Contradiction to say, Illustrious, Right, 'Reverend, and Right Honourable poor Sinners? These 'Distinctions are suited only to our State here, and have no 'place in Heaven: We see they are omitted in the Liturgy; 'which I think the Clergy should take for their Pattern in their 'own Forms of [Devotion.[1]] There is another Expression

[1] [Devotion. Another Expression which I take to be improper, is this, the whole Race of Mankind, when they pray for all Men; for Race signifies Lineage or Descent; and if the Race of Mankind may be used for the present generation, (though I think not very fitly) the whole Race takes in all from the Beginning to the End of the World. I don't remember to have

'which I would not mention, but that I have heard it several 'times before a learned Congregation, to bring in the last 'Petition of the Prayer in these Words, *O let not the Lord be 'angry and I will speak but this once;* as if there was no 'Difference between *Abraham's* interceding for *Sodom*, for which 'he had no Warrant as we can find, and our asking those 'Things which we are required to pray for; they would there-'fore have much more Reason to fear his Anger if they did not 'make such Petitions to him. There is another pretty Fancy: 'When a young Man has a Mind to let us know who gave him 'his Scarf, he speaks a Parenthesis to the Almighty, Bless, *as I 'am in Duty bound to pray*, the right honourable the Countess; 'is not that as much as to say, Bless her, for thou knowest I 'am her Chaplain?

Your humble Servant,

T. J. O.

No. 313.] *Thursday, February* 28, 1712. [*Budgell.*

Exigite ut mores teneros ceu pollice ducat,
Ut si quis cerâ vultum facit—— Juv.

I SHALL give the following Letter no other Recommendation, than by telling my Readers that it comes from the same Hand with that of last *Thursday*.

SIR,

'I send you, according to my Promise, some farther Thoughts 'on the Education of Youth, in which I intend to discuss that 'famous Question, *Whether the Education at a publick School, 'or under a private Tutor, is to be preferr'd?*

'As some of the greatest Men in most Ages have been of 'very different Opinions in this Matter, I shall give a short 'Account of what I think may be best urged on both sides, and 'afterwards leave every Person to determine for himself.

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met with that Expression in their sense anywhere but in the old Version of *Psal.* 14, which those Men, I suppose, have but little Esteem for. And some, when they have prayed for all Schools and Nurserys of good Learning and True Religion, especially the two Universities, add these Words, Grant that from them and all other Places dedicated to thy Worship and Service, may come forth such Persons. But what do they mean by all other Places? It seems to me that this is either a Tautology, as being the same with all Schools and Nurserys before expressed, or else it runs too far; for there are general Places dedicated to the Divine Service which cannot properly be intended here.]

'It is certain from *Suetonius*, that the *Romans* thought the 'Education of their Children a business properly belonging to 'the Parents themselves; and *Plutarch*, in the Life of *Marcus* '*Cato*, tells us, that as soon as his Son was capable of Learning, '*Cato* would suffer no Body to Teach him but himself, tho' he 'had a Servant named *Chilo*, who was an excellent Grammarian, 'and who taught a great many other Youths.

'On the contrary, the *Greeks* seemed more inclined to Publick 'Schools and Seminaries.

'A private Education promises in the first place Virtue and 'Good-Breeding; a publick School Manly Assurance, and an 'early Knowledge in the Ways of the World.

'Mr. *Locke* in his celebrated Treatise *of Education*,[1] confesses 'that there are Inconveniencies to be feared on both sides; *If*, 'says he, *I keep my Son at Home, he is in danger of becoming* '*my young Master; If I send him Abroad, it is scarce possible to* '*keep him from the reigning Contagion of Rudeness and Vice.* '*He will perhaps be more Innocent at Home, but more ignorant* '*of the World, and more sheepish when he comes Abroad.* How-'ever, as this learned Author asserts, That Virtue is much more 'difficult to be attained than Knowledge of the World; and 'that Vice is a more stubborn, as well as a more dangerous 'Fault than Sheepishness, he is altogether for a private Educa-'tion; and the more so, because he does not see why a Youth, 'with right Management, might not attain the same Assurance 'in his Father's House, as at a publick School. To this end 'he advises Parents to accustom their Sons to whatever strange 'Faces come to the House; to take them with them when they 'Visit their Neighbours, and to engage them in Conversation 'with Men of Parts and Breeding.

'It may be objected to this Method, that Conversation is not 'the only thing necessary, but that unless it be a Conversation 'with such as are in some measure their Equals in Parts and 'Years, there can be no room for Emulation, Contention, and 'several of the most lively Passions of the Mind; which, with-'out being sometimes moved by these means, may possibly 'contract a Dulness and Insensibility.

'One of the greatest Writers our Nation ever produced 'observes, That a Boy who forms Parties, and makes himself 'Popular in a School or a College, would act the same Part 'with equal ease in a Senate or a Privy Council; and Mr. '*Osborn* speaking like a Man versed in the Ways of the World,

[1] *Some Thoughts concerning Education*, § 70. The references to Suetonius and Plutarch's Life of Cato are from the preceding section.

'affirms, that the well laying and carrying on of a design to rob 'an Orchard, trains up a Youth insensibly to Caution, Secrecy 'and Circumspection, and fits him for Matters of greater 'Importance.

'In short, a private Education seems the most natural 'Method for the forming of a virtuous Man; a Publick Educa- 'tion for making a Man of Business. The first would furnish 'out a good Subject for *Plato's* Republick, the latter a Member 'for a Community over-run with Artifice and Corruption.

'It must however be confessed, that a Person at the head of 'a publick School has sometimes so many Boys under his 'Direction, that it is impossible he should extend a due pro- 'portion of his Care to each of them. This is, however, in 'reality, the Fault of the Age, in which we often see twenty 'Parents, who tho' each expects his Son should be made a 'Scholar, are not contented alltogether to make it worth while 'for any Man of a liberal Education to take upon him the Care 'of their Instruction.

'In our great Schools indeed this Fault has been of late 'Years rectified, so that we have at present not only Ingenious 'Men for the chief Masters, but such as have proper Ushers 'and Assistants under them; I must nevertheless own, that 'for want of the same Encouragement in the Country, we 'have many a promising Genius spoiled and abused in those 'Seminaries.

'I am the more inclined to this Opinion, having my self 'experienced the Usage of two Rural Masters, each of them 'very unfit for the Trust they took upon them to discharge. 'The first imposed much more upon me than my Parts, tho' 'none of the weakest, could endure; and used me barbarously 'for not performing Impossibilities. The latter was of quite 'another Temper; and a Boy, who would run upon his Errands, 'wash his Coffee-pot, or ring the Bell, might have as little 'Conversation with any of the Classicks as he thought fit. I 'have known a Lad at this Place excused his Exercise for 'assisting the Cook-maid; and remember a Neighbouring 'Gentleman's Son was among us five Years, most of which time 'he employed in airing and watering our Master's grey Pad. I 'scorned to Compound for my Faults, by doing any of these 'Elegant Offices, and was accordingly the best Scholar, and 'the worst used of any Boy in the School.

'I shall conclude this Discourse with an Advantage mentioned 'by *Quintilian*, as accompanying a Publick way of Education, 'which I have not yet taken notice of; namely, That we very

'often contract such Friendships at School, as are a Service to 'us all the following Part of our Lives.

'I shall give you, under this Head, a Story very well known 'to several Persons, and which you may depend upon as a real 'Truth.

'Every one, who is acquainted with *Westminster*-School, 'knows that there is a Curtain which used to be drawn a-cross 'the Room, to separate the upper School from the lower. A 'Youth happened, by some Mischance, to tear the above-'mentioned Curtain: The Severity of the Master[1] was too well 'known for the Criminal to expect any Pardon for such a 'Fault; so that the Boy, who was of a meek Temper, was 'terrified to Death at the Thoughts of his Appearance, when 'his Friend, who sat next to him, bad him be of good Cheer, 'for that he would take the Fault on himself. He kept his 'word accordingly. As soon as they were grown up to be Men 'the Civil War broke out, in which our two Friends took the 'opposite Sides, one of them followed the Parliament, the other 'the Royal Party.

'As their Tempers were different, the Youth, who had torn 'the Curtain, endeavoured to raise himself on the Civil List, 'and the other, who had born the Blame of it, on the Military: 'The first succeeded so well, that he was in a short time made 'a Judge under the Protector. The other was engaged in the 'unhappy Enterprize of *Penruddock* and *Groves* in the West. 'I suppose, Sir, I need not acquaint you with the Event of that 'Undertaking. Every one knows that the Royal Party was 'routed, and all the Heads of them, among whom was the 'Curtain Champion, imprisoned at *Exeter*. It happened to be 'his Friend's Lot at that time to go to the Western Circuit: 'The Tryal of the Rebels, as they were then called, was very 'short, and nothing now remained but to pass Sentence on 'them; when the Judge hearing the Name of his old Friend, 'and observing his Face more attentively, which he had not 'seen for many Years, asked him, if he was not formerly a '*Westminster*-Scholar; by the Answer, he was soon convinced 'that it was his former generous Friend; and, without saying 'any thing more at that time, made the best of his Way to '*London*, where employing all his Power and Interest with the 'Protector, he saved his Friend from the Fate of his unhappy 'Associates.

'The Gentleman, whose Life was thus preserv'd by he 'Gratitude of his School-Fellow, was afterwards the Father of

[1] Richard Busby; appointed in 1640.

'a Son, whom he lived to see promoted in the Church, and 'who still deservedly fills one of the highest Stations in it.[1] X.

No. 314.] *Friday, February* 29, 1712. [*Steele.*

Tandem desine Matrem
Tempestiva sequi viro.—Hor. Od. 23.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Feb.* 7, 1711-12.

'I AM a young Man about eighteen Years of Age, and have 'been in Love with a young Woman of the same Age 'about this half Year. I go to see her six Days in the Week, 'but never could have the Happiness of being with her alone. 'If any of her Friends are at home, she will see me in their 'Company; but if they be not in the Way, she flies to her 'Chamber. I can discover no Signs of her Aversion; but 'either a Fear of falling into the Toils of Matrimony, or 'a childish Timidity, deprives us of an Interview apart, and 'drives us upon the Difficulty of languishing out our Lives in 'fruitless Expectation. Now, Mr. SPECTATOR, if you think us 'ripe for Oeconomy, perswade the dear Creature, that to pine 'away into Barrenness and Deformity under a Mother's Shade, 'is not so honourable, nor does she appear so amiable, as she 'would in full Bloom. [*There is a great deal left out before he* '*concludes.*] *Mr.* SPECTATOR,

Your humble Servant,
Bob Harmless.

If this Gentleman be really no more than Eighteen, I must do him the Justice to say he is the most knowing Infant I have yet met with. He does not, I fear, yet understand, that all he thinks of is another Woman; therefore, till he has given a further Account of himself, the young Lady is hereby directed to keep close to her Mother. *The* SPECTATOR.

I cannot comply with the Request in Mr. *Trott's* Letter; but let it go just as it came to my Hands, for being so familiar with the old Gentleman, as rough as he is to him. Since Mr.

[1] The allusion is to Colonel Wake, father of Dr. William Wake, who was Bishop of Lincoln when this paper was written, and became in 1716 Archbishop of Canterbury. The trials of Penruddock and his friends were in 1655.

Trott has an Ambition to make him his Father-in-Law, he ought to treat him with more Respect; besides, his Style to me might have been more distant than he has thought fit to afford me: Moreover, his Mistress shall continue in her Confinement, till he has found out which Word in his Letter is not wrightly spelt.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I shall ever own my self your obliged humble Servant for 'the Advice you gave me concerning my Dancing; which 'unluckily came too late: For, as I said, I would not leave off 'Capering till I had your Opinion of the Matter; was at our 'famous Assembly the Day before I received your Papers, and 'there was observed by an old Gentleman, who was informed 'I had a Respect for his Daughter; told me I was an insig-'nificant little Fellow, and said that for the future he would 'take Care of his Child; so that he did not doubt but to 'crosse my amerous Inclinations. The Lady is confined to her 'Chamber, and for my Part, am ready to hang my self with the 'Thoughts that I have danced my self out of Favour with her 'Father. I hope you will pardon the Trouble I give; but 'shall take it for a mighty Favour, if you will give me a little 'more of your Advice to put me in a write Way to cheat the 'old Dragon and obtain my Mistress. I am once more,

SIR,

York, Feb. 23, 1711-12. *Your obliged humble Servant,* John Trott.

'Let me desire you to make what Alterations you please, 'and insert this as soon as possible. Pardon Mistake by Haste.

I never do pardon Mistakes by Haste. *The* SPECTATOR.

SIR, *Feb.* 27, 1711-12.

'Pray be so kind as to let me know what you esteem to be 'the chief Qualification of a good Poet, especially of one who 'writes Plays; and you will very much oblige,

SIR, Your very humble Servant, N. B.

To be a very well-bred Man. *The* SPECTATOR.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'You are to know that I am naturally Brave, and love 'Fighting as well as any Man in *England.* This gallant 'Temper of mine makes me extremely delighted with Battles 'on the Stage. I give you this Trouble to complain to you,

'that *Nicolini* refused to gratifie me in that Part of the Opera 'for which I have most Taste. I observe it's become a Cus- 'tom, that whenever any Gentlemen are particularly pleased 'with a Song, at their crying out *Encore* or *Altro Volto*, the 'Performer is so obliging as to sing it over again. I was at 'the Opera the last time *Hydaspes* was performed. At that 'Part of it where the Heroe engages with the Lion, the graceful 'Manner with which he put that terrible Monster to Death gave 'me so great a Pleasure, and at the same time so just a Sense 'of that Gentleman's Intrepidity and Conduct, that I could 'not forbear desiring a Repetition of it, by crying out *Altro* '*Volto* in a very audible Voice; and my Friends flatter me, 'that I pronounced those Words with a tolerable good Accent, 'considering that was but the third Opera I had ever seen in 'my Life. Yet, notwithstanding all this, there was so little 'Regard had to me, that the Lion was carried off, and went to 'Bed, without being killed any more that Night. Now, Sir, 'pray consider that I did not understand a Word of what Mr. '*Nicolini* said to this cruel Creature; besides, I have no Ear 'for Musick; so that during the long Dispute between 'em, 'the whole Entertainment I had was from my Eye; Why then 'have not I as much Right to have a graceful Action repeated 'as another has a pleasing Sound, since he only hears as I only 'see, and we neither of us know that there is any reasonable 'thing a doing? Pray, Sir, settle the Business of this Claim in 'the Audience, and let us know when we may cry *Altro Volto*, '*Anglicè, again, again,* for the Future. I am an *Englishman*, 'and expect some Reason or other to be given me, and perhaps 'an ordinary one may serve; but I expect your Answer.

I am, SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

Toby Rentfree.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Nov.* 29.

'You must give me Leave, amongst the rest of your Female 'Correspondents, to address you about an Affair which has 'already given you many a Speculation; and which, I know, I 'need not tell you have had a very happy Influence over the 'adult Part of our Sex: But as many of us are either too old 'to learn, or too obstinate in the Pursuit of the Vanities which 'have been bred up with us from our Infancy, and all of us 'quitting the Stage whilst you are prompting us to act our Part 'well; you ought, methinks, rather to turn your Instructions 'for the Benefit of that Part of our Sex, who are yet in their

'native Innocence, and ignorant of the Vices and that Variety 'of Unhappinesses that reign amongst us.

'I must tell you, Mr. SPECTATOR, that it is as much a Part 'of your Office to oversee the Education of the female Part of 'the Nation, as well as of the Male; and to convince the World 'you are not partial, pray proceed to detect the Male Adminis- 'tration of Governesses as successfully as you have exposed that 'of Pedagogues; and rescue our Sex from the Prejudice and 'Tyranny of Education as well as that of your own, who without 'your seasonable Interposition are like to improve upon the 'Vices that are now in vogue.

'I who know the Dignity of your Post, as SPECTATOR, and 'the Authority a skilful Eye ought to bear in the Female World, 'could not forbear consulting you, and beg your Advice in so 'critical a Point, as is that of the Education of young Gentle- 'women. Having already provided myself with a very con- 'venient House in a good Air, I'm not without Hope but that 'you will promote this generous Design. I must farther tell 'you, Sir, that all who shall be committed to my Conduct, 'beside the usual Accomplishments of the Needle, Dancing, 'and the *French* Tongue, shall not fail to be your constant 'Readers. It is therefore my humble Petition, that you will 'entertain the Town on this important Subject, and so far 'oblige a Stranger, as to raise a Curiosity and Enquiry in my 'Behalf, by publishing the following Advertisement.

I am, SIR,

Your constant Admirer,

M. W.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Boarding-School for young Gentlewomen, which was formerly kept on Mile-End-Green, *being laid down, there is now one set up almost opposite to it at the two Golden-Balls, and much more convenient in every Respect; where, beside the common Instructions given to young Gentlewomen, they will be taught the whole Art of Paistrey and Preserving, with whatever may render them accomplished. Those who please to make Tryal of the Vigilance and Ability of the Persons concerned may enquire at the two Golden-Balls on* Mile-End-Green *near* Stepney, *where they will receive further Satisfaction.*

This is to give Notice, that the SPECTATOR *has taken upon him to be Visitant of all Boarding-Schools, where young Women are educated; and designs to proceed in the said Office after the same*

Manner that the Visitants of Colleges do in the two famous Universities of this Land.

All Lovers who write to the SPECTATOR, *are desired to forbear one Expression which is in most of the Letters to him, either out of Laziness, or want of Invention, and is true of not above two thousand Women in the whole World; viz.* She has in her all that is valuable in Woman. T.

No. 315.] *Saturday, March* 1, 1712. [*Addison.*

Nec deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit———— Hor.

HORACE advises a Poet to consider thoroughly the Nature and Force of his Genius.[1] *Milton* seems to have known perfectly well, wherein his Strength lay, and has therefore chosen a Subject entirely conformable to those Talents, of which he was Master. As his Genius was wonderfully turned to the Sublime, his Subject is the noblest that could have entered into the Thoughts of Man. Every thing that is truly great and astonishing, has a place in it. The whole System of the intellectual World; the *Chaos*, and the Creation; Heaven, Earth and Hell; enter into the Constitution of his Poem.

Having in the First and Second Books represented the Infernal World with all its Horrors, the Thread of his Fable naturally leads him into the opposite Regions of Bliss and Glory.

If *Milton's* Majesty forsakes him any where, it is in those Parts of his Poem, where the Divine Persons are introduced as Speakers. One may, I think, observe that the Author proceeds with a kind of Fear and Trembling, whilst he describes the Sentiments of the Almighty. He dares not give his Imagination its full Play, but chuses to confine himself to such Thoughts as are drawn from the Books of the most Orthodox Divines, and to such Expressions as may be met with in Scripture. The Beauties, therefore, which we are to look for in these Speeches, are not of a Poetical Nature, nor so proper to fill the Mind with Sentiments of Grandeur, as with Thoughts of Devotion. The Passions, which they are designed to raise, are a Divine Love and Religious Fear. The Particular Beauty of the Speeches in the Third Book, consists in that Shortness and Perspicuity of Style, in which the Poet has couched the

[1] De Arte Poetica, ll. 38—40.

greatest Mysteries of Christianity, and drawn together, in a regular Scheme, the whole Dispensation of Providence, with respect to Man. He has represented all the abstruse Doctrines of Predestination, Free-Will and Grace, as also the great Points of Incarnation and Redemption, (which naturally grow up in a Poem that treats of the Fall of Man) with great Energy of Expression, and in a clearer and stronger Light than I ever met with in any other Writer. As these Points are dry in themselves to the generality of Readers, the concise and clear manner in which he has treated them, is very much to be admired, as is likewise that particular Art which he has made use of in the interspersing of all those Graces of Poetry, which the Subject was capable of receiving.

The Survey of the whole Creation, and of every thing that is transacted in it, is a Prospect worthy of Omniscience; and as much above that, in which *Virgil* has drawn his *Jupiter*, as the Christian Idea of the Supreme Being is more Rational and Sublime than that of the Heathens. The particular Objects on which he is described to have cast his Eye, are represented in the most beautiful and lively Manner.

Now had th' Almighty Father from above,
(From the pure Empyrean where he sits
High thron'd above all height) bent down his Eye,
His own Works and their Works at once to view.
About him all the Sanctities of Heav'n
Stood thick as Stars, and from his Sight receiv'd
Beatitude past utt'rance: On his right
The radiant Image of his Glory sat,
His only Son. On earth he first beheld
Our two first Parents, yet the only two
Of Mankind, in the happy garden plac'd,
Reaping immortal fruits of Joy and Love;
Uninterrupted Joy, unrival'd Love
In blissful Solitude. He then survey'd
Hell and the Gulph between, and Satan *there*
Coasting the Wall of Heaven on this side Night,
In the dun air sublime; and ready now
To stoop with wearied wings, and willing feet
On the bare outside of this world, that seem'd
Firm land imbosom'd without firmament;
Uncertain which, in Ocean or in Air.
Him God beholding from his prospect high,
Wherein past, present, future he beholds,
Thus to his only Son foreseeing spake.

Satan's Approach to the Confines of the Creation, is finely imaged in the beginning of the Speech, which immediately follows. The Effects of this Speech in the blessed Spirits, and in the Divine Person to whom it was addressed, cannot but

fill the Mind of the Reader with a secret Pleasure and Complacency.

Thus while God spake, ambrosial fragrance fill'd
All Heav'n, and in the blessed Spirits elect
Sense of new Joy ineffable diffus'd.
Beyond compare the Son of God was seen
Most glorious, in him all his Father shone
Substantially express'd, and in his face
Divine Compassion visibly appear'd,
Love without end, and without measure Grace.

I need not point out the Beauty of that Circumstance, wherein the whole Host of Angels are represented as standing Mute; nor shew how proper the Occasion was to produce such a Silence in Heaven. The Close of this Divine Colloquy, with the Hymn of Angels that follows upon it, are so wonderfully Beautiful and Poetical, that I should not forbear inserting the whole Passage, if the Bounds of my Paper would give me leave.

No sooner had th' Almighty ceas'd, but all
The multitudes of Angels with a shout
(Loud as from numbers without number, sweet
As from blest Voices) utt'ring Joy, Heav'n rung
With Jubilee, and loud Hosanna's fill'd
Th' eternal regions; &c. &c.——

Satan's Walk upon the Outside of the Universe, which, at a Distance, appeared to him of a globular Form, but, upon his nearer Approach, looked like an unbounded Plain, is natural and noble: As his Roaming upon the Frontiers of the Creation between that Mass of Matter, which was wrought into a World, and that shapeless unformed Heap of Materials, which still lay in Chaos and Confusion, strikes the Imagination with something astonishingly great and wild. I have before spoken of the *Limbo of Vanity*, which the Poet places upon this outermost Surface of the Universe, and shall here explain my self more at large on that, and other Parts of the Poem, which are of the same Shadowy Nature.

Aristotle observes,[1] that the Fable of an Epic Poem should abound in Circumstances that are both credible and astonishing; or as the *French* Criticks chuse to phrase it, the Fable should be filled with the Probable and the Marvellous. This Rule is as fine and just as any in *Aristotle's* whole Art of Poetry.

If the Fable is only Probable, it differs nothing from a true

[1] Poetics, iii. 4. 'The surprising is necessary in tragedy; but the Epic 'Poem goes farther, and admits even the improbable and incredible, from 'which the highest degree of the surprising results, because there the action 'is not seen.'

History; if it is only Marvellous, it is no better than a Romance. The great Secret therefore of Heroic Poetry is to relate such Circumstances, as may produce in the Reader at the same time both Belief and Astonishment. This is brought to pass in a *well-chosen* Fable, by the Account of such things as have really happened, or at least of such things as have happened according to the received Opinions of Mankind. *Milton's* Fable is a Masterpiece of this Nature; as the War in Heaven, the Condition of the fallen Angels, the State of Innocence, and Temptation of the Serpent, and the Fall of Man, though they are very astonishing in themselves, are not only credible, but actual Points of Faith.

The next Method of reconciling Miracles with Credibility, is by a happy Invention of the Poet; as in particular, when he introduces Agents of a superior Nature, who are capable of effecting what is wonderful, and what is not to be met with in the ordinary course of things. *Ulysses's* Ship being turned into a Rock, and *Æneas's* Fleet into a Shoal of Water Nymphs; though they are very surprising Accidents, are nevertheless probable, when we are told that they were the Gods who thus transformed them. It is this kind of Machinery which fills the Poems both of *Homer* and *Virgil* with such Circumstances as are wonderful, but not impossible, and so frequently produce in the Reader the most pleasing Passion that can rise in the Mind of Man, which is Admiration. If there be any Instance in the *Æneid* liable to Exception upon this Account, it is in the Beginning of the Third Book, where *Æneas* is represented as tearing up the Myrtle that dropped Blood. To qualifie this wonderful Circumstance, *Polydorus* tells a Story from the Root of the Myrtle, that the barbarous Inhabitants of the Country having pierced him with Spears and Arrows, the Wood which was left in his Body took Root in his Wounds, and gave Birth to that bleeding Tree. This Circumstance seems to have the Marvellous without the Probable, because it is represented as proceeding from Natural Causes, without the Interposition of any God, or other Supernatural Power capable of producing it. The Spears and Arrows grow of themselves, without so much as the Modern Help of an Enchantment. If we look into the Fiction of *Milton's* Fable, though we find it full of surprizing Incidents, they are generally suited to our Notions of the Things and Persons described, and tempered with a due Measure of Probability. I must only make an Exception to the *Limbo of Vanity*, with his Episode of *Sin* and *Death*, and some of the imaginary Persons in his *Chaos*. These Passages

are astonishing, but not credible; the Reader cannot so far impose upon himself as to see a Possibility in them; they are the Description of Dreams and Shadows, not of Things or Persons. I know that many Criticks look upon the Stories of *Circe*, *Polypheme*, the *Sirens*, nay the whole *Odyssey* and *Iliad*, to be Allegories; but allowing this to be true, they are Fables, which considering the Opinions of Mankind that prevailed in the Age of the Poet, might possibly have been according to the Letter. The Persons are such as might have acted what is ascribed to them, as the Circumstances in which they are represented, might possibly have been Truths and Realities. This Appearance of Probability is so absolutely requisite in the greater kinds of Poetry, that *Aristotle* observes the Ancient Tragick Writers made use of the Names of such great Men as had actually lived in the World, tho' the Tragedy proceeded upon Adventures they were never engaged in, on purpose to make the Subject more Credible. In a Word, besides the hidden Meaning of an Epic Allegory, the plain litteral Sense ought to appear Probable. The Story should be such as an ordinary Reader may acquiesce in, whatever Natural, Moral, or Political Truth may be discovered in it by Men of greater Penetration.

Satan, after having long wandered upon the Surface, or outmost Wall of the Universe, discovers at last a wide Gap in it, which led into the Creation, and is described as the Opening through which the Angels pass to and fro into the lower World, upon their Errands to Mankind. His Sitting upon the Brink of this Passage, and taking a Survey of the whole Face of Nature that appeared to him new and fresh in all its Beauties, with the Simile illustrating this Circumstance, fills the Mind of the Reader with as surprizing and glorious an Idea as any that arises in the whole Poem. He looks down into that vast Hollow of the Universe with the Eye, or (as *Milton* calls it in his first Book) with the Kenn of an Angel. He surveys all the Wonders in this immense Amphitheatre that lye between both the Poles of Heaven, and takes in at one View the whole Round of the Creation.

His Flight between the several Worlds that shined on every side of him, with the particular Description of the Sun, are set forth in all the Wantonness of a luxuriant Imagination. His Shape, Speech and Behaviour upon his transforming himself into an Angel of Light, are touched with exquisite Beauty. The Poet's Thought of directing *Satan* to the Sun, which in the vulgar Opinion of Mankind is the most conspicuous Part of the Creation, and the placing in it an Angel, is a Circumstance very

finely contrived, and the more adjusted to a Poetical Probability, as it was a received Doctrine among the most famous Philosophers, that every Orb had its *Intelligence;* and as an Apostle in Sacred Writ is said to have seen such an Angel in the Sun. In the Answer which this Angel returns to the disguised evil Spirit, there is such a becoming Majesty as is altogether suitable to a Superior Being. The Part of it in which he represents himself as present at the Creation, is very noble in it self, and not only proper where it is introduced, but requisite to prepare the Reader for what follows in the Seventh Book.

I saw when at his Word the formless Mass,
This World's material Mould, came to a Heap:
Confusion heard his Voice, and wild Uproar
Stood rul'd, stood vast Infinitude confin'd,
Till at his second Bidding Darkness fled,
Light shon, &c.

In the following Part of the Speech he points out the Earth with such Circumstances, that the Reader can scarce forbear fancying himself employed on the same distant View of it.

Look downward on the Globe whose hither Side
With Light from hence, tho' but reflected, shines;
That place is Earth, the Seat of Man, that Light
His Day, &c.

I must not conclude my Reflections upon this Third Book of *Paradise Lost*, without taking Notice of that celebrated Complaint of *Milton* with which it opens, and which certainly deserves all the Praises that have been given it; tho' as I have before hinted, it may rather be looked upon as an Excrescence, than as an essential Part of the Poem. The same Observation might be applied to that beautiful Digression upon Hypocrisie, in the same Book. L.

No. 316.] *Monday, March* 3, 1712. [*John Hughes.*

Libertas; quæ sera tamen respexit Inertem.—Virg. Ecl. 1.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'IF you ever read a Letter which is sent with the more 'Pleasure for the Reality of its Complaints, this may have 'Reason to hope for a favourable Acceptance; and if Time be 'the most irretrievable Loss, the Regrets which follow will be

'thought, I hope, the most justifiable. The regaining of my 'Liberty from a long State of Indolence and Inactivity, and 'the Desire of resisting the further Encroachments of Idleness, 'make me apply to you; and the Uneasiness with which I 'recollect the past Years, and the Apprehensions with which I 'expect the Future, soon determined me to it.

'Idleness is so general a Distemper that I cannot but 'imagine a Speculation on this Subject will be of universal 'Use. There is hardly any one Person without some Allay of 'it; and thousands besides my self spend more Time in an 'idle Uncertainty which to begin first of two Affairs, that would 'have been sufficient to have ended them both. The Occasion 'of this seems to be the Want of some necessary Employment, 'to put the Spirits in Motion, and awaken them out of their 'Lethargy. If I had less Leisure, I should have more; for I 'should then find my Time distinguished into Portions, some 'for Business, and others for the indulging of Pleasures: But 'now one Face of Indolence overspreads the whole, and I 'have no Land-mark to direct my self by. Were one's Time 'a little straitned by Business, like Water inclosed in its Banks, 'it would have some determined Course; but unless it be put 'into some Channel it has no Current, but becomes a Deluge 'without either Use or Motion.

'When *Scanderbeg* Prince of *Epirus* was dead, the *Turks*, 'who had but too often felt the Force of his Arm in the Battels 'he had won from them, imagined that by wearing a piece of 'his Bones near their Heart, they should be animated with a 'Vigour and Force like to that which inspired him when living. 'As I am like to be but of little use whilst I live, I am resolved 'to do what Good I can after my Decease; and have accord-'ingly ordered my Bones to be disposed of in this Manner for 'the Good of my Countrymen, who are troubled with too 'exorbitant a Degree of Fire. All Fox-hunters upon wearing 'me, would in a short Time be brought to endure their Beds 'in a Morning, and perhaps even quit them with Regret at 'Ten: Instead of hurrying away to teaze a poor Animal, and 'run away from their own Thoughts, a Chair or a Chariot 'would be thought the most desirable Means of performing a 'Remove from one Place to another. I should be a Cure 'for the unnatural Desire of *John Trott* for Dancing, and a 'Specifick to lessen the Inclination Mrs. *Fidget* has to Motion, 'and cause her always to give her Approbation to the present 'Place she is in. In fine, no *Egyptian* Mummy was ever 'half so useful in Physick, as I should be to these feaverish

'Constitutions, to repress the violent Sallies of Youth, and give 'each Action its proper Weight and Repose.

'I can stifle any violent Inclination, and oppose a Torrent 'of Anger, or the Sollicitations of Revenge, with Success. But 'Indolence is a Stream which flows slowly on, but yet under-'mines the Foundation of every Virtue. A Vice of a more 'lively Nature were a more desirable Tyrant than this Rust of 'the Mind, which gives a Tincture of its Nature to every 'Action of ones Life. It were as little Hazard to be lost in a 'Storm, as to lye thus perpetually becalmed: And it is to no 'Purpose to have within one the Seeds of a thousand good 'Qualities, if we want the Vigour and Resolution necessary 'for the exerting them. Death brings all Persons back to 'an Equality; and this Image of it, this Slumber of the Mind, 'leaves no Difference between the greatest Genius and the 'meanest Understanding: A Faculty of doing things remarkably 'praise-worthy thus concealed, is of no more use to the Owner, 'than a Heap of Gold to the Man who dares not use it.

'To-Morrow is still the fatal Time when all is to be rectified: 'To-Morrow comes, it goes, and still I please my self with the 'Shadow, whilst I lose the Reality; unmindful that the present 'Time alone is ours, the future is yet unborn, and the past is 'dead, and can only live (as Parents in their Children) in the 'Actions it has produced.

'The Time we live ought not to be computed by the 'Numbers of Years, but by the Use has been made of it; thus ''tis not the Extent of Ground, but the yearly Rent which gives 'the Value to the Estate. Wretched and thoughtless Creatures, 'in the only Place where Covetousness were a Virtue we turn 'Prodigals! Nothing lies upon our Hands with such Uneasi-'ness, nor has there been so many Devices for any one Thing, 'as to make it slide away imperceptibly and to no purpose. A 'Shilling shall be hoarded up with Care, whilst that which is 'above the Price of an Estate, is flung away with Disregard 'and Contempt. There is nothing now-a-days so much avoided, 'as a sollicitous Improvement of every part of Time; 'tis a 'Report must be shunned as one tenders the Name of a Wit 'and a fine Genius, and as one fears the Dreadful Character 'of a laborious Plodder: But notwithstanding this, the greatest 'Wits any Age has produced thought far otherwise; for who 'can think either *Socrates* or *Demosthenes* lost any Reputation, 'by their continual Pains both in overcoming the Defects and 'improving the Gifts of Nature. All are acquainted with the 'Labour and Assiduity with which *Tully* acquired his Eloquence.

'*Seneca* in his Letters to *Lucilius*[1] assures him, there was not 'a Day in which he did not either write something, or read and 'epitomize some good Author; and I remember *Pliny* in one 'of his Letters, where he gives an Account of the various 'Methods he used to fill up every Vacancy of Time, after 'several Imployments which he enumerates; sometimes, says 'he, I hunt; but even then I carry with me a Pocket-Book, 'that whilst my Servants are busied in disposing of the Nets 'and other Matters I may be employed in something that may 'be useful to me in my Studies; and that if I miss of my 'Game, I may at the least bring home some of my own 'Thoughts with me, and not have the Mortification of having 'caught nothing all Day.[2]

'Thus, Sir, you see how many Examples I recall to Mind, 'and what Arguments I use with my self, to regain my Liberty: 'But as I am afraid 'tis no Ordinary Perswasion that will be of 'Service, I shall expect your Thoughts on this Subject, with 'the greatest Impatience, especially since the Good will not 'be confined to me alone, but will be of Universal Use. For 'there is no Hopes of Amendment where Men are pleased 'with their Ruin, and whilst they think Laziness is a desirable 'Character: Whether it be that they like the State it self, or 'that they think it gives them a new Lustre when they do exert 'themselves, seemingly to be able to do that without Labour 'and Application, which others attain to but with the greatest 'Diligence.

I am, SIR,

Your most obliged humble Servant,

Samuel Slack.

Clytander to *Cleone.*

Madam,

'Permission to love you is all I desire, to conquer all the 'Difficulties those about you place in my Way, to surmount 'and acquire all those Qualifications you expect in him who 'pretends to the Honour of being,

Madam,

Your most humble Servant,

Z. Clytander.

[1] Ep. 2. [2] Ep. I. 6.

No. 317.] *Tuesday, March* 4, 1712. [*Addison.*

——*fruges consumere nati.*—Hor.

AUGUSTUS, a few Moments before his Death, asked his Friends who stood about him, if they thought he had acted his Part well; and upon receiving such an Answer as was due to his extraordinary Merit, *Let me then*, says he, *go off the Stage with your Applause;* using the Expression with which the *Roman* Actors made their *Exit* at the Conclusion of a Dramatick Piece. I could wish that Men, while they are in Health, would consider well the Nature of the Part they are engaged in, and what Figure it will make in the Minds of those they leave behind them: Whether it was worth coming into the World for; whether it be suitable to a reasonable Being; in short, whether it appears Graceful in this Life, or will turn to an Advantage in the next. Let the Sycophant, or Buffoon, the Satyrist, or the Good Companion, consider with himself, when his Body shall be laid in the Grave, and his Soul pass into another State of Existence, how much it will redound to his Praise to have it said of him, that no Man in *England* eat better, that he had an admirable Talent at turning his Friends into Ridicule, that no Body out-did him at an Ill-natured Jest, or that he never went to Bed before he had dispatched his third Bottle. These are, however, very common Funeral Orations, and Elogiums on deceased Persons who have acted among Mankind with some Figure and Reputation.

But if we look into the Bulk of our Species, they are such as are not likely to be remembred a Moment after their Disappearance. They leave behind them no Traces of their Existence, but are forgotten as tho' they had never been. They are neither wanted by the Poor, regretted by the Rich, [n]or celebrated by the Learned. They are neither missed in the Commonwealth, nor lamented by private Persons. Their Actions are of no Significancy to Mankind, and might have been performed by Creatures of much less Dignity, than those who are distinguished by the Faculty of Reason. An eminent *French* Author speaks somewhere to the following Purpose: I have often seen from my Chamber-window two noble Creatures, both of them of an erect Countenance and endowed with Reason. These two intellectual Beings are employed from Morning to Night, in rubbing two smooth Stones one upon another; that is, as the Vulgar phrase it, in polishing Marble.

My Friend, Sir ANDREW FREEPORT, as we were sitting in

the Club last Night, gave us an Account of a sober Citizen, who died a few Days since. This honest Man being of greater Consequence in his own Thoughts, than in the Eye of the World, had for some Years past kept a Journal of his Life. Sir ANDREW shewed us one Week of it. [Since[1]] the Occurrences set down in it mark out such a Road of Action as that I have been speaking of, I shall present my Reader with a faithful Copy of it; after having first inform'd him, that the Deceased Person had in his Youth been bred to Trade, but finding himself not so well turned for Business, he had for several Years last past lived altogether upon a moderate Annuity.

MONDAY, *Eight-a-Clock.* I put on my Cloaths and walked into the Parlour.

Nine a-Clock, ditto. Tied my Knee-strings, and washed my Hands.

Hours Ten, Eleven and Twelve. Smoaked three Pipes of *Virginia*. Read the *Supplement* and *Daily Courant*. Things go ill in the North. Mr. *Nisby's* Opinion thereupon.

One a-Clock in the Afternoon. Chid *Ralph* for mislaying my Tobacco-Box.

Two a-Clock. Sate down to Dinner. *Mem.* Too many Plumbs, and no Sewet.

From Three to Four. Took my Afternoon's Nap.

From Four to Six. Walked into the Fields. Wind, S. S. E.

From Six to Ten. At the Club. Mr. *Nisby's* Opinion about the Peace.

Ten a-Clock. Went to Bed, slept sound.

TUESDAY, BEING HOLIDAY, *Eight a-Clock.* Rose as usual.

Nine a-Clock. Washed Hands and Face, shaved, put on my double-soaled Shoes.

Ten, Eleven, Twelve. Took a Walk to *Islington*.

One. Took a Pot of Mother *Cob's* Mild.

Between Two and Three. Return'd, dined on a Knuckle of Veal and Bacon. *Mem.* Sprouts wanting.

Three. Nap as usual.

From Four to Six. Coffee-house. Read the News. A Dish of Twist. Grand Vizier strangled.

From Six to Ten. At the Club. Mr. *Nisby's* Account of the Great Turk.

Ten. Dream of the Grand Vizier. Broken Sleep.

WEDNESDAY, *Eight a-Clock.* Tongue of my Shooe-Buckle broke. Hands but not Face.

[1] [As]

Nine. Paid off the Butcher's Bill. *Mem.* To be allowed for the last Leg of Mutton.

Ten, Eleven. At the Coffee-house. More Work in the North. Stranger in a black Wigg asked me how Stocks went.

From Twelve to One. Walked in the Fields. Wind to the South.

From One to Two. Smoaked a Pipe and an half.

Two. Dined as usual. Stomach good.

Three. Nap broke by the falling of a Pewter Dish. *Mem.* Cook-maid in Love, and grown careless.

From Four to Six. At the Coffee-house. Advice from *Smyrna*, that the Grand Vizier was first of all strangled, and afterwards beheaded.

Six a-Clock in the Evening. Was half an Hour in the Club before any Body else came. Mr. *Nisby* of Opinion that the Grand Vizier was not strangled the Sixth Instant.

Ten at Night. Went to Bed. Slept without waking till Nine next Morning.

THURSDAY, *Nine a-Clock.* Staid within till Two a-Clock for Sir *Timothy;* who did not bring me my Annuity according to his Promise.

Two in the Afternoon. Sate down to Dinner. Loss of Appetite. Small Beer sour. Beef over-corned.

Three. Could not take my Nap.

Four and Five. Gave *Ralph* a box on the Ear. Turned off my Cookmaid. Sent a Message to Sir *Timothy*. *Mem.* I did not go to the Club to-night. Went to Bed at Nine a-Clock.

FRIDAY, Passed the Morning in Meditation upon Sir *Timothy*, who was with me a Quarter before Twelve.

Twelve a-Clock. Bought a new Head to my Cane, and a Tongue to my Buckle. Drank a Glass of Purl to recover Appetite.

Two and Three. Dined, and Slept well.

From Four to Six. Went to the Coffee-house. Met Mr. *Nisby* there. Smoaked several Pipes. Mr. *Nisby* of opinion that laced Coffee is bad for the Head.

Six a-Clock. At the Club as Steward. Sate late.

Twelve a-Clock. Went to Bed, dreamt that I drank Small Beer with the Grand Vizier.

SATURDAY. Waked at Eleven, walked in the Fields. Wind N. E.

Twelve. Caught in a Shower.

One in the Afternoon. Returned home, and dryed my self.

Two. Mr. *Nisby* dined with me. First Course Marrow-bones, Second Ox-Cheek, with a Bottle of *Brooks* and *Hellier*.

Three a-Clock. Overslept my self.

Six. Went to the Club. Like to have faln into a Gutter. Grand Vizier certainly Dead. *etc.*

I question not but the Reader will be surprized to find the above-mentioned Journalist taking so much care of a Life that was filled with such inconsiderable Actions, and received so very small Improvements; and yet, if we look into the Behaviour of many whom we daily converse with, we shall find that most of their Hours are taken up in those three Important Articles of Eating, Drinking and Sleeping. I do not suppose that a Man loses his Time, who is not engaged in publick Affairs, or in an Illustrious Course of Action. On the Contrary, I believe our Hours may very often be more profitably laid out in such Transactions as make no Figure in the World, than in such as are apt to draw upon them the Attention of Mankind. One may become wiser and better by several Methods of Employing one's Self in Secrecy and Silence, and do what is laudable without Noise, or Ostentation. I would, however, recommend to every one of my Readers, the keeping a Journal of their Lives for one Week, and setting down punctually their whole Series of Employments during that Space of Time. This Kind of Self-Examination would give them a true State of themselves, and incline them to consider seriously what they are about. One Day would rectifie the Omissions of another, and make a Man weigh all those indifferent Actions, which, though they are easily forgotten, must certainly be accounted for. L.

No. 318.] *Wednesday, March* 5, 1712. [*Steele.*

[——*non omnia possumus omnes.*—Virg.[1]]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'A CERTAIN Vice which you have lately attacked, has not 'yet been considered by you as growing so deep in the 'Heart of Man, that the Affectation outlives the Practice of it. 'You must have observed that Men who have been bred in Arms 'preserve to the most extreme and feeble old Age a certain 'Daring in their Aspect: In like manner, they who have pass'd

[1] [*Rideat et pulset Lasciva decentius Ætas.*—Hor.]

'their Time in Gallantry and Adventure, keep up, as well as they 'can, the Appearance of it, and carry a petulant Inclination to 'their last Moments. Let this serve for a Preface to a Relation 'I am going to give you of an old Beau in Town, that has not 'only been amorous, and a Follower of Women in general, but 'also, in Spite of the Admonition of grey Hairs, been from his 'sixty-third Year to his present seventieth, in an actual Pursuit 'of a young Lady, the Wife of his Friend, and a Man of Merit. 'The gay old *Escalus* has Wit, good Health, and is perfectly 'well bred; but from the Fashion and Manners of the Court 'when he was in his Bloom, has such a natural Tendency to 'amorous Adventure, that he thought it would be an endless 'Reproach to him to make no use of a Familiarity he was 'allowed at a Gentleman's House, whose good Humour and 'Confidence exposed his Wife to the Addresses of any who 'should take it in their Head to do him the good Office. It 'is not impossible that *Escalus* might also resent that the 'Husband was particularly negligent of him; and tho' he 'gave many Intimations of a Passion towards the Wife, the 'Husband either did not see them, or put him to the Con-'tempt of over-looking them. In the mean time *Isabella*, 'for so we shall call our Heroine, saw his Passion, and rejoiced 'in it as a Foundation for much Diversion, and an Opportunity 'of indulging her self in the dear Delight of being admired, 'addressed to, and flattered, with no ill Consequence to her 'Reputation. This Lady is of a free and disengaged Behaviour, 'ever in good Humour, such as is the Image of Innocence with 'those who are innocent, and an Encouragement to Vice with 'those who are abandoned. From this Kind of Carriage, and 'an apparent Approbation of his Gallantry, *Escalus* had frequent 'Opportunities of laying amorous Epistles in her Way, of fixing 'his Eyes attentively upon her Action, of performing a thousand 'little Offices which are neglected by the Unconcerned, but are 'so many Approaches towards Happiness with the Enamoured. 'It was now, as is above hinted, almost the End of the seventh 'Year of his Passion, when *Escalus* from general Terms, and 'the ambiguous Respect which criminal Lovers retain in their 'Addresses, began to bewail that his Passion grew too violent 'for him to answer any longer for his Behaviour towards her; 'and that he hoped she would have Consideration for his long 'and patient Respect, to excuse the Motions of a Heart now no 'longer under the Direction of the unhappy Owner of it. Such 'for some Months had been the Language of *Escalus* both in 'his Talk and his Letters to *Isabella;* who returned all the

'Profusion of kind Things which had been the Collection of 'fifty Years with *I must not hear you; you will make me forget 'that you are a Gentleman, I would not willingly lose you as a 'Friend:* and the like Expressions, which the Skilful interpret 'to their own Advantage, as well knowing that a feeble Denial 'is a modest Assent. I should have told you, that *Isabella*, 'during the whole Progress of this Amour, communicated it to 'her Husband; and that an Account of *Escalus's* Love was 'their usual Entertainment after half a Day's Absence: *Isabella* 'therefore, upon her Lover's late more open Assaults, with a 'Smile told her Husband she could hold out no longer, but 'that his Fate was now come to a Crisis. After she had 'explained her self a little farther, with her Husband's Appro-'bation she proceeded in the following Manner. The next 'Time that *Escalus* was alone with her, and repeated his 'Importunity, the crafty *Isabella* looked on her Fan with an 'Air of great Attention, as considering of what Importance 'such a Secret was to her; and upon the Repetition of a warm 'Expression, she looked at him with an Eye of Fondness, and 'told him he was past that Time of Life which could make her 'fear he would boast of a Lady's Favour; then turned away 'her Head with a very well-acted Confusion, which favoured 'the Escape of the aged *Escalus*. This Adventure was Matter 'of great Pleasantry to *Isabella* and her Spouse; and they had 'enjoyed it two Days before *Escalus* could recollect himself 'enough to form the following Letter.

MADAM,

"What happened the other Day, gives me a lively Image of "the Inconsistency of human Passions and Inclinations. We "pursue what we are denied, and place our Affections on what "is absent, tho' we neglected it when present. As long as "you refused my Love, your Refusal did so strongly excite my "Passion, that I had not once the Leisure to think of recall-"ing my Reason to aid me against the Design upon your "Virtue. But when that Virtue began to comply in my Favour, "my Reason made an Effort over my Love, and let me see "the Baseness of my Behaviour in attempting a Woman of "Honour. I own to you, it was not without the most violent "Struggle that I gained this Victory over my self; nay, I will "confess my Shame, and acknowledge I could not have "prevailed but by Flight. However, Madam, I beg that you "will believe a Moment's Weakness has not destroyed the "Esteem I had for you, which was confirmed by so many "Years of Obstinate Virtue. You have Reason to rejoice that

"this did not happen within the Observation of one of the "young Fellows, who would have exposed your Weakness, and "gloried in his own Brutish Inclinations.

I am, Madam,
Your most devoted Humble Servant.

'*Isabella*, with the Help of her Husband, returned the 'following Answer.

SIR,

"I cannot but account my self a very happy Woman, in "having a Man for a Lover that can write so well, and give so "good a Turn to a Disappointment. Another Excellence you "have above all other Pretenders I ever heard of; on Oc- "casions where the most reasonable Men lose all their Reason, "you have yours most powerful. We are each of us to thank "our Genius, that the Passion of one abated in Proportion as "that of the other grew violent. Does it not yet come into "your Head, to imagine that I knew my Compliance was the "greatest Cruelty I could be guilty of towards you? In "Return for your long and faithful Passion, I must let you "know that you are old enough to become a little more Gravity; "but if you will leave me and coquet it any where else, may "your Mistress yield.

T. *ISABELLA.*

No. 319.] *Thursday, March* 6, 1712. [*Budgell.*

Quo teneam vultus mutantem Protea nodo?—Hor.

I HAVE endeavoured, in the Course of my Papers, to do Justice to the Age, and have taken care as much as possible to keep my self a Neuter between both Sexes. I have neither spared the Ladies out of Complaisance, nor the Men out of Partiality; but notwithstanding the great Integrity with which I have acted in this Particular, I find my self taxed with an Inclination to favour my own half of the Species. Whether it be that the Women afford a more fruitful Field for Speculation, or whether they run more in my Head than the Men, I cannot tell, but I shall set down the Charge as it is laid against me in the following Letter.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I always make one among a Company of young Females, 'who peruse your Speculations every Morning. I am at

'present Commissioned, by our whole Assembly, to let you 'know, that we fear you are a little enclined to be partial 'towards your own Sex. We must however acknowledge, with 'all due Gratitude, that in some Cases you have given us our 'Revenge on the Men, and done us Justice. We could not 'easily have forgiven you several Strokes in the Dissection of 'the *Coquet's Heart*, if you had not, much about the same 'time, made a Sacrifice to us of a *Beau's Scull*.

'You may, however, Sir, please to remember, that long 'since you attacked our Hoods and Commodes in such 'manner, as, to use your own Expression, made very many of 'us ashamed to shew our Heads. We must, therefore, beg 'leave to represent to you, that we are in Hopes, if you would 'please to make a due Enquiry, the Men in all Ages would be 'found to have been little less whimsical in adorning that Part, 'than our selves. The different Forms of their Wiggs, together 'with the various Cocks of their Hats, all flatter us in this 'Opinion.

'I had an humble Servant last Summer, who the first time 'he declared himself, was in a Full-Bottom'd Wigg; but the 'Day after, to my no small Surprize, he accosted me in a thin 'Natural one. I received him, at this our second Interview, 'as a perfect Stranger, but was extreamly confounded, when 'his Speech discovered who he was. I resolved, therefore, to 'fix his Face in my Memory for the future; but as I was 'walking in the Park the same Evening, he appeared to me 'in one of those Wiggs that I think you call a *Night-cap*, which 'had altered him more effectually than before. He afterwards 'played a Couple of Black Riding Wiggs upon me, with the 'same Success; and, in short, assumed a new Face almost 'every Day in the first Month of his Courtship.

'I observed afterwards, that the Variety of Cocks into which 'he moulded his Hat, had not a little contributed to his Im-'positions upon me.

'Yet, as if all these ways were not sufficient to distinguish 'their Heads, you must, doubtless, Sir, have observed, that 'great Numbers of young Fellows have, for several Months 'last past, taken upon them to wear Feathers.

'We hope, therefore, that these may, with as much Justice, 'be called *Indian Princes*, as you have styled a Woman in a 'coloured Hood an *Indian* Queen; and that you will, in due 'time, take these airy Gentlemen into Consideration.

'We the more earnestly beg that you would put a Stop to 'this Practice, since it has already lost us one of the most

'agreeable Members of our Society, who after having refused 'several good Estates, and two Titles, was lured from us last 'Week by a *mixed Feather*.

'I am ordered to present you the Respects of our whole 'Company, and am,

SIR, Your very humble Servant,
DORINDA.

Note, *The Person wearing the Feather, tho' our Friend took him for an Officer in the Guards, has proved to be* [*an arrant Linnen-Draper.*[1]]

I am not now at leisure to give my Opinion upon the Hat and Feather; however to wipe off the present Imputation, and gratifie my Female Correspondent, I shall here print a Letter which I lately received from a Man of Mode, who seems to have a very extraordinary Genius in his way.

SIR,

'I presume I need not inform you, that among Men of 'Dress it is a common Phrase to say *Mr.* Such an one *has* '*struck a bold Stroke;* by which we understand, that he is the 'first Man who has had Courage enough to lead up a Fashion. 'Accordingly, when our Taylors take Measure of us, they always 'demand *whether we will have a plain Suit, or strike a bold Stroke.* 'I think I may without Vanity say, that I have struck some of 'the boldest and most successful Strokes of any Man in *Great* '*Britain.* I was the first that struck the Long Pocket about 'two Years since: I was likewise the Author of the Frosted 'Button, which when I saw the Town came readily into, being 'resolved to strike while the Iron was hot, I produced much 'about the same time the Scallop Flap, the knotted Cravat, 'and made a fair Push for the Silver-clocked Stocking.

'A few Months after I brought up *the modish Jacket*, or the 'Coat with close Sleeves. I struck this at first in a plain '*Doily;* but that failing, I struck it a second time in blue 'Camlet; and repeated the Stroke in several kinds of Cloth, 'till at last it took effect. There are two or three young 'Fellows at the other End of the Town, who have always their 'Eye upon me, and answer me Stroke for Stroke. I was once 'so unwary as to mention my Fancy in relation to the new-'fashioned *Surtout* before one of these Gentlemen, who was 'disingenuous enough to steal my Thought, and by that means 'prevented my intended Stroke.

[1] [*only an Ensign in the Train Bands.*]

'I have a Design this Spring to make very considerable 'Innovations in the Wastcoat, and have already begun with a '*Coup d'essai* upon the Sleeves, which has succeeded very well.

'I must further inform you, if you will promise to encourage 'or at least to connive at me, that it is my Design to strike 'such a Stroke the Beginning of the next Month, as shall 'surprise the whole Town.

'I do not think it prudent to acquaint you with all the 'Particulars of my intended Dress; but will only tell you, as 'a Sample of it, that I shall very speedily appear at *White's* 'in a *Cherry-coloured Hat*. I took this Hint from the Ladies 'Hoods, which I look upon as the boldest Stroke that Sex 'has struck for these hundred Years last past.

I am, SIR,

Your most Obedient, most Humble Servant,

Will. Sprightly.

[I have not Time at present to make any Reflections on this Letter, but must not however omit that having shewn it to Will. Honeycomb, he desires to be acquainted with the Gentleman who writ it.] X.

No. 320.] *Friday, March* 7, 1712. [*Steele.*

[——— ——— *—non pronuba Juno,*
Non Hymenæus adest, non illi Gratia lecto,
Eumenides stravere torum——— Ovid.[1]]

Mr. Spectator,

'YOU have given many Hints in your Papers to the Dis- 'advantage of Persons of your own Sex, who lay Plots 'upon Women. Among other hard Words you have published 'the Term *Male-Coquets*, and been very severe upon such as 'give themselves the Liberty of a little Dalliance of Heart, 'and playing fast and loose, between Love and Indifference, 'till perhaps an easie young Girl is reduced to Sighs, Dreams 'and Tears; and languishes away her Life for a careless Cox- 'comb, who looks astonished, and wonders at such an Effect 'from what in him was all but common Civility. Thus you 'have treated the Men who are irresolute in Marriage; but if 'you design to be impartial, pray be so honest as to print the 'Information I now give you, of a certain Set of Women who

[1] [*Hæ sunt qui tenui sudant in Cyclade.*—Hor.]

'never Coquet for the Matter, but with an high Hand marry 'whom they please to whom they please. As for my Part, I 'should not have concerned my self with them, but that I 'understand I am pitched upon by them, to be married, against 'my Will, to one I never saw in my Life. It has been my 'Misfortune, Sir, very innocently, to rejoice in a plentiful 'Fortune, of which I am Master, to bespeak a fine Chariot, to 'give Direction for two or three handsome Snuff-Boxes, and 'as many Suits of fine Cloaths; but before any of these were 'ready, I heard Reports of my being to be married to two or 'three different young Women. Upon my taking Notice of it 'to a young Gentleman who is often in my Company he told 'me smiling, I was in the Inquisition. You may believe I 'was not a little startled at what he meant, and more so when 'he asked me if I had bespoke any thing of late that was fine. 'I told him several; upon which he produced a Description of 'my Person from the Tradesmen whom I had employed, and 'told me that they had certainly informed against me. Mr. 'SPECTATOR, Whatever the World may think of me, I am more 'Coxcomb than Fool, and I grew very inquisitive upon this 'Head, not a little pleased with the Novelty. My Friend told 'me there were a certain Set of Women of Fashion whereof 'the Number of Six made a Committee, who sat thrice a Week, 'under the Title of the Inquisition on Maids and Batchelors. 'It seems, whenever there comes such an unthinking gay Thing 'as my self to Town, he must want all Manner of Necessaries, 'or be put into the Inquisition by the first Tradesman he 'employs. They have constant Intelligence with Cane-Shops, 'Perfumers, Toymen, Coach-makers, and China-houses. From 'these several Places, these Undertakers for Marriages have as 'constant and regular Correspondence, as the Funeral-men have 'with Vintners and Apothecaries. All Batchelors are under 'their immediate Inspection, and my Friend produced to me 'a Report given into their Board, wherein an old Unkle of 'mine, who came to Town with me, and my self, were inserted, 'and we stood thus; the Unkle smoaky, rotten, poor; the 'Nephew raw, but no Fool, sound at present, very rich. My 'Information did not end here, but my Friend's Advices are 'so good, that he could shew me a Copy of the Letter sent to 'the young Lady who is to have me; which I enclose to you.

Madam,

'This is to let you know, that you are to be Married to a 'Beau that comes out on *Thursday* Six in the Evening. Be at 'the Park. You cannot but know a Virgin Fop; they have a

'Mind to look saucy, but are out of Countenance. The Board 'has denied him to several good Families. I wish you Joy.

Corinna.

What makes my Correspondent's Case the more deplorable, is, that as I find by the Report from my Censor of Marriages, the Friend he speaks of is employed by the Inquisition to take him in, as the Phrase is. After all that is told him, he has Information only of one Woman that is laid for him, and that the wrong one; for the Lady-Commissioners have devoted him to another than the Person against whom they have employed their Agent his Friend to alarm him. The Plot is laid so well about this young Gentleman, that he has no Friend to retire to, no Place to appear in, or Part of the Kingdom to fly into, but he must fall into the Notice, and be subject to the Power of the Inquisition. They have their Emissaries and Substitutes in all Parts of this united Kingdom. The first Step they usually take, is to find from a Correspondence, by their Messengers and Whisperers with some Domestick of the Batchelor (who is to be hunted into the Toils they have laid for him) what are his Manners, his Familiarities, his good Qualities or Vices; not as the Good in him is a Recommendation, or the Ill a Diminution, but as they affect or contribute to the main Enquiry, What Estate he has in him? When this Point is well reported to the Board, they can take in a wild roaring Fox-hunter, as easily as a soft, gentle young Fop of the Town. The Way is to make all Places uneasie to him, but the Scenes in which they have allotted him to act. His Brother Huntsmen, Bottle Companions, his Fraternity of Fops, shall be brought into the Conspiracy against him. Then this Matter is not laid in so bare-faced a Manner before him, as to have it intimated Mrs. Such-a-one would make him a very proper Wife; but by the Force of their Correspondence they shall make it (as Mr. *Waller* said of the Marriage of the Dwarfs) as impracticable to have any Woman besides her they design him, as it would have been in *Adam* to have refused *Eve*. The Man named by the Commission for Mrs. Such-a-one, shall neither be in Fashion, nor dare ever to appear in Company, should he attempt to evade their Determination.

The Female Sex wholly govern domestick Life; and by this Means, when they think fit, they can sow Dissentions between the dearest Friends, nay make Father and Son irreconcilable Enemies, in spite of all the Ties of Gratitude on one Part, and the Duty of Protection to be paid on the other. The Ladies of the Inquisition understand this perfectly well;

and where Love is not a Motive to a Man's chusing one whom they allot, they can, with very much Art, insinuate Stories to the Disadvantage of his Honesty or Courage, 'till the Creature is too much dispirited to bear up against a general ill Reception, which he every where meets with, and in due time falls into their appointed Wedlock for Shelter. I have a long Letter bearing Date the fourth Instant, which gives me a large Account of the Policies of this Court; and find there is now before them a very refractory Person who has escaped all their Machinations for two Years last past: But they have prevented two successive Matches which were of his own Inclination, the one, by a Report that his Mistress was to be married, and the very Day appointed, Wedding-Clothes bought, and all things ready for her being given to another; the second time, by insinuating to all his Mistress's Friends and Acquaintance, that he had been false to several other Women, and the like. The poor Man is now reduced to profess he designs to lead a single Life; but the Inquisition gives out to all his Acquaintance, that nothing is intended but the Gentleman's own Welfare and Happiness. When this is urged, he talks still more humbly, and protests he aims only at a Life without Pain or Reproach; Pleasure, Honour or Riches, are things for which he has no taste. But notwithstanding all this and what else he may defend himself with, as that the Lady is too old or too young, of a suitable Humour, or the quite contrary, and that it is impossible they can ever do other than wrangle from *June* to *January*, Every Body tells him all this is Spleen, and he must have a Wife; while all the Members of the Inquisition are unanimous in a certain Woman for him, and they think they all together are better able to judge, than he or any other private Person whatsoever.

SIR, *Temple, March* 3, 1711.

'Your Speculation this Day on the Subject of Idleness, has 'employed me, ever since I read it, in sorrowful Reflections on 'my having loitered away the Term (or rather the Vacation) 'of ten Years in this Place, and unhappily suffered a good 'Chamber and Study to lie idle as long. My Books (except 'those I have taken to sleep upon) have been totally neglected, 'and my Lord *Coke* and other venerable Authors were never 'so slighted in their Lives. I spent most of the Day at a 'Neighbouring Coffee-House, where we have what I may call 'a lazy Club. We generally come in Night-Gowns, with our 'Stockings about our Heels, and sometimes but one on. Our 'Salutation at Entrance is a Yawn and a Stretch, and then 'without more Ceremony we take our Place at the Lolling

'Table; where our Discourse is, what I fear you would not 'read out, therefore shall not insert. But I assure you, Sir, I 'heartily lament this Loss of Time, and am now resolved (if 'possible, with double Diligence) to retrieve it, being effectually 'awakened by the Arguments of Mr. *Slack* out of the Senseless 'Stupidity that has so long possessed me. And to demonstrate 'that Penitence accompanies my Confession. and Constancy 'my Resolutions, I have locked my Door for a Year, and 'desire you would let my Companions know I am not within.

'I am with great Respect,

SIR, Your most obedient Servant,

T. N. B.

No. 321.[1] *Saturday, March* 8, 1712. [*Addison.*

Nec satis est pulchra esse poemata, dulcia sunto.—Hor.

THOSE, who know how many Volumes have been written on the Poems of *Homer* and *Virgil*, will easily pardon the Length of my Discourse upon *Milton*. The *Paradise Lost* is looked upon, by the best Judges, as the greatest Production, or at least the noblest Work of Genius in our Language, and therefore deserves to be set before an *English* Reader in its full Beauty. For this Reason, tho' I have endeavoured to give a general Idea of its Graces and Imperfections in my Six First Papers, I thought my self obliged to bestow one upon every Book in particular. The Three first Books I have already dispatched, and am now entering upon the Fourth. I need not acquaint my Reader that there are Multitudes of Beauties in this great Author, especially in the Descriptive Parts of his Poem, which I have not touched upon, it being my Intention to point out those only, which appear to me the most exquisite, or those which are not so obvious to ordinary Readers. Every one that has read the Criticks who have written upon the *Odyssey*, the *Iliad* and the *Æneid*, knows very well, that though they agree in their Opinions of the great Beauties in those Poems, they have nevertheless each of them discovered several Master-Strokes, which have escaped the Observation of the rest. In the same manner, I question not, but any Writer

[1] From this date to the end of the series the Saturday papers upon Milton exceed the usual length of a Spectator essay. That they may not occupy more than the single leaf of the original issue, they are printed in smaller type; the columns also, when necessary, encroach on the bottom margin of the paper, and there are few advertisements inserted.

who shall treat of this Subject after me, may find several Beauties in *Milton*, which I have not taken notice of. I must likewise observe, that as the greatest Masters of Critical Learning differ among one another, as to some particular Points in an Epic Poem, I have not bound my self scrupulously to the Rules which any one of them has laid down upon that Art, but have taken the Liberty sometimes to join with one, and sometimes with another, and sometimes to differ from all of them, when I have thought that the Reason of the thing was on my side.

We may consider the Beauties of the Fourth Book under three Heads. In the first are those Pictures of Still-Life, which we meet with in the Description of *Eden*, *Paradise*, *Adam's* Bower, *&c.* In the next are the Machines, which comprehend the Speeches and Behaviour of the good and bad Angels. In the last is the Conduct of *Adam* and *Eve*, who are the Principal Actors in the Poem.

In the Description of *Paradise*, the Poet has observed *Aristotle's* Rule of lavishing all the Ornaments of Diction on the weak unactive Parts of the Fable, which are not supported by the Beauty of Sentiments and Characters.[1] Accordingly the Reader may observe, that the Expressions are more florid and elaborate in these Descriptions, than in most other Parts of the Poem. I must further add, that tho' the *Drawings* of Gardens, Rivers, Rainbows, and the like dead Pieces of Nature, are justly censured in an Heroic Poem, when they run out into an unnecessary length; the Description of *Paradise* would have been faulty, had not the Poet been very particular in it, not only as it is the Scene of the Principal Action, but as it is requisite to give us an Idea of that Happiness from which our first Parents fell. The Plan of it is wonderfully Beautiful, and formed upon the short Sketch which we have of it in Holy Writ. *Milton's* Exuberance of Imagination has poured forth such a Redundancy of Ornaments on this Seat of Happiness and Innocence, that it would be endless to point out each Particular.

I must not quit this Head, without further observing, that there is scarce a Speech of *Adam* or *Eve* in the whole Poem, wherein the Sentiments and Allusions are not taken from this their delightful Habitation. The Reader, during their whole

[1] At the end of the third Book of the Poetics. 'The diction should be 'most laboured in the idle parts of the poem; those in which neither 'manners nor sentiments prevail; for the manners and the sentiments are 'only obscured by too splendid a diction.'

Course of Action, always finds himself in the Walks of *Paradise*. In short, as the Criticks have remarked, that in those Poems, wherein Shepherds are Actors, the Thoughts ought always to take a Tincture from the Woods, Fields and Rivers, so we may observe, that our first Parents seldom lose Sight of their happy Station in any thing they speak or do; and, if the Reader will give me leave to use the Expression, that their Thoughts are always *Paradisiacal*.

We are in the next place to consider the Machines of the Fourth Book. *Satan* being now within Prospect of *Eden*, and looking round upon the Glories of the Creation, is filled with Sentiments different from those which he discovered whilst he was in Hell. The Place inspires him with Thoughts more adapted to it: He reflects upon the happy Condition from which he fell, and breaks forth into a Speech that is softned with several transient Touches of Remorse and Self-accusation: But at length he confirms himself in Impenitence, and in his Design of drawing Man into his own State of Guilt and Misery. This Conflict of Passions is raised with a great deal of Art, as the opening of his Speech to the Sun is very bold and noble.

O thou that with surpassing Glory crown'd,
Look'st from thy sole Dominion like the God
Of this new World; at whose Sight all the Stars
Hide their diminish'd Heads; to thee I call,
But with no friendly Voice, and add thy name,
O Sun! to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my Remembrance from what State
I fell, how glorious once above thy Sphere.

This Speech is, I think, the finest that is ascribed to *Satan* in the whole Poem. The Evil Spirit afterwards proceeds to make his Discoveries concerning our first Parents, and to learn after what manner they may be best attacked. His bounding over the Walls of *Paradise;* his sitting in the Shape of a Cormorant upon the Tree of Life, which stood in the Center of it, and overtopped all the other Trees of the Garden, his alighting among the Herd of Animals, which are so beautifully represented as playing about *Adam* and *Eve*, together with his transforming himself into different Shapes, in order to hear their Conversation, are Circumstances that give an agreeable Surprize to the Reader, and are devised with great Art, to connect that Series of Adventures in which the Poet has engaged [this [1]] Artificer of Fraud.

The Thought of *Satan's* Transformation into a Cormorant, and placing himself on the Tree of Life, seems raised upon that

[1] [this great]

Passage in the *Iliad*, where two Deities are described, as perching on the Top of an Oak in the shape of Vulturs.

His planting himself at the Ear of *Eve* under the [form [1]] of a Toad, in order to produce vain Dreams and Imaginations, is a Circumstance of the same Nature; as his starting up in his own Form is wonderfully fine, both in the Literal Description, and in the Moral which is concealed under it. His Answer upon his being discovered, and demanded to give an Account of himself, [is [2]] conformable to the Pride and Intrepidity of his Character.

> *Know ye not then, said* Satan, *fill'd with Scorn,*
> *Know ye not Me? ye knew me once no mate*
> *For you, there sitting where you durst not soar;*
> *Not to know Me argues your selves unknown,*
> *The lowest of your throng;——*

Zephon's Rebuke, with the Influence it had on *Satan*, is exquisitely Graceful and Moral. *Satan* is afterwards led away to *Gabriel*, the chief of the Guardian Angels, who kept watch in *Paradise*. His disdainful Behaviour on this Occasion is so remarkable a Beauty, that the most ordinary Reader cannot but take Notice of it. *Gabriel's* discovering his Approach at a Distance, is drawn with great strength and liveliness of Imagination.

> *O Friends, I hear the tread of nimble Feet*
> *Hasting this Way, and now by glimps discern*
> Ithuriel *and* Zephon *through the shade;*
> *And with them comes a third of Regal Port,*
> *But faded splendor wan; who by his gait*
> *And fierce demeanor seems the Prince of Hell;*
> *Not likely to part hence without contest:*
> *Stand firm, for in his look defiance lours.*

The Conference between *Gabriel* and *Satan* abounds with Sentiments proper for the Occasion, and suitable to the Persons of the two Speakers. *Satan* cloathing himself with Terror when he prepares for the Combat is truly sublime, and at least equal to *Homer's* Description of Discord celebrated by *Longinus*, or to that of Fame in *Virgil*, who are both represented with their Feet standing upon the Earth, and their Heads reaching above the Clouds.

> *While thus he spake, th' Angelic Squadron bright*
> *Turn'd fiery red, sharpning in mooned Horns*
> *Their Phalanx, and began to hem him round*
> *With ported Spears,* &c.
> ———*On th' other side* Satan *alarm'd,*

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[1] [shape] [2] [are]

Collecting all his might dilated stood
Like Teneriff, *or* Atlas, *unremov'd.*
His Stature reach'd the Sky, and on his Crest
Sat horror plum'd ;———

I must here take [notice,[1]] that *Milton* is every where full of Hints and sometimes literal Translations, taken from the greatest of the *Greek* and *Latin* Poets. But this I may reserve for a Discourse by it self, because I would not break the Thread of these Speculations, that are designed for *English* Readers, with such Reflections as would be of no use but to the Learned.

I must however observe in this Place, that the breaking off the Combat between *Gabriel* and *Satan*, by the hanging out of the Golden Scales in Heaven, is a Refinement upon *Homer's* Thought, who tells us, that before the Battle between *Hector* and *Achilles*, *Jupiter* weighed the Event of it in a pair of Scales. The Reader may see the whole Passage in the 22nd *Iliad.*

Virgil, before the last decisive Combat, describes *Jupiter* in the same manner, as weighing the Fates of *Turnus* and *Æneas. Milton*, though he fetched this beautiful Circumstance from the *Iliad* and *Æneid*, does not only insert it as a Poetical Embellishment, like the Authors above-mentioned ; but makes an artful use of it for the proper carrying on of his Fable, and for the breaking off the Combat between the two Warriors, who were upon the point of engaging. [To this we may further add, that *Milton* is the more justified in this Passage, as we find the same noble Allegory in Holy Writ, where a wicked Prince, some few Hours before he was assaulted and slain, is said to have been *weighed in the Scales, and to have been found wanting.*]

I must here take Notice under the Head of the Machines, that *Uriel's* gliding down to the Earth upon a Sunbeam, with the Poet's Device to make him *descend*, as well in his return to the Sun, as in his coming from it, is a Prettiness that might have been admired in a little fanciful Poet, but seems below the Genius of *Milton.* The Description of the Host of armed Angels walking their nightly Round in *Paradise*, is of another Spirit.

So saying, on he led his radiant files,
Dazling the Moon ;——

as that Account of the Hymns which our first Parents used to hear them sing in these their Midnight Walks, is altogether Divine, and inexpressibly amusing to the Imagination.

We are, in the last place, to consider the Parts which *Adam*

[1] [notice by the way]

and *Eve* act in the Fourth Book. The Description of them as they first appeared to *Satan*, is exquisitely drawn, and sufficient to make the fallen Angel gaze upon them with all that Astonishment, and those Emotions of Envy, in which he is represented.

Two of far nobler Shape erect and tall,
God-like erect! with native honour clad
In naked Majesty, seem'd lords of all;
And worthy seem'd: for in their looks divine
The image of their glorious Maker shon,
Truth, Wisdom, Sanctitude severe and pure;
Severe, but in true filial freedom plac'd:
For contemplation he and valour form'd,
For softness she and sweet attractive grace;
He for God only, she for God in him.
His fair large front, and eye sublime, declar'd
Absolute rule; and Hyacinthin *Locks*
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clustring, but not beneath his Shoulders broad.
She, as a Veil, down to her slender waste
Her unadorned golden tresses wore
Dis-shevel'd, but in wanton ringlets wav'd.
So pass'd they naked on, nor shun'd the Sight
Of God or Angel, for they thought no ill:
So hand in hand they pass'd, the loveliest pair
That ever since in love's embraces met.

There is a fine Spirit of Poetry in the Lines which follow, wherein they are described as sitting on a Bed of Flowers by the side of a Fountain, amidst a mixed Assembly of Animals.

The Speeches of these two first Lovers flow equally from Passion and Sincerity. The Professions they make to one another are full of Warmth: but at the same time founded on Truth. In a Word, they are the Gallantries of *Paradise:*

——— When Adam *first of Men———*
Sole partner and sole part of all these joys,
Dearer thy self than all;———
But let us ever praise him, and extol
His bounty, following our delightful Task,
To prune these growing plants, and tend these flow'rs;
Which were it toilsome, yet with thee were sweet.
To whom thus Eve *reply'd. O thou for whom,*
And from whom I was form'd, flesh of thy flesh,
And without whom am to no end, my Guide
And Head, what thou hast said is just and right.
For we to him indeed all praises owe,
And daily thanks; I chiefly, who enjoy
So far the happier Lot, enjoying thee
Præeminent by so much odds, while thou
Like consort to thy self canst no where find, &c.

The remaining part of *Eve's* Speech, in which she gives an

Account of her self upon her first Creation, and the manner in which she was brought to *Adam*, is I think as beautiful a Passage as any in *Milton*, or perhaps in any other Poet whatsoever. These Passages are all worked off with so much Art, that they are capable of pleasing the most delicate Reader, without offending the most severe.

That Day I oft remember, when from Sleep, &c.

A Poet of less Judgment and Invention than this great Author, would have found it very difficult to have filled [these [1]] tender Parts of the Poem with Sentiments proper for a State of Innocence; to have described the Warmth of Love, and the Professions of it, without Artifice or Hyperbole: to have made the Man speak the most endearing things, without descending from his natural Dignity, and the Woman receiving them without departing from the Modesty of her Character; in a Word, to adjust the Prerogatives of Wisdom and Beauty, and make each appear to the other in its proper Force and Loveliness. This mutual Subordination of the two Sexes is wonderfully kept up in the whole Poem, as particularly in the Speech of *Eve* I have before mentioned, and upon the Conclusion of it in the following Lines.

So spake our general Mother, and with eyes
Of Conjugal attraction unreproved,
And meek surrender, half embracing lean'd
On our first father; half her swelling breast
Naked met his under the flowing Gold
Of her loose tresses hid: he in delight
Both of her beauty and submissive charms
Smil'd with superior Love.———

The Poet adds, that the Devil turned away with Envy at the sight of so much Happiness.

We have another View of our first Parents in their Evening Discourses, which is full of pleasing Images and Sentiments suitable to their Condition and Characters. The Speech of *Eve*, in particular, is dressed up in such a soft and natural Turn of Words and Sentiments, as cannot be sufficiently admired.

I shall close my Reflections upon this Book, with observing the Masterly Transition which the Poet makes to their Evening Worship in the following Lines.

Thus at their shady Lodge arriv'd, both stood,
Both turn'd, and under open Sky, ador'd
The God that made both [*Sky,*] *Air, Earth and Heaven,*

[1] [those]

Which they beheld, the Moon's resplendent Globe,
And Starry Pole: Thou also mad'st the Night,
Maker Omnipotent, and thou the Day, &c.

Most of the Modern Heroick Poets have imitated the Ancients, in beginning a Speech without premising, that the Person said thus or thus; but as it is easie to imitate the Ancients in the Omission of two or three Words, it requires Judgment to do it in such a manner as they shall not be missed, and that the Speech may begin naturally without them. There is a fine Instance of this Kind out of *Homer*, in the Twenty Third Chapter of *Longinus*. L.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THOMAS EARL OF *WHARTON*.[1]

My LORD,

THE Author of the *Spectator* having prefixed before each of his Volumes the Name of some great Person to whom he

[1] This is the Thomas, Earl of Wharton, who in 1708 became Lord-lieutenant of Ireland, and took Addison for his Chief Secretary. He was the son of Philip, Baron Wharton, a firm Presbyterian, sometimes called the good Lord Wharton, to distinguish him from his son and grandson. Philip Wharton had been an opponent of Stuart encroachments, a friend of Algernon Sidney, and one of the first men to welcome William III. to England. He died, very old, in 1694. His son Thomas did not inherit the religious temper of his father, and even a dedication could hardly have ventured to compliment him on his private morals. But he was an active politician, was with his father in the secret of the landing of the Prince of Orange, and was made by William Comptroller of the Household. Thwarted in his desire to become a Secretary of State, he made himself formidable as a bold, sarcastic speaker and by the strength of his parliamentary interest. He is said to have returned at one time thirty members, and to have spent eighty thousand pounds upon the maintenance of his political position. He was apt, by his manners, to make friends of the young men of influence. He spent money freely also on the turf, and upon his seat of Winchenden, in Wilts. Queen Anne, on her accession, struck his name with her own hand from the list of Privy Councillors, but he won his way not only to restoration of that rank, but also in December, 1706, at the age of 67, to his title of Viscount Winchendon and Earl of Wharton. In November, 1708, he became Lord-lieutenant of Ireland, with Addison for secretary. He took over with him also Clayton the musician, and kept a gay court, easily accessible, except to Roman Catholics, whom he would not admit to his presence, and against whom he enforced the utmost rigour of the penal

has particular Obligations, lays his Claim to your Lordship's Patronage upon the same Account. I must confess, my Lord, had not I already receiv'd great Instances of your Favour, I should have been afraid of submitting a Work of this Nature to your Perusal. You are so thoroughly acquainted with the Characters of Men, and all the Parts of human Life, that it is impossible for the least Misrepresentation of them to escape your Notice. It is Your Lordship's particular Distinction that you are Master of the whole Compass of Business, and have signalized Your Self in all the different Scenes of it. We admire some for the Dignity, others for the Popularity of their Behaviour; some for their Clearness of Judgment, others for their Happiness of Expression; some for the laying of Schemes, and others for the putting of them in Execution: It is Your Lordship only who enjoys these several Talents united, and that too in as great Perfection as others possess them singly. Your Enemies acknowledge this great Extent in your Lordship's Character, at the same time that they use their utmost Industry and Invention to derogate from it. But it is for Your Honour that those who are now Your Enemies were always so. You have acted in so much Consistency with Your Self, and promoted the Interests of your Country in so uniform a Manner, that even those who would misrepresent your Generous Designs for the Publick Good, cannot but approve the Steadiness and Intrepidity with which You pursue them. It is a most sensible Pleasure to me that I have this Opportunity of professing my self one of your great Admirers, and, in a very particular Manner,

My LORD,
Your Lordship's
Most Obliged,
And most Obedient,
Humble Servant,
THE SPECTATOR.

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code. He had himself conformed to the Church of England. Swift accused him, as Lord-lieutenant, of shameless depravity of manners, of injustice, greed, and gross venality. This Lord Wharton died in 1715, and was succeeded by his son Philip, whom George I., in 1718, made Duke of Wharton for his father's vigorous support of the Hanoverian succession. His character was much worse than that of his father, the energetic politician and the man of cultivated taste and ready wit to whom Steele and Addison here dedicated the Fifth Volume of the Spectator.

No. 322.] *Monday, March* 10, 1712. [*Steele.*

———*Ad humum mærore gravi deducit et angit.*—Hor.

IT is often said, after a Man has heard a Story with extraordinary Circumstances, It is a very good one if it be true: But as for the following Relation, I should be glad were I sure it were false. It is told with such Simplicity, and there are so many artless Touches of Distress in it, that I fear it comes too much from the Heart.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'Some Years ago it happened that I lived in the same House 'with a young Gentleman of Merit; with whose good Qualities 'I was so much taken, as to make it my Endeavour to shew as 'many as I was able in my self. Familiar Converse improved 'general Civilities into an unfeigned Passion on both Sides. 'He watched an Opportunity to declare himself to me; and I, 'who could not expect a Man of so great an Estate as his, 'received his Addresses in such Terms, as gave him no reason 'to believe I was displeased by them, tho' I did nothing to 'make him think me more easy than was decent. His Father 'was a very hard worldly Man, and proud; so that there was 'no reason to believe he would easily be brought to think there 'was any thing in any Woman's Person or Character that could 'ballance the Disadvantage of an unequal Fortune. In the 'mean time the Son continued his Application to me, and 'omitted no Occasion of demonstrating the most disinterested 'Passion imaginable to me; and in plain direct Terms offer'd 'to marry me privately, and keep it so till he should be so 'happy as to gain his Father's Approbation, or become possessed 'of his Estate. I passionately loved him, and you will believe 'I did not deny such a one what was my Interest also to grant. 'However I was not so young, as not to take the Precaution of 'carrying with me a faithful Servant, who had been also my 'Mother's Maid, to be present at the Ceremony. When that 'was over I demanded a Certificate, signed by the Minister, my 'Husband, and the Servant I just now spoke of. After our 'Nuptials, we conversed together very familiarly in the same 'House; but the Restraints we were generally under, and the 'Interviews we had, being stolen and interrupted, made our 'Behaviour to each other have rather the impatient Fondness 'which is visible in Lovers, than the regular and gratified 'Affection which is to be observed in Man and Wife. This

'Observation made the Father very anxious for his Son, and 'press him to a Match he had in his Eye for him. To relieve 'my Husband from this Importunity, and conceal the Secret of 'our Marriage, which I had reason to know would not be long 'in my power in Town, it was resolved that I should retire into 'a remote Place in the Country, and converse under feigned 'Names by Letter. We long continued this Way of Commerce; 'and I with my Needle, a few Books, and reading over and 'over my Husband's Letters, passed my Time in a resigned 'Expectation of better Days. Be pleased to take notice, that 'within four Months after I left my Husband I was delivered 'of a Daughter, who died within few Hours after her Birth. 'This Accident, and the retired Manner of Life I led, gave 'criminal Hopes to a neighbouring Brute of a Country Gentle-'man, whose Folly was the Source of all my Affliction. This 'Rustick is one of those rich Clowns, who supply the Want of 'all manner of Breeding by the Neglect of it, and with noisy 'Mirth, half Understanding, and ample Fortune, force them-'selves upon Persons and Things, without any Sense of Time 'and Place. The poor ignorant People where I lay conceal'd, 'and now passed for a Widow, wondered I could be so shy and 'strange, as they called it, to the Squire; and were bribed by 'him to admit him whenever he thought fit. I happened to be 'sitting in a little Parlour which belonged to my own Part of 'the House, and musing over one of the fondest of my Husband's 'Letters, in which I always kept the Certificate of my Marriage, 'when this rude Fellow came in, and with the nauseous 'Familiarity of such unbred Brutes, snatched the Papers out of 'my Hand. I was immediately under so great a Concern, that 'I threw my self at his Feet, and begged of him to return them. 'He with the same odious Pretence to Freedom and Gaiety, 'swore he would read them. I grew more importunate, he 'more curious, till at last, with an Indignation arising from a 'Passion I then first discovered in him, he threw the Papers 'into the Fire, swearing that since he was not to read them, 'the Man who writ them should never be so happy as to have 'me read them over again. It is insignificant to tell you my 'Tears and Reproaches made the boisterous Calf leave the 'Room ashamed and out of Countenance, when I had leisure 'to ruminate on this Accident with more than ordinary Sorrow: 'However, such was then my Confidence in my Husband, that 'I writ to him the Misfortune, and desired another Paper of 'the same kind. He deferred writing two or three Posts, and 'at last answered me in general, That he could not then send

'me what I asked for, but when he could find a proper Con-
'veyance, I should be sure to have it. From this time his
'Letters were more cold every Day than the other, and as he
'grew indifferent I grew jealous. This has at last brought me
'to Town, where I find both the Witnesses of my Marriage
'dead, and that my Husband, after three Months Cohabitation,
'has buried a young Lady whom he married in Obedience to
'his Father. In a word, he shuns and disowns me. Should I
'come to the House and confront him, the Father would join
'in supporting him against me, though he believed my Story;
'should I talk it to the World, what Reparation can I expect
'for an Injury I cannot make out? I believe he means to
'bring me, through Necessity, to resign my Pretentions to him
'for some Provision for my Life; but I will die first Pray bid
'him remember what he said, and how he was charmed when
'he laughed at the heedless Discovery I often made of my self;
'let him remember how awkward he was in my dissembled
'Indifference towards him before Company; ask him how I,
'who could never conceal my Love for him, at his own Request,
'can part with him for ever? Oh, Mr. SPECTATOR, sensible
'Spirits know no Indifference in Marriage; what then do you
'think is my piercing Affliction?———I leave you to represent
'my Distress your own way, in which I desire you to be speedy,
'if you have Compassion for Innocence exposed to Infamy.

T. *Octavia.*

No. 323.] *Tuesday, March* 11, 1712. [*Addison.*

———*Modo Vir, modo Fœmina*[1]——— Virg.

THE Journal with which I presented my Reader on *Tuesday* last, has brought me in several Letters, with Accounts of many private Lives cast into that Form. I have the *Rake's Journal*, the *Sot's Journal*, the *Whoremaster's Journal*, and among several others a very curious Piece, entituled, *The Journal of a Mohock.* By these Instances I find that the Intention of my last *Tuesday's* Paper has been mistaken by many of my Readers. I did not design so much to expose Vice as Idleness, and aimed at those Persons who pass away their Time rather in Trifle and Impertinence, than in Crimes

[1] A quotation from memory of Virgil's 'Et juvenis quondam nunc fœmina.' Æn. vi. 448.

and Immoralities. Offences of this latter kind are not to be dallied with, or treated in so ludicrous a manner. In short, my Journal only holds up Folly to the Light, and shews the Disagreeableness of such Actions as are indifferent in themselves, and blameable only as they proceed from Creatures endow'd with Reason.

My following Correspondent, who calls her self *Clarinda*, is such a Journalist as I require: She seems by her Letter to be placed in a modish State of Indifference between Vice and Virtue, and to be susceptible of either, were there proper Pains taken with her. Had her Journal been filled with Gallantries, or such Occurrences as had shewn her wholly divested of her natural Innocence, notwithstanding it might have been more pleasing to the Generality of Readers, I should not have published it; but as it is only the Picture of a Life filled with a fashionable kind of Gaiety and Laziness, I shall set down five Days of it, as I have received it from the Hand of my fair Correspondent.

Dear Mr. SPECTATOR,

'You having set your Readers an Exercise in one of your 'last Week's Papers, I have perform'd mine according to your 'Orders, and herewith send it you enclosed. You must know, '*Mr.* SPECTATOR, that I am a Maiden Lady of a good Fortune, 'who have had several Matches offered me for these ten Years 'last past, and have at present warm Applications made to me 'by a very pretty Fellow. As I am at my own Disposal, I 'come up to Town every Winter, and pass my Time in it after 'the manner you will find in the following Journal, which I 'begun to write upon the very Day after your *Spectator* upon 'that Subject.

TUESDAY *Night.* Could not go to sleep till one in the Morning for thinking of my Journal.

WEDNESDAY. *From Eight 'till Ten*, Drank two Dishes of Chocolate in Bed, and fell asleep after 'em.

From Ten to Eleven. Eat a Slice of Bread and Butter, drank a Dish of Bohea, read the *Spectator.*

From Eleven to One. At my Toilet, try'd a new Head. Gave Orders for *Veny* to be combed and washed. *Mem.* I look best in Blue.

From One till Half an Hour after Two. Drove to the *Change.* Cheapned a Couple of Fans.

Till Four. At Dinner. *Mem.* Mr. *Froth* passed by in his new Liveries.

From Four to Six. Dressed, paid a Visit to old Lady *Blithe* and her Sister, having before heard they were gone out of Town that Day.

From Six to Eleven. At Basset. *Mem.* Never set again upon the Ace of Diamonds.

THURSDAY. *From Eleven at Night to Eight in the Morning.* Dream'd that I punted to Mr. *Froth.*

From Eight to Ten. Chocolate. Read two Acts in *Aurenzebe*[1] abed.

From Ten to Eleven. Tea-Table. Sent to borrow Lady *Faddle's Cupid* for *Veny.* Read the Play-Bills. Received a Letter from Mr. *Froth. Mem.* locked it up in my strong Box.

Rest of the Morning. Fontange, the Tire-woman, her Account of my Lady *Blithe's* Wash. Broke a Tooth in my little Tortoise-shell Comb. Sent *Frank* to know how my Lady *Hectick* rested after her Monky's leaping out at Window. Looked pale. *Fontange* tells me my Glass is not true. Dressed by Three.

From Three to Four. Dinner cold before I sat down.

From Four to Eleven. Saw Company. Mr. *Froth's* Opinion of *Milton.* His Account of the *Mohocks.* His Fancy for a Pin-cushion. Picture in the Lid of his Snuff-box. Old Lady *Faddle* promises me her Woman to cut my Hair. Lost five Guineas at Crimp.

Twelve a-Clock at Night. Went to Bed.

FRIDAY. *Eight in the Morning.* Abed. Read over all Mr. *Froth's* Letters. *Cupid* and *Veny.*

Ten a-Clock. Stay'd within all day, not at home.

From Ten to Twelve. In Conference with my Mantua-Maker. Sorted a Suit of Ribbands. Broke my Blue China Cup.

From Twelve to One. Shut my self up in my Chamber, practised Lady *Betty Modely's* Skuttle.

One in the Afternoon Called for my flowered Handkerchief. Worked half a Violet-Leaf in it. Eyes aked and Head out of Order. Threw by my Work, and read over the remaining Part of *Aurenzebe.*

From Three to Four. Dined.

From Four to Twelve. Changed my Mind, dressed, went abroad, and play'd at Crimp till Midnight. Found Mrs. *Spitely* at home. Conversation: Mrs. *Brilliant's* Necklace false Stones. Old Lady *Loveday* going to be married to a young Fellow that is not worth a Groat. Miss *Prue* gone into

[1] Dryden's.

the Country. *Tom Townley* has red Hair. *Mem.* Mrs. *Spitely* whispered in my Ear that she had something to tell me about Mr. *Froth*, I am sure it is not true.

Between Twelve and One. Dreamed that Mr. *Froth* lay at my Feet, and called me *Indamora*.[1]

SATURDAY. Rose at Eight a-Clock in the Morning. Sate down to my Toilet.

From Eight to Nine. Shifted a Patch for Half an Hour before I could determine it. Fixed it above my left Eye-brow.

From Nine to Twelve. Drank my Tea, and dressed.

From Twelve to Two. At Chappel. A great deal of good Company. *Mem.* The third Air in the new Opera. Lady *Blithe* dressed frightfully.

From Three to Four. Dined. Miss *Kitty* called upon me to go to the Opera before I was risen from Table.

From Dinner to Six. Drank Tea. Turned off a Footman for being rude to *Veny*.

Six a-Clock. Went to the Opera. I did not see Mr. *Froth* till the beginning of the second Act. Mr. *Froth* talked to a Gentleman in a black Wig. Bowed to a Lady in the front Box. Mr. *Froth* and his Friend clapp'd *Nicolini* in the third Act. Mr. *Froth* cried out *Ancora*. Mr. *Froth* led me to my Chair. I think he squeezed my Hand.

Eleven at Night. Went to Bed. Melancholy Dreams. Methought *Nicolini* said he was Mr. *Froth*.

SUNDAY. Indisposed.

MONDAY. *Eight a-Clock.* Waked by Miss *Kitty*. *Aurenzebe* lay upon the Chair by me. *Kitty* repeated without Book the Eight best Lines in the Play. Went in our Mobbs to the dumb Man,[2] according to Appointment. Told me that my Lover's Name began with a *G*. *Mem.* The Conjurer was within a Letter of Mr. *Froth's* Name, *&c.*

'Upon looking back into this my Journal, I find that I am 'at a loss to know whether I pass my Time well or ill; and 'indeed never thought of considering how I did it before I 'perused your Speculation upon that Subject. I scarce find 'a single Action in these five Days that I can thoroughly

[1] The heroine of *Aurengzebe*.

[2] Duncan Campbell, said to be deaf and dumb, and to tell fortunes by second sight. In 1732 there appeared 'Secret Memoirs of the late Mr. D. 'Campbell. . . . written by himself. . . with an Appendix by way of 'vindicating Mr. C. against the groundless aspersion cast upon him, that he 'but pretended to be deaf and dumb.'

'approve of, except the working upon the Violet-Leaf, which 'I am resolved to finish the first Day I am at leisure. As for 'Mr. *Froth* and *Veny*, I did not think they took up so much 'of my Time and Thoughts, as I find they do upon my Journal. 'The latter of them I will turn off, if you insist upon it; and 'if Mr. *Froth* does not bring Matters to a Conclusion very 'suddenly, I will not let my Life run away in a Dream.

Your humble Servant,
Clarinda.

To resume one of the Morals of my first Paper, and to confirm *Clarinda* in her good Inclinations, I would have her consider what a pretty Figure she would make among Posterity, were the History of her whole Life published like these five Days of it. I shall conclude my Paper with an Epitaph written by an uncertain Author[1] on Sir *Philip Sidney's* Sister, a Lady who seems to have been of a Temper very much different from that of *Clarinda*. The last Thought of it is so very noble, that I dare say my Reader will pardon me the Quotation.

On the Countess Dowager of *Pembroke.*

Underneath this Marble Hearse
Lies the Subject of all Verse,
Sidney's *Sister,* Pembroke's *Mother:*
Death, ere thou hast kill'd another,
Fair, and learn'd, and good as she,
Time shall throw a Dart at thee.

No. 324.] *Wednesday, March* 12, 1712. [*Steele.*

[*O curvæ in terris animæ, et cœlestium inanes.*—Pers.[2]]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THE Materials you have collected together towards a 'general History of Clubs, make so bright a Part of your 'Speculations, that I think it is but a Justice we all owe the 'learned World to furnish you with such Assistances as may 'promote that useful Work. For this Reason I could not 'forbear communicating to you some imperfect Informations 'of a Set of Men (if you will allow them a place in that Species 'of Being) who have lately erected themselves into a Nocturnal 'Fraternity, under the Title of the *Mohock Club*, a Name 'borrowed it seems from a sort of *Cannibals* in *India*, who

[1] Ben Jonson. [2] [*Sævis inter se convenit Ursis.*—Juv.]

'subsist by plundering and devouring all the Nations about 'them. The President is styled *Emperor of the Mohocks;* and 'his Arms are a *Turkish* Crescent, which his Imperial Majesty 'bears at present in a very extraordinary manner engraven 'upon his Forehead. Agreeable to their Name, the avowed 'design of their Institution is Mischief; and upon this Found-'ation all their Rules and Orders are framed. An outrageous 'Ambition of doing all possible hurt to their Fellow-Creatures, 'is the great Cement of their Assembly, and the only Qualifi-'cation required in the Members. In order to exert this 'Principle in its full Strength and Perfection, they take care 'to drink themselves to a pitch, that is, beyond the Possibility 'of attending to any Motions of Reason and Humanity; then 'make a general Sally, and attack all that are so unfortunate 'as to walk the Streets through which they patrole. Some are 'knock'd down, others stabb'd, others cut and carbonado'd. 'To put the Watch to a total Rout, and mortify some of those 'inoffensive Militia, is reckon'd a *Coup d'éclat.* The particular 'Talents by which these *Misanthropes* are distinguished from 'one another, consist in the various kinds of Barbarities which 'they execute upon their Prisoners. Some are celebrated for 'a happy Dexterity in tipping the Lion upon them; which is 'performed by squeezing the Nose flat to the Face, and boring 'out the Eyes with their Fingers: Others are called the 'Dancing-Masters, and teach their Scholars to cut Capers by 'running Swords thro' their Legs; a new Invention, whether 'originally *French* I cannot tell: A third sort are the Tumblers, 'whose office it is to set Women on their Heads, and commit 'certain Indecencies, or rather Barbarities, on the Limbs which 'they expose. But these I forbear to mention, because they 'can't but be very shocking to the Reader as well as the 'SPECTATOR. In this manner they carry on a War against 'Mankind; and by the standing Maxims of their Policy, are 'to enter into no Alliances but one, and that is Offensive and 'Defensive with all Bawdy-Houses in general, of which they 'have declared themselves Protectors and Guarantees.[1]

'I must own, Sir, these are only broken incoherent Memoirs 'of this wonderful Society, but they are the best I have been

[1] Gay tells also in his *Trivia* that the Mohocks rolled women in hogs-heads down Snow hill. Swift wrote of the Mohocks, at this time, in his Journal to Stella, 'Grub-street papers about them fly like lightning, and a 'list printed of near eighty put into several prisons, and all a lie, and I 'begin to think there is no truth, or very little, in the whole story.' On the 18th of March an attempt was made to put the Mohocks down by Royal Proclamation.

'yet able to procure; for being but of late Establishment, it 'is not ripe for a just History; And to be serious, the chief 'Design of this Trouble is to hinder it from ever being so. 'You have been pleas'd, out of a concern for the good of your 'Countrymen, to act under the Character of SPECTATOR, not 'only the Part of a Looker-on, but an Overseer of their Actions; 'and whenever such Enormities as this infest the Town, we 'immediately fly to you for Redress. I have reason to believe, 'that some thoughtless Youngsters, out of a false Notion of 'Bravery, and an immoderate Fondness to be distinguished 'for Fellows of Fire, are insensibly hurry'd into this senseless 'scandalous Project: Such will probably stand corrected by 'your Reproofs, especially if you inform them, that it is not 'Courage for half a score Fellows, mad with Wine and Lust, 'to set upon two or three soberer than themselves; and that 'the Manners of *Indian* Savages are no becoming Accomplish-'ments to an *English* fine Gentleman. Such of them as have 'been Bullies and Scowrers of a long standing, and are grown 'Veterans in this kind of Service, are, I fear, too hardned to 'receive any Impressions from your Admonitions. But I beg 'you would recommend to their Perusal your ninth Speculation: 'They may there be taught to take warning from the Club of 'Duellists; and be put in mind, that the common Fate of 'those Men of Honour was to be hang'd.

I am, SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

March the 10th, 1711-12. Philanthropos.

The following Letter is of a quite contrary nature; but I add it here, that the Reader may observe at the same View, how amiable Ignorance may be when it is shewn in its Simplicities, and how detestable in Barbarities. It is written by an honest Countryman to his Mistress, and came to the Hands of a Lady of good Sense wrapped about a Thread-Paper, who has long kept it by her as an Image of artless Love.

To her I very much respect, Mrs. Margaret Clark.

'Lovely, and oh that I could write loving Mrs. *Margaret* '*Clark*, I pray you let Affection excuse Presumption. Having 'been so happy as to enjoy the Sight of your sweet Countenance 'and comely Body, sometimes when I had occasion to buy 'Treacle or Liquorish Powder at the Apothecary's Shop, I am 'so enamoured with you, that I can no more keep close my 'flaming Desire to become your Servant. And I am the more 'bold now to write to your sweet self, because I am now my

'own Man, and may match where I please; for my Father is 'taken away, and now I am come to my Living, which is Ten 'Yard Land, and a House; and there is never a Yard of Land 'in our Field but it is as well worth ten Pound a Year, as a 'Thief is worth a Halter; and all my Brothers and Sisters are 'provided for: Besides I have good Houshold-stuff, though 'I say it, both Brass and Pewter, Linnens and Woollens; and 'though my House be thatched, yet, if you and I match, it 'shall go hard but I will have one half of it slated. If you 'think well of this Motion, I will wait upon you as soon as 'my new Cloaths is made and Hay Harvest is in. I could, 'though I say it, have good —— The rest is torn off;[1] and Posterity must be contented to know, that Mrs. *Margaret Clark* was very pretty, but are left in the dark as to the Name of her Lover. T.

No. 325.] *Thursday, March* 13, 1712. [*Budgell.*

———Quid frustra Simulacra fugacia captas?
Quod petis, est nusquam: quod amas avertere, perdes.
Ista repercussæ quam cernis imaginis umbra est,
Nil habet ista sui; tecum venitque, manetque,
Tecum discedet si tu discedere possis.—Ovid.

WILL. HONEYCOMB diverted us last Night with an Account of a young Fellow's first discovering his Passion to his Mistress. The young Lady was one, it seems, who had long before conceived a favourable Opinion of him, and was still in hopes that he would some time or other make his Advances. As he was one day talking with her in Company of her two Sisters, the Conversation happening to turn upon Love, each of the young Ladies was by way of Raillery, recommending a Wife to him; when, to the no small Surprize of her who languished for him in secret, he told them with a more than ordinary Seriousness, that his Heart had been long engaged to one whose Name he thought himself obliged in Honour to conceal; but that he could shew her Picture in the Lid of his Snuff-box. The young Lady, who found herself the most sensibly touched by this Confession, took the first Opportunity that offered of snatching his Box out of his Hand.

[1] This letter is said to have been really sent to one who married Mr. Cole, a Northampton attorney, by a neighbouring freeholder named Gabriel Bullock, and shown to Steele by his friend the antiquary, Browne Willis. See also No. 328, p. 437.

He seemed desirous of recovering it, but finding her resolved to look into the Lid, begged her, that if she should happen to know the Person, she would not reveal her Name. Upon carrying it to the Window, she was very agreeably surprized to find there was nothing within the Lid but a little Looking-Glass, in which, after she had view'd her own Face with more Pleasure than she had ever done before, she returned the Box with a Smile, telling him, she could not but admire at his Choice.

WILL. fancying that his Story took, immediately fell into a Dissertation on the Usefulness of Looking-Glasses; and applying himself to me, asked, if there were any Looking Glasses in the Times of the *Greeks* and *Romans;* for that he had often observed in the Translations of Poems out of those Languages, that People generally talked of seeing themselves in Wells, Fountains, Lakes, and Rivers: Nay, says he, I remember Mr. *Dryden* in his *Ovid* tells us of a swingeing Fellow, called *Polypheme*, that made use of the Sea for his Looking-Glass, and could never dress himself to Advantage but in a Calm.

My Friend WILL. to shew us the whole Compass of his Learning upon this Subject, further informed us, that there were still several Nations in the World so very barbarous as not to have any Looking Glasses among them; and that he had lately read a Voyage to the *South-Sea*, in which it is said, that the Ladies of *Chili* always dress their Heads over a Bason of Water.

I am the more particular in my Account of WILL.'s last Night's Lecture on these natural Mirrors, as it seems to bear some Relation to the following Letter, which I received the Day before.

SIR,

'I have read your last *Saturday's* Observations on the Fourth 'Book of *Milton* with great Satisfaction, and am particularly 'pleased with the hidden Moral, which you have taken notice 'of in several Parts of the Poem. The Design of this Letter is 'to desire your Thoughts, whether there may not also be some 'Moral couched under that Place in the same Book where the 'Poet lets us know, that the first Woman immediately after her 'Creation ran to a Looking-Glass, and became so enamoured 'of her own Face, that she had never removed to view any of 'the other Works of Nature, had not she been led off to a Man. 'If you think fit to set down the whole Passage from *Milton*, 'your Readers will be able to judge for themselves, and the

'Quotation will not a little contribute to the filling up of your 'Paper.

Your humble Servant,
R. T.

The last Consideration urged by my Querist is so strong, that I cannot forbear closing with it. The Passage he alludes to, is part of *Eve's* Speech to *Adam*, and one of the most beautiful Passages in the whole Poem.

That Day I oft remember, when from sleep
I first awak'd, and found my self repos'd
Under a shade of flow'rs, much wond'ring where
And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
Not distant far from thence a murmuring Sound
Of Waters issu'd from a Cave, and spread
Into a liquid Plain, then stood unmov'd
Pure as th' Expanse of Heav'n: I thither went
With unexperienc'd Thought, and laid me down
On the green Bank, to look into the clear
Smooth Lake, that to me seem'd another Sky.
As I bent down to look, just opposite,
A Shape within the watry Gleam appear'd
Bending to look on me; I started back,
It started back; but pleas'd I soon return'd,
Pleas'd it return'd as soon with answering Looks
Of Sympathy and Love; there I had fix'd
Mine Eyes till now, and pined with vain Desire,
Had not a Voice thus warn'd me, What thou seest,
What there thou seest, fair Creature, is thy self,
With thee it came and goes: but follow me,
And I will bring thee where no Shadow stays
Thy coming, and thy soft Embraces, he
Whose Image thou art, him thou shalt enjoy
Inseparably thine, to him shalt bear
Multitudes like thy self, and thence be call'd
Mother of Human Race. What could I do,
But follow streight, invisibly thus led?
Till I espy'd thee, fair indeed and tall,
Under a Platan, yet methought less fair,
Less winning soft, less amiably mild,
Than that smooth watry Image: back I turn'd,
Thou following cry'dst aloud, Return fair Eve,
Whom fly'st thou? whom thou fly'st, of him thou art,
His Flesh, his Bone; to give thee Being, I lent
Out of my Side to thee, nearest my Heart,
Substantial Life, to have thee by my side
Henceforth an individual Solace dear.
Part of my Soul I seek thee, and thee claim
My other half!——With that thy gentle hand
Seiz'd mine, I yielded, and from that time see
How Beauty is excell'd by manly Grace,
And Wisdom, which alone is truly fair.
So spake our general Mother,———

X.

No. 326.] *Friday, March* 14, 1712. [*Steele.*

Inclusam Danaen turris ahenea
Robustæque fores, et vigilum canum
Tristes excubiæ, munierant satis
Nocturnis ab adulteris;
Si non———— Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOUR Correspondent's Letter relating to Fortune-Hunters, and your subsequent Discourse upon it, have given me 'Encouragement to send you a State of my Case, by which you 'will see, that the Matter complained of is a common Grievance 'both to City and Country.

'I am a Country Gentleman of between five and six thousand 'a Year. It is my Misfortune to have a very fine Park and an 'only Daughter; upon which account I have been so plagu'd 'with Deer-Stealers and Fops, that for these four Years past I 'have scarce enjoy'd a Moment's Rest. I look upon my self 'to be in a State of War, and am forc'd to keep as constant 'watch in my Seat, as a Governour would do that commanded 'a Town on the Frontier of an Enemy's Country. I have 'indeed pretty well secur'd my Park, having for this purpose 'provided my self of four Keepers, who are Left-handed, and 'handle a Quarter-Staff beyond any other Fellow in the 'Country. And for the Guard of my House, besides a Band 'of Pensioner-Matrons and an old Maiden Relation, whom I 'keep on constant Duty, I have Blunderbusses always charged, 'and Fox-Gins planted in private Places about my Garden, of 'which I have given frequent Notice in the Neighbourhood; 'yet so it is, that in spite of all my Care, I shall every now and 'then have a saucy Rascal ride by *reconnoitring* (as I think you 'call it) under my Windows, as sprucely drest as if he were going 'to a Ball. I am aware of this way of attacking a Mistress 'on Horseback, having heard that it is a common Practice in '*Spain;* and have therefore taken care to remove my Daughter 'from the Road-side of the House, and to lodge her next the 'Garden. But to cut short my Story; what can a Man do 'after all? I durst not stand for Member of Parliament last 'Election, for fear of some ill Consequence from my being off 'of my Post. What I would therefore desire of you, is, to 'promote a Project I have set on foot; and upon which I have 'writ to some of my Friends; and that is, that care may be 'taken to secure our Daughters by Law, as well as our Deer;

'and that some honest Gentleman of a publick Spirit, would 'move for Leave to bring in a Bill *For the better preserving of* '*the Female Game.* *I am,*

SIR,

Your humble Servant.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

Mile-End-Green, March 6, 1711-12.

'Here is a young Man walks by our Door every Day about 'the Dusk of the Evening. He looks up at my Window, as if 'to see me; and if I steal towards it to peep at him, he turns 'another way, and looks frightened at finding what he was 'looking for. The Air is very cold; and pray let him know 'that if he knocks at the Door, he will be carry'd to the 'Parlour Fire; and I will come down soon after, and give him 'an Opportunity to break his Mind.

I am, SIR,

Your humble Servant.

Mary Comfitt.

'If I observe he cannot speak, I'll give him time to recover 'himself, and ask him how he does.

Dear SIR,

'I beg you to print this without Delay, and by the first 'Opportunity give us the natural Causes of Longing in Women; 'or put me out of Fear that my Wife will one time or other be 'deliver'd of something as monstrous as any thing that has yet 'appeared to the World; for they say the Child is to bear a 'Resemblance of what was desir'd by the Mother. I have 'been marry'd upwards of six Years, have had four Children, 'and my Wife is now big with the fifth. The Expences she 'has put me to in procuring what she has longed for during 'her Pregnancy with them, would not only have handsomely 'defray'd the Charges of the Month, but of their Education 'too; her Fancy being so exorbitant for the first Year or two, 'as not to confine it self to the usual Objects of Eatables and 'Drinkables, but running out after Equipage and Furniture, 'and the like Extravagancies. To trouble you only with a few 'of them: When she was with Child of *Tom*, my eldest Son, 'she came home one day just fainting, and told me she had 'been visiting a Relation, whose Husband had made her a 'Present of a Chariot and a stately pair of Horses; and that 'she was positive she could not breathe a Week longer, 'unless she took the Air in the Fellow to it of her own within 'that time: This, rather than lose an Heir, I readily comply'd

'with. Then the Furniture of her best Room must be instantly 'changed, or she should mark the Child with some of the frightful 'Figures in the old-fashion'd Tapestry. Well, the Upholsterer 'was called, and her Longing sav'd that bout. When she went 'with *Molly*, she had fix'd her Mind upon a new Set of Plate, 'and as much China as would have furnished an *India* Shop: 'These also I chearfully granted, for fear of being Father to an '*Indian Pagod*. Hitherto I found her Demands rose upon 'every Concession; and had she gone on, I had been ruined: 'But by good Fortune, with her third, which was *Peggy*, the 'Height of her Imagination came down to the Corner of a 'Venison Pasty, and brought her once even upon her Knees to 'gnaw off the Ears of a Pig from the Spit. The Gratifications 'of her Palate were easily preferred to those of her Vanity; 'and sometimes a Partridge or a Quail, a Wheat-Ear or the 'Pestle of a Lark, were chearfully purchased; nay, I could be 'contented tho' I were to feed her with green Pease in *April*, 'or Cherries in *May*. But with the Babe she now goes, she 'is turned Girl again, and fallen to eating of Chalk, pretending 'twill make the Child's Skin white; and nothing will serve 'her but I must bear her Company, to prevent its having a 'Shade of my Brown: In this however I have ventur'd to 'deny her. No longer ago than yesterday, as we were coming 'to Town, she saw a parcel of Crows so heartily at Break-fast 'upon a piece of Horse-flesh, that she had an invincible Desire 'to partake with them, and (to my infinite Surprize) begged the 'Coachman to cut her off a Slice as if 'twere for himself, which 'the Fellow did; and as soon as she came home she fell to it 'with such an Appetite, that she seemed rather to devour than 'eat it. What her next Sally will be, I cannot guess: but in 'the mean time my Request to you is, that if there be any way 'to come at these wild unaccountable Rovings of Imagination 'by Reason and Argument, you'd speedily afford us your 'Assistance. This exceeds the Grievance of Pin-Money, and 'I think in every Settlement there ought to be a Clause 'inserted, that the Father should be answerable for the 'Longings of his Daughter. But I shall impatiently expect 'your Thoughts in this Matter and am *SIR*,

Your most Obliged, and
most Faithful Humble Servant,
T. B.

'Let me know whether you think the next Child will love 'Horses as much as *Molly* does China-Ware. T.

No. 327.] *Saturday, March* 15, 1712. [*Addison.*

———*Major rerum mihi nascitur ordo.*—Virg.

WE were told in the foregoing Book how the evil Spirit practised upon *Eve* as she lay asleep, in order to inspire her with Thoughts of Vanity, Pride, and Ambition. The Author, who shews a wonderful Art throughout his whole Poem, in preparing the Reader for the several Occurrences that arise in it, founds upon the above-mention'd Circumstance, the first Part of the fifth Book. *Adam* upon his awaking finds *Eve* still asleep, with an unusual Discomposure in her Looks. The Posture in which he regards her, is describ'd with a Tenderness not to be express'd, as the Whisper with which he awakens her, is the softest that ever was convey'd to a Lover's Ear.

His wonder was, to find unwaken'd Eve
With Tresses discompos'd, and glowing Cheek,
As through unquiet Rest: he on his side
Leaning half-rais'd, with Looks of cordial Love
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld
Beauty, which whether waking or asleep,
Shot forth peculiar Graces: then, with Voice
Mild, as when Zephyrus *on* Flora *breathes,*
Her Hand soft touching, whisper'd thus: Awake
My Fairest, my Espous'd, my latest found,
Heav'n's last best Gift, my ever new Delight!
Awake: the Morning shines, and the fresh Field
Calls us, we lose the Prime, to mark how spring
Our tended Plants, how blows the Citron Grove,
What drops the Myrrh, and what the balmy Reed,
How Nature paints her Colours, how the Bee
Sits on the Bloom, extracting liquid Sweets.
Such whispering wak'd her, but with startled Eye
On Adam, *whom embracing, thus she spake:*
O Sole, in whom my Thoughts find all Repose,
My Glory, my Perfection! glad I see
Thy Face, and Morn return'd———

I cannot but take notice that *Milton*, in the Conferences between *Adam* and *Eve*, had his Eye very frequently upon the Book of *Canticles*, in which there is a noble Spirit of Eastern Poetry; and very often not unlike what we meet with in *Homer*, who is generally placed near the Age of *Solomon*. I think there is no question but the Poet in the preceding Speech remember'd those two Passages which are spoken on the like occasion, and fill'd with the same pleasing Images of Nature.

My beloved spake, and said unto me, Rise up, my Love, my Fair one, and come away; for lo the Winter is past, the Rain is over and gone, the Flowers appear on the Earth, the Time of the singing of Birds is come, and the Voice of the Turtle is heard in our Land. The Fig-tree putteth forth her green Figs, and the Vines with the tender Grape give a good Smell. Arise my Love, my Fair-one and come away.

Come, my Beloved, let us go forth into the Field; let us get up early to the Vineyards, let us see if the Vine flourish, whether the tender Grape appear, and the Pomegranates bud forth.

His preferring the Garden of *Eden*, to that

> ——— *Where the* Sapient *King*
> *Held Dalliance with his fair* Egyptian *Spouse,*

shews that the Poet had this delightful Scene in his mind.

Eve's Dream is full of those *high Conceits engendring Pride*, which, we are told, the Devil endeavour'd to instill into her. Of this kind is that Part of it where she fancies herself awaken'd by *Adam* in the following beautiful Lines.

> *Why sleep'st thou* Eve? *now is the pleasant Time,*
> *The cool, the silent, save where Silence yields*
> *To the night-warbling Bird, that now awake*
> *Tunes sweetest his love-labour'd Song; now reigns*
> *Full orb'd the Moon, and with more* [*pleasing* [1]] *Light*
> *Shadowy sets off the Face of things: In vain,*
> *If none regard. Heav'n wakes with all his Eyes,*
> *Whom to behold but thee, Nature's Desire,*
> *In whose sight all things joy, with Ravishment,*
> *Attracted by thy Beauty still to gaze!*

An injudicious Poet would have made *Adam* talk thro' the whole Work in such Sentiments as these: But Flattery and Falshood are not the Courtship of *Milton's Adam*, and could not be heard by *Eve* in her State of Innocence, excepting only in a Dream produc'd on purpose to taint her Imagination. Other vain Sentiments of the same kind in this Relation of her Dream, will be obvious to every Reader. Tho' the Catastrophe of the Poem is finely presag'd on this Occasion, the Particulars of it are so artfully shadow'd, that they do not anticipate the Story which follows in the ninth Book. I shall only add, that tho' the Vision it self is founded upon Truth, the Circumstances of it are full of that Wildness and Inconsistency which are natural to a Dream. *Adam*, conformable to his superior Character for Wisdom, instructs and comforts *Eve* upon this occasion.

[1] [*pleasant*]

So chear'd he his fair Spouse, and she was chear'd,
But silently a gentle Tear let fall
From either Eye, and wiped them with her hair;
Two other precious Drops, that ready stood
Each in their chrystal Sluice, he ere they fell
Kiss'd, as the gracious Sign of sweet Remorse
And pious Awe, that fear'd to have offended.

The Morning Hymn is written in Imitation of one of those Psalms, where, in the overflowings of Gratitude and Praise, the Psalmist calls not only upon the Angels, but upon the most conspicuous Parts of the inanimate Creation, to join with him in extolling their common Maker. Invocations of this nature fill the Mind with glorious Ideas of God's Works, and awaken that Divine Enthusiasm, which is so natural to Devotion. But if this calling upon the dead Parts of Nature, is at all times a proper kind of Worship, it was in a particular manner suitable to our first Parents, who had the Creation fresh upon their Minds, and had not seen the various Dispensations of Providence, nor consequently could be acquainted with those many Topicks of Praise which might afford Matter to the Devotions of their Posterity. I need not remark the beautiful Spirit of Poetry, which runs through this whole Hymn, nor the Holiness of that Resolution with which it concludes.

Having already mentioned those Speeches which are assigned to the Persons in this Poem, I proceed to the Description which the Poet [gives [1]] of *Raphael*. His Departure from before the Throne, and the Flight thro' the Choirs of Angels, is finely imaged. As *Milton* every where fills his Poem with Circumstances that are marvellous and astonishing, he describes the Gate of Heaven as framed after such a manner, that it open'd of it self upon the Approach of the Angel who was to pass through it.

——'Till at the Gate
Of Heav'n arriv'd, the Gate self-open'd wide,
On golden Hinges turning, as by Work
Divine, the Sovereign Architect had framed.

The Poet here seems to have regarded two or three Passages in the 18th *Iliad*, as that in particular, where speaking of *Vulcan*, *Homer* says, that he had made twenty *Tripodes* running on Golden Wheels; which, upon occasion, might go of themselves to the Assembly of the Gods, and, when there was no more Use for them, return again after the same manner. *Scaliger* has rallied *Homer* very severely upon this Point, as M. *Dacier* has endeavoured to defend it. I will not pretend to

[1] [gives us]

determine, whether in this particular of *Homer* the Marvellous does not lose sight of the Probable. As the miraculous Workmanship of *Milton's* Gates is not so extraordinary as this of the *Tripodes*, so I am persuaded he would not have mentioned it, had not he been supported in it by a Passage in the Scripture, which speaks of Wheels in Heaven that had Life in them, and moved of themselves, or stood still, in conformity with the Cherubims, whom they accompanied.

There is no question but *Milton* had this Circumstance in his Thoughts, because in the following Book he describes the Chariot of the *Messiah* with *living* Wheels, according to the Plan in *Ezekiel's* Vision.

> ——*Forth rush'd with Whirlwind sound*
> *The Chariot of paternal Deity*
> *Flashing thick flames, Wheel within Wheel undrawn,*
> *Itself instinct with Spirit*———

I question not but *Bossu*, and the two *Daciers*, who are for vindicating every thing that is censured in *Homer*, by something parallel in Holy Writ, would have been very well pleased had they thought of confronting *Vulcan's Tripodes* with *Ezekiel's* Wheels.

Raphael's Descent to the Earth, with the Figure of his Person, is represented in very lively Colours. Several of the *French*, *Italian* and *English* Poets have given a Loose to their Imaginations in the Description of Angels: But I do not remember to have met with any so finely drawn, and so conformable to the Notions which are given of them in Scripture, as this in *Milton*. After having set him forth in all his Heavenly Plumage, and represented him as alighting upon the Earth, the Poet concludes his Description with a Circumstance, which is altogether new, and imagined with the greatest Strength of Fancy.

> ———*Like* Maia's *Son he stood,*
> *And shook his Plumes, that Heav'nly Fragrance fill'd*
> *The Circuit wide.*———

Raphael's Reception by the Guardian Angels; his passing through the Wilderness of Sweets; his distant Appearance to *Adam*, have all the Graces that Poetry is capable of bestowing. The Author afterwards gives us a particular Description of *Eve* in her Domestick Employments

> *So saying, with dispatchful Looks in haste*
> *She turns, on hospitable Thoughts intent,*
> *What Choice to chuse for Delicacy best,*
> *What order, so contriv'd, as not to mix*

Tastes, not well join'd, inelegant, but bring
Taste after Taste, upheld with kindliest Change;
Bestirs her then, &c.———

Though in this, and other Parts of the same Book, the Subject is only the Housewifry of our first Parent, it is set off with so many pleasing Images and strong Expressions, as make it none of the least agreeable Parts in this Divine Work.

The natural Majesty of *Adam*, and at the same time his submissive Behaviour to the Superior Being, who had vouchsafed to be his Guest; the solemn Hail which the Angel bestows upon the Mother of Mankind, with the Figure of *Eve* ministring at the Table, are Circumstances which deserve to be admired.

Raphael's Behaviour is every way suitable to the Dignity of his Nature, and to that Character of a sociable Spirit, with which the Author has so judiciously introduced him. He had received Instructions to converse with *Adam*, as one Friend converses with another, and to warn him of the Enemy, who was contriving his Destruction: Accordingly he is represented as sitting down at Table with *Adam*, and eating of the Fruits of *Paradise*. The Occasion naturally leads him to his Discourse on the Food of Angels. After having thus entered into Conversation with Man upon more indifferent Subjects, he warns him of his Obedience, and makes natural Transition to the History of that fallen Angel, who was employ'd in the Circumvention of our first Parents.

Had I followed Monsieur *Bossu's* Method in my first Paper of *Milton*, I should have dated the Action of *Paradise Lost* from the Beginning of *Raphael's* Speech in this Book, as he supposes the Action of the *Æneid* to begin in the second Book of that Poem. I could allege many Reasons for my drawing the Action of the *Æneid* rather from its immediate Beginning in the first Book, than from its remote Beginning in the second; and shew why I have considered the sacking of *Troy* as an *Episode*, according to the common Acceptation of that Word. But as this would be a dry unentertaining Piece of Criticism, and perhaps unnecessary to those who have read my first Paper, I shall not enlarge upon it. Whichever of the Notions be true, the Unity of *Milton's* Action is preserved according to either of them; whether we consider the Fall of Man in its immediate Beginning, as proceeding from the Resolutions taken in the infernal Council, or in its more remote Beginning, as proceeding from the first Revolt of the Angels in Heaven. The Occasion which *Milton* assigns for this Revolt, as it is founded on Hints in

Holy Writ, and on the Opinion of some great Writers, so it was the most proper that the Poet could have made use of.

The Revolt in Heaven is described with great Force of Imagination and a fine Variety of Circumstances. The learned Reader cannot but be pleased with the Poet's Imitation of *Homer* in the last of the following Lines.

At length into the Limits of the North
They came, and Satan took his Royal Seat
High on a Hill, far blazing, as a Mount
Rais'd on a Mount, with Pyramids and Tow'rs
From Diamond Quarries hewn, and Rocks of Gold,
The Palace of great Lucifer, (*so call*
That Structure in the Dialect of Men
Interpreted)————

Homer mentions Persons and Things, which he tells us in the Language of the Gods are call'd by different Names from those they go by in the Language of Men. *Milton* has imitated him with his usual Judgment in this particular Place, wherein he has likewise the Authority of Scripture to justifie him. The Part of *Abdiel*, who was the only Spirit that in this infinite Host of Angels preserved his Allegiance to his Maker, exhibits to us a noble Moral of religious Singularity. The Zeal of the Seraphim breaks forth in a becoming Warmth of Sentiments and Expressions, as the Character which is given us of him denotes that generous Scorn and Intrepidity which attends Heroic Virtue. The Author doubtless designed it as a Pattern to those who live among Mankind in their present State of Degeneracy and Corruption.

So spake the Seraph Abdiel, *faithful found*
Among the faithless, faithful only he;
Among innumerable false, unmov'd,
Unshaken, unseduc'd, unterrify'd;
His Loyalty he kept, his Love, his Zeal:
Nor Number, nor Example with him wrought
To swerve from Truth, or change his constant Mind,
Though single. From amidst them forth he pass'd,
Long way through [*hostile*] *Scorn, which he sustain'd*
Superior, nor of Violence fear'd ought;
And, with retorted Scorn, his Back he turn'd
On those proud Tow'rs to swift Destruction doom'd. L.

No. 328.[1] *Monday, March* 17, 1712. [*Steele.*

Delectata illa urbanitate tam stulta.—Petron. Arb.

THAT useful Part of Learning which consists in Emendations, Knowledge of different Readings, and the like, is what in all Ages Persons extremely wise and learned have had in great Veneration. For this reason I cannot but rejoyce at the following Epistle, which lets us into the true Author of the Letter to Mrs. Margaret Clark, part of which I did myself the Honour to publish in a former Paper. I must confess I do not naturally affect critical Learning; but finding my self not so much regarded as I am apt to flatter my self I may deserve from some professed Patrons of Learning, I could not but do my self the Justice to shew I am not a Stranger to such Erudition as they smile upon, if I were duly encouraged. However this only to let the World see what I could do; and shall not give my Reader any more of this kind, if he will forgive the Ostentation I shew at present.

SIR, *March* 13, 1712.

'Upon reading your Paper of yesterday,[2] I took the Pains to 'look out a Copy I had formerly taken, and remembered to be 'very like your last Letter: Comparing them, I found they 'were the very same, and have, underwritten, sent you that Part 'of it which you say was torn off. I hope you will insert it, 'that Posterity may know 'twas Gabriel Bullock that made Love 'in that natural Stile of which you seem to be fond. But, to let 'you see I have other Manuscripts in the same Way, I have sent 'you Enclosed three Copies, faithfully taken by my own Hand 'from the Originals, which were writ by a Yorkshire gentleman 'of a good estate to Madam Mary, and an Uncle of hers, a 'Knight very well known by the most ancient Gentry in that 'and several other Counties of Great Britain. I have exactly 'followed the Form and Spelling. I have been credibly 'informed that Mr. William Bullock, the famous Comedian, is 'the descendant of this Gabriel, who begot Mr. William 'Bullock's great grandfather on the Body of the above-men-'tioned Mrs. Margaret Clark. But neither Speed, nor Baker,

[1] This paper is No. 328 in the original issue, but Steele omitted it from the reprint and gave in its place the paper by Addison which here stands next to it marked with the same number, 328. The paper of Addison's had formed no part of the original issue. Of the original No. 328 Steele inserted a censure at the end of No. 330.

[2] See No. 324.

'nor Selden, taking notice of it, I will not pretend to be posi-
'tive; but desire that the letter may be reprinted, and what is
'here recovered may be in *Italic*.

I am, SIR,
Your daily Reader.

To her I very much respect, Mrs. Margaret Clark.

'Lovely, and oh that I could write loving Mrs. Margaret
'Clark, I pray you let Affection excuse Presumption. Having
'been so happy as to enjoy the Sight of your sweet Countenance
'and comely Body, sometimes when I had occasion to buy
'Treacle or Liquorish Power at the apothecary's shop, I am
'so enamoured with you, that I can no more keep close my
'flaming Desire to become your Servant. And I am the more
'bold now to write to your sweet self, because I am now my
'own Man, and may match where I please; for my Father is
'taken away; and now I am come to my Living, which is ten
'yard Land, and a House; and there is never a Yard Land[1] in
'our Field but is as well worth ten Pound a Year, as a Thief's
'worth a Halter; and all my Brothers and Sisters are provided
'for: besides I have good Household Stuff, though I say it,
'both Brass and Pewter, Linnens and Woollens; and though
'my House be thatched, yet if you and I match, it shall go
'hard but I will have one half of it slated. If you shall think
'well of this Motion, I will wait upon you as soon as my new
'Cloaths is made, and Hay-Harvest is in. I could, though I
'say it, have good *Matches in our Town; but my Mother (God's*
'Peace be with her) charged me upon her Death-Bed to marry a
'Gentlewoman, one who had been well trained up in Sowing and
'Cookery. I do not think but that if you and I can agree to marry,
'and lay our Means together, I shall be made grand Fury-man
'e'er two or three Years come about, and that will be a great
'Credit to us. If I could have got a Messenger for Sixpence, I
'would have sent one on Purpose, and some Trifle or other for a
'Token of my Love; but I hope there is nothing lost for that
'neither. So hoping you will take this Letter in good Part, and
'answer it with what Care and Speed you can, I rest and remain,

Yours, if my own, MR. GABRIEL BULLOCK,
now my father is dead.

Swepston, Leicestershire.

'When the Coal Carts come, I shall send oftener; and may
'come in one of them my self

[1] In some counties 20, in some 24, and in others 30 acres of Land.

For sir William to go to london at westminster, remember a parlement.

'Sir

'William, i hope that you are well. i write to let you know 'that i am in troubel abbut a lady you nease; and I do desire 'that you will be my frend; for when i did com to see her at 'your hall, i was mighty Abuesed. i would fain a see you at 'topecliff, and thay would not let me go to you; but i desire 'that you will be our frends, for it is no dishonor neither for 'you nor she, for God did make us all. i wish that i might see 'you, for thay say that you are a good man: and many doth 'wounder at it, but madam norton is abuesed and ceated two 'i beleive. i might a had many a lady, but i con have none 'but her with a good consons, for there is a God that know 'our harts. if you and madam norton will come to York, there 'i shill meet you if God be willing and if you pleased. so be 'not angterie till you know the trutes of things.

George Nelson. I give my to me lady, and to Mr. Aysenby, and to madam norton, March, the 19th; 1706.

This is for madam mary norton disforth Lady she went to York.

'Madam Mary. Deare loving sweet lady, i hope you are 'well. Do not go to london, for they will put you in the 'nunnery; and heed not Mrs. Lucy what she saith to you, for 'she will ly and ceat you. go from to another Place, and we 'will gate wed so with speed. mind what i write to you, for if 'they gate you to london they will keep you there; and so let 'us gate wed, and we will both go. so if you go to london, 'you rueing your self. so heed not what none of them saith 'to you. let us gate wed, and we shall lie to gader any time. 'i will do any thing for you to my poore. i hope the devill 'will faile them all, for a hellish Company there be. from there 'cursed trick and mischiefus ways good lord bless and deliver 'both you and me.

I think to be at york the 24 day.

This is for madam mary norton to go to london for a lady that belongs to dishforth.

'Madam Mary, i hope you are well. i am soary that you 'went away from York. deare loving sweet lady, i writt to let 'you know that i do remain faithful; and if can let me know 'where i can meet you, i will wed you, and I will do any thing to 'my poor; for you are a good woman, and will be a loving 'Misteris. i am in troubel for you, so if you will come to york

'i will wed you. so with speed come, and i will have none but 'you. so, sweet love, heed not what to say to me, and with 'speed come: heed not what none of them say to you; your 'Maid makes you believe ought.

'So deare love think of Mr. george Nillson with speed; i 'sent you 2 or 3 letters before.

'I gave misteris elcock some nots, and thay put me in 'pruson all the night for me pains, and non new whear i was, 'and i did gat cold.

'But it is for mrs. Lucy to go a good way from home, for in 'york and round about she is known; to writ any more her 'deeds, the same will tell hor soul is black within, hor corkis 'stinks of hell.

R. March 19th, 1706.

No. 328.] *Monday, March* 17, 1712. [*Addison.*

Nullum me a labore reclinat otium.—Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'AS I believe this is the first Complaint that ever was made to 'you of this nature, so you are the first Person I ever could 'prevail upon my self to lay it before. When I tell you I 'have a healthy vigorous Constitution, a plentiful Estate, no in-'ordinate Desires, and am married to a virtuous lovely Woman, 'who neither wants Wit nor Good-Nature, and by whom I have 'a numerous Offspring to perpetuate my Family, you will 'naturally conclude me a happy Man. But, notwithstanding 'these promising Appearances, I am so far from it, that the 'prospect of being ruin'd and undone, by a sort of Extravagance 'which of late Years is in a less degree crept into every fashion-'able Family, deprives me of all the Comforts of my Life, and 'renders me the most anxious miserable Man on Earth. My 'Wife, who was the only Child and darling Care of an indulgent 'Mother, employ'd her early Years in learning all those Accom-'plishments we generally understand by good Breeding and 'polite Education. She sings, dances, plays on the Lute and 'Harpsicord, paints prettily, is a perfect Mistress of the *French* 'Tongue, and has made a considerable Progress in *Italian*. 'She is besides excellently skill'd in all domestick Sciences, as 'Preserving, Pickling, Pastry, making Wines of Fruits of our 'own Growth, Embroydering, and Needleworks of every Kind. 'Hitherto you will be apt to think there is very little Cause of 'Complaint; but suspend your Opinion till I have further

'explain'd my self, and then I make no question you will come 'over to mine. You are not to imagine I find fault that she 'either possesses or takes delight in the Exercise of those 'Qualifications I just now mention'd; 'tis the immoderate 'Fondness she has to them that I lament, and that what is 'only design'd for the innocent Amusement and Recreation of 'Life, is become the whole Business and Study of her's. The 'six Months we are in Town (for the Year is equally divided 'between that and the Country) from almost Break of Day till 'Noon, the whole Morning is laid out in practising with her 'several Masters; and to make up the Losses occasion'd by her 'Absence in Summer, every Day in the Week their Attendance 'is requir'd; and as they all are People eminent in their Pro-'fessions, their Skill and Time must be recompensed accord-'ingly: So how far these Articles extend, I leave you to judge. 'Limning, one would think, is no expensive Diversion, but as 'she manages the Matter, 'tis a very considerable Addition to 'her Disbursements; Which you will easily believe, when you 'know she paints Fans for all her Female Acquaintance, and 'draws all her Relations Pictures in Miniature; the first must 'be mounted by no body but *Colmar*, and the other set by no 'body but *Charles Mather*. What follows, is still much worse 'than the former; for, as I told you, she is a great Artist at her 'Needle, 'tis incredible what Sums she expends in Embroidery; 'For besides what is appropriated to her personal Use, as 'Mantua's, Petticoats, Stomachers, Handkerchiefs, Purses, 'Pin-cushions, and Working Aprons, she keeps four *French* 'Protestants continually employ'd in making divers Pieces of 'superfluous Furniture, as Quilts, Toilets, Hangings for Closets, 'Beds, Window-Curtains, easy Chairs, and Tabourets: Nor 'have I any hopes of ever reclaiming her from this Extravagance, 'while she obstinately persists in thinking it a notable piece of 'good Housewifry, because they are made at home, and she has 'had some share in the Performance. There would be no end 'of relating to you the Particulars of the annual Charge, in 'furnishing her Store-Room with a Profusion of Pickles and 'Preserves; for she is not contented with having every thing, 'unless it be done every way, in which she consults an Heredi-'tary Book of Receipts; for her female Ancestors have been 'always fam'd for good Housewifry, one of whom is made 'immortal, by giving her Name to an Eye-Water and two sorts 'of Puddings. I cannot undertake to recite all her medicinal 'Preparations, as Salves, Cerecloths, Powders, Confects, Cordials, 'Ratafia, Persico, Orange-flower, and Cherry-Brandy, together

'with innumerable sorts of Simple Waters. But there is nothing 'I lay so much to Heart, as that detestable Catalogue of 'counterfeit Wines, which derive their Names from the Fruits, 'Herbs, or Trees of whose Juices they are chiefly compounded: 'They are loathsome to the Taste, and pernicious to the Health; 'and as they seldom survive the Year, and then are thrown away, 'under a false Pretence of Frugality, I may affirm they stand 'me in more than if I entertain'd all our Visiters with the 'best Burgundy and Champaign. Coffee, Chocolate, Green, 'Imperial, Pecoe, and Bohea-Tea seem to be Trifles; but when 'the proper Appurtenances of the Tea-Table are added, they 'swell the Account higher than one would imagine. I cannot 'conclude without doing her Justice in one Article; where her 'Frugality is so remarkable, I must not deny her the Merit of 'it, and that is in relation to her Children, who are all confin'd, 'both Boys and Girls, to one large Room in the remotest Part 'of the House, with Bolts on the Doors and Bars to the 'Windows, under the Care and Tuition of an old Woman, who 'had been dry Nurse to her Grandmother. This is their 'Residence all the Year round; and as they are never allow'd 'to appear, she prudently thinks it needless to be at any 'Expence in Apparel or Learning. Her eldest Daughter to 'this day would have neither read nor writ, if it had not been 'for the Butler, who being the Son of a Country Attorney, has 'taught her such a Hand as is generally used for engrossing 'Bills in *Chancery*. By this time I have sufficiently tired your 'Patience with my domestick Grievances; which I hope you 'will agree could not well be contain'd in a narrower Compass, 'when you consider what a Paradox I undertook to maintain in 'the Beginning of my Epistle, and which manifestly appears to 'be but too melancholy a Truth. And now I heartily wish the 'Relation I have given of my Misfortunes may be of Use and 'Benefit to the Publick. By the Example I have set before 'them, the truly virtuous Wives may learn to avoid those 'Errors which have so unhappily mis-led mine, and which are 'visibly these three. First, in mistaking the proper Objects of 'her Esteem, and fixing her Affections upon such things as are 'only the Trappings and Decorations of her Sex. Secondly, 'In not distinguishing what becomes the different Stages of Life. 'And, Lastly, The Abuse and Corruption of some excellent 'Qualities, which, if circumscrib'd within just Bounds, would 'have been the Blessing and Prosperity of her Family, but by a 'vicious Extreme are like to be the Bane and Destruction of it.

L.

No. 329.] *Tuesday, March* 18, 1712. [*Addison.*

Ire tamen restat, Numa quo devenit et Ancus.—Hor.

MY Friend Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY told me t'other Night, that he had been reading my Paper upon *Westminster-Abby*, in which, says he, there are a great many ingenious Fancies. He told me at the same time, that he observed I had promised another Paper upon *the Tombs*, and that he should be glad to go and see them with me, not having visited them since he had read History. I could not at first imagine how this came into the Knight's Head, till I recollected that he had been very busy all last Summer upon *Baker's* Chronicle, which he has quoted several times in his Disputes with Sir ANDREW FREEPORT since his last coming to Town. Accordingly I promised to call upon him the next Morning, that we might go together to the *Abby*.

I found the Knight under his Butler's Hands, who always shaves him. He was no sooner Dressed, than he called for a Glass of the Widow *Trueby's* Water, which he told me he always drank before he went abroad. He recommended me to a Dram of it at the same time, with so much Heartiness, that I could not forbear drinking it. As soon as I had got it down, I found it very unpalatable; upon which the Knight observing that I [had] made several wry Faces, told me that he knew I should not like it at first, but that it was the best thing in the World against the Stone or Gravel.

I could have wished indeed that he had acquainted me with the Virtues of it sooner; but it was too late to complain, and I knew what he had done was out of Good-will. Sir ROGER told me further, that he looked upon it to be very good for a Man whilst he staid in Town, to keep off Infection, and that he got together a Quantity of it upon the first News of the Sickness being at *Dantzick*: When of a sudden turning short to one of his Servants, who stood behind him, he bid him call [a [1]] Hackney-Coach, and take care it was an elderly Man that drove it.

He then resumed his Discourse upon Mrs. *Trueby's* Water, telling me that the Widow *Trueby* was one who did more good than all the Doctors and Apothecaries in the County: That she distilled every Poppy that grew within five Miles of her; that she distributed her Water *gratis* among all Sorts of People; to which the Knight added, that she had a very great Jointure,

[1] [an]

and that the whole Country would fain have it a Match between him and her; and truly, says Sir ROGER, if I had not been engaged, perhaps I could not have done better.

His Discourse was broken off by his Man's telling him he had called a Coach. Upon our going to it, after having cast his Eye upon the Wheels, he asked the Coachman if his Axeltree was good; upon the Fellow's telling him he would warrant it, the Knight turned to me, told me he looked like an honest Man, and went in without further Ceremony.

We had not gone far, when Sir ROGER popping out his Head, called the Coach-man down from his Box, and upon his presenting himself at the Window, asked him if he smoaked; as I was considering what this would end in, he bid him stop by the way at any good Tobacconist's, and take in a Roll of their best *Virginia*. Nothing material happen'd in the remaining part of our Journey, till we were set down at the West-end of the *Abby*.

As we went up the Body of the Church, the Knight pointed at the Trophies upon one of the new Monuments, and cry'd out, A brave Man, I warrant him! Passing afterwards by Sir *Cloudsly Shovel*, he flung his Hand that way, and cry'd Sir *Cloudsly Shovel!* a very gallant Man! As we stood before *Busby's* Tomb, the Knight utter'd himself again after the same Manner, Dr. *Busby*, a great Man! he whipp'd my Grandfather; a very great Man! I should have gone to him myself, if I had not been a Blockhead; a very great Man!

We were immediately conducted into the little Chappel on the right hand. Sir ROGER planting himself at our Historian's Elbow, was very attentive to every thing he said, particularly to the Account he gave us of the Lord who had cut off the King of *Morocco's* Head. Among several other Figures, he was very well pleased to see the Statesman *Cecil* upon his Knees; and, concluding them all to be great Men, was conducted to the Figure which represents that Martyr to good Housewifry, who died by the prick of a Needle. Upon our Interpreter's telling us, that she was a Maid of Honour to Queen *Elizabeth*, the Knight was very inquisitive into her Name and Family; and after having regarded her Finger for some time, I wonder, says he, that Sir *Richard Baker* has said nothing of her in his Chronicle.

We were then convey'd to the two Coronation-Chairs, where my old Friend, after having heard that the Stone underneath the most ancient of them, which was brought from *Scotland*, was called *Jacob's Pillar*, sat himself down in the Chair; and

looking like the Figure of an old *Gothick* King, asked our Interpreter, What Authority they had to say, that *Jacob* had ever been in *Scotland?* The Fellow, instead of returning him an Answer, told him, that he hoped his Honour would pay his Forfeit. I could observe Sir ROGER a little ruffled upon being thus trepanned; but our Guide not insisting upon his Demand, the Knight soon recovered his good Humour, and whispered in my Ear, that if WILL. WIMBLE were with us, and saw those two Chairs, it would go hard but he would get a Tobacco-Stopper out of one or t'other of them.

Sir ROGER, in the next Place, laid his Hand upon *Edward* the Third's Sword, and leaning upon the Pummel of it, gave us the whole History of the *Black Prince;* concluding, that in Sir *Richard Baker's* Opinion, *Edward* the Third was one of the greatest Princes that ever sate upon the *English* Throne.

We were then shewn *Edward* the Confessor's Tomb; upon which Sir ROGER acquainted us, that he was the first who touched for the Evil; and afterwards *Henry* the Fourth's, upon which he shook his Head, and told us there was fine Reading in the Casualties in that Reign.

Our Conductor then pointed to that Monument where there is the Figure of one of our *English* Kings without an Head; and upon giving us to know, that the Head, which was of beaten Silver, had been stolen away several Years since: Some Whig, I'll warrant you, says Sir ROGER; you ought to lock up your Kings better; they will carry off the Body too, if you don't take care.

THE glorious Names of *Henry* the Fifth and Queen *Elizabeth* gave the Knight great Opportunities of shining. and of doing Justice to Sir *Richard Baker*, who, as our Knight observed with some Surprize, had a great many Kings in him, whose Monuments he had not seen in the Abby.

For my own part, I could not but be pleased to see the Knight shew such an honest Passion for the Glory of his Country, and such a respectful Gratitude to the Memory of its Princes.

I must not omit, that the Benevolence of my good old Friend, which flows out towards every one he converses with, made him very kind to our Interpreter, whom he looked upon as an extraordinary Man; for which reason he shook him by the Hand at parting, telling him, that he should be very glad to see him at his Lodgings in *Norfolk-Buildings*, and talk over these Matters with him more at leisure. L.

No. 330.] *Wednesday, March* 19, 1712. [*Steele.*

Maxima debetur pueris reverentia——— Juv.

THE following Letters, written by two very considerate Correspondents, both under twenty Years of Age, are very good Arguments of the Necessity of taking into Consideration the many Incidents which affect the Education of Youth.

SIR,

'I have long expected, that in the Course of your Observa-'tions upon the several Parts of human Life, you would one 'time or other fall upon a Subject, which, since you have not, I 'take the liberty to recommend to you. What I mean, is the 'Patronage of young modest Men to such as are able to coun-'tenance and introduce them into the World. For want of 'such Assistances, a Youth of Merit languishes in Obscurity or 'Poverty, when his Circumstances are low, and runs into Riot 'and Excess when his Fortunes are plentiful. I cannot make 'my self better understood, than by sending you an History of 'my self, which I shall desire you to insert in your Paper, it 'being the only Way I have of expressing my Gratitude for the 'highest Obligations imaginable.

'I am the Son of a Merchant of the City of *London*, who, by 'many Losses, was reduced from a very luxuriant Trade and 'Credit to very narrow Circumstances, in Comparison to that 'his former Abundance. This took away the Vigour of his 'Mind, and all manner of Attention to a Fortune, which he 'now thought desperate; insomuch that he died without a 'Will, having before buried my Mother in the midst of his 'other Misfortunes. I was sixteen Years of Age when I lost 'my Father; and an Estate of £200 a Year came into my 'Possession, without Friend or Guardian to instruct me in the 'Management or Enjoyment of it. The natural Consequence 'of this was, (though I wanted no Director, and soon had 'Fellows who found me out for a smart young Gentleman, and 'led me into all the Debaucheries of which I was capable) that 'my Companions and I could not well be supplied without my 'running in Debt, which I did very frankly, till I was arrested, 'and conveyed with a Guard strong enough for the most 'desperate Assassine, to a Bayliff's House, where I lay four 'Days, surrounded with very merry, but not very agreeable 'Company. As soon as I had extricated my self from this

'shameful Confinement, I reflected upon it with so much 'Horror, that I deserted all my old Acquaintance, and took 'Chambers in an Inn of Court, with a Resolution to study the 'Law with all possible Application. But I trifled away a whole 'Year in looking over a thousand Intricacies, without Friend to 'apply to in any Case of Doubt; so that I only lived there 'among Men, as little Children are sent to School before they 'are capable of Improvement, only to be out of harm's way. 'In the midst of this State of Suspence, not knowing how to 'dispose of my self, I was sought for by a Relation of mine, 'who, upon observing a good Inclination in me, used me with 'great Familiarity, and carried me to his Seat in the Country. 'When I came there, he introduced me to all the good Com-'pany in the County; and the great Obligation I have to 'him for this kind Notice and Residence with him ever since, 'has made so strong an Impression upon me, that he has an 'Authority of a Father over me, founded upon the Love of a 'Brother. I have a good Study of Books, a good Stable of 'Horses always at my command; and tho' I am not now quite 'eighteen Years of Age, familiar Converse on his Part, and a 'strong Inclination to exert my self on mine, have had an 'effect upon me that makes me acceptable wherever I go. 'Thus, Mr. SPECTATOR, by this Gentleman's Favour and 'Patronage, it is my own fault if I am not wiser and richer 'every day I live. I speak this as well by subscribing the 'initial Letters of my Name to thank him, as to incite others to 'an Imitation of his Virtue. It would be a worthy Work to 'shew what great Charities are to be done without Expence, 'and how many noble Actions are lost, out of Inadvertency in 'Persons capable of performing them, if they were put in mind 'of it. If a Gentleman of Figure in a County would make his 'Family a Pattern of Sobriety, good Sense, and Breeding, and 'would kindly endeavour to influence the Education and grow-'ing Prospects of the younger Gentry about him, I am apt 'to believe it would save him a great deal of stale Beer on a 'publick Occasion, and render him the Leader of his Country 'from their Gratitude to him, instead of being a Slave to their 'Riots and Tumults in order to be made their Representative. 'The same thing might be recommended to all who have made 'any Progress in any Parts of Knowledge, or arrived at any 'Degree in a Profession; others may gain Preferments and 'Fortunes from their Patrons, but I have, I hope, receiv'd from 'mine good Habits and Virtues. I repeat to you, Sir, my 'Request to print this, in return for all the Evil an helpless

'Orphan shall ever escape, and all the Good he shall receive 'in this Life; both which are wholly owing to this Gentleman's 'Favour to,

SIR,

Your most obedient humble Servant,

S. P.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am a Lad of about fourteen. I find a mighty Pleasure in 'Learning. I have been at the *Latin* School four Years. I 'don't know I ever play'd [truant,[1]] or neglected any Task my 'Master set me in my Life. I think on what I read in School 'as I go home at noon and night, and so intently, that I have 'often gone half a mile out of my way, not minding whither 'I went. Our Maid tells me, she often hears me talk *Latin* 'in my sleep. And I dream two or three Nights in the Week 'I am reading *Juvenal* and *Homer*. My Master seems as 'well pleased with my Performances as any Boy's in the same 'Class. I think, if I know my own Mind, I would chuse 'rather to be a Scholar, than a Prince without Learning. I 'have a very [good[1]] affectionate Father; but tho' very rich, 'yet so mighty near, that he thinks much of the Charges of my 'Education. He often tells me, he believes my Schooling will 'ruin him; that I cost him God-knows what in Books. I 'tremble to tell him I want one. I am forced to keep my 'Pocket-Mony, and lay it out for a Book, now and then, that 'he don't know of. He has order'd my Master to buy no 'more Books for me, but says he will buy them himself. I 'asked him for *Horace* t'other Day, and he told me in a Passion, 'he did not believe I was fit for it, but only my Master had a 'Mind to make him think I had got a great way in my Learn-'ing. I am sometimes a Month behind other Boys in getting 'the Books my Master gives Orders for. All the Boys in the 'School, but I, have the Classick Authors *in usum Delphini*, 'gilt and letter'd on the Back. My Father is often reckoning 'up how long I have been at School, and tells me he fears I do 'little good. My Father's Carriage so discourages me, that he 'makes me grow dull and melancholy. My Master wonders 'what is the matter with me; I am afraid to tell him; for he is 'a Man that loves to encourage Learning, and would be apt to 'chide my Father, and, not knowing my Father's Temper, may 'make him worse. Sir, if you have any Love for Learning, I beg 'you would give me some Instructions in this case, and per-'suade Parents to encourage their Children when they find

[1] [at truant]

[2] [loving]

'them diligent and desirous of Learning. I have heard some 'Parents say, they would do any thing for their Children, if 'they would but mind their Learning: I would be glad to be 'in their place. Dear Sir, pardon my Boldness. If you will 'but consider and pity my case, I will pray for your Prosperity 'as long as I live.

London, March 2, 1711.

Your humble Servant,
James Discipulus.

T.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *March the* 18*th.*

The ostentation you showed yesterday would have been pardonable had you provided better for the two Extremities of your Paper, and placed in one the letter R., in the other *Nescio quid meditans nugarum, et totus in illis.* A Word to the wise.

I am your most humble Servant,
T. Trash.

According to the Emendation of the above Correspondent, the Reader is desired in the Paper of the 17th to read R. for T.[1]

No. 331.] *Thursday, March* 20, 1712. [*Budgell.*

———*Stolidam præbet tibi vellere barbam.*—Pers.

WHEN I was last with my Friend Sir ROGER in *Westminster-Abby*, I observed that he stood longer than ordinary before the Bust of a venerable old Man. I was at a loss to guess the Reason of it, when after some time he pointed to the Figure, and asked me if I did not think that our Forefathers looked much wiser in their Beards than we do without them? For my part, says he, when I am walking in my Gallery in the Country, and see my Ancestors, who many of them died before they were of my Age, I cannot forbear regarding them as so many old Patriarchs, and at the same time looking upon myself as an idle Smock-fac'd young Fellow. I love to see your *Abrahams*, your *Isaacs*, and your *Jacobs*, as we have them in old Pieces of Tapestry, with Beards below their Girdles, that cover half the Hangings. The Knight

[1] Steele had discontinued the signature R. since No. 134, for August 3, 1711.

added, if I would recommend Beards in one of my Papers, and endeavour to restore human Faces to their Ancient Dignity, that upon a Month's warning he would undertake to lead up the Fashion himself in a pair of Whiskers.

I smiled at my Friend's Fancy; but after we parted, could not forbear reflecting on the Metamorphoses our Faces have undergone in this Particular.

The Beard, conformable to the Notion of my Friend Sir ROGER, was for many Ages look'd upon as the Type of Wisdom. *Lucian* more than once rallies the Philosophers of his Time, who endeavour'd to rival one another in Beard; and represents a learned Man who stood for a Professorship in Philosophy, as unqualify'd for it by the Shortness of his Beard.

Ælian, in his Account of *Zoilus*, the pretended Critick, who wrote against *Homer* and *Plato*, and thought himself wiser than all who had gone before him, tells us that this *Zoilus* had a very long Beard that hung down upon his Breast, but no Hair upon his Head, which he always kept close shaved, regarding, it seems, the Hairs of his Head as so many Suckers, which if they had been suffer'd to grow, might have drawn away the Nourishment from his Chin, and by that means have starved his Beard.

I have read somewhere that one of the Popes refus'd to accept an Edition of a Saint's Works, which were presented to him, because the Saint in his Effigies before the Book, was drawn without a Beard.

We see by these Instances what Homage the World has formerly paid to Beards; and that a Barber was not then allow'd to make those Depredations on the Faces of the Learned, which have been permitted him of later Years.

Accordingly several wise Nations have been so extremely Jealous of the least Ruffle offer'd to their Beard, that they seem to have fixed the Point of Honour principally in that Part. The *Spaniards* were wonderfully tender in this Particular.

Don *Quevedo*, in his third Vision on the Last Judgment, has carry'd the Humour very far, when he tells us that one of his vain-glorious Countrymen, after having receiv'd Sentence, was taken into custody by a couple of evil Spirits; but that his Guides happening to disorder his Mustachoes, they were forced to recompose them with a Pair of Curling-Irons before they could get him to file off.

If we look into the History of our own Nation, we shall find that the Beard flourish'd in the *Saxon* Heptarchy, but was very much discourag'd under the *Norman* Line. It shot

out, however, from time to time, in several Reigns under different Shapes. The last Effort it made seems to have been in Queen *Mary's* Days, as the curious Reader may find, if he pleases to peruse the Figures of Cardinal *Poole*, and Bishop *Gardiner;* tho' at the same time, I think it may be question'd, if Zeal against Popery has not induced our Protestant Painters to extend the Beards of these two Persecutors beyond their natural Dimensions, in order to make them appear the more terrible.

I find but few Beards worth taking notice of in the Reign of King *James* the First.

During the Civil Wars there appeared one, which makes too great a Figure in Story to be passed over in Silence; I mean that of the redoubted *Hudibras*, an Account of which *Butler* has transmitted to Posterity in the following Lines:

His tawny Beard was th' equal Grace
Both of his Wisdom, and his Face;
In Cut and Dye so like a Tyle,
A sudden View it would beguile:
The upper Part thereof was Whey,
The nether Orange mixt with Grey.

The Whisker continu'd for some time among us after the Expiration of Beards; but this is a Subject which I shall not here enter upon, having discussed it at large in a distinct Treatise, which I keep by me in Manuscript, upon the *Mustachoe.*

If my Friend Sir ROGER's Project, of introducing Beards, should take effect, I fear the Luxury of the present Age would make it a very expensive Fashion. There is no question but the Beaux would soon provide themselves with false ones of the lightest Colours, and the most immoderate Lengths. A fair Beard, of the Tapestry-Size Sir ROGER seems to approve, could not come under twenty Guineas. The famous Golden Beard of *Æsculapius* would hardly be more valuable than one made in the Extravagance of the Fashion.

Besides, we are not certain that the Ladies would not come into the Mode, when they take the Air on Horse-back. They already appear in Hats and Feathers, Coats and Perriwigs; and I see no reason why we should not suppose that they would have their *Riding-Beards* on the same Occasion.

I may give the Moral of this Discourse in another Paper. X.

No. 332.] *Friday, March* 21, 1712. [*Steele.*

———*Minus aptus acutis*
Naribus horum hominum——— Hor.

Dear Short-Face,

'IN your Speculation of *Wednesday* last, you have given us 'some Account of that worthy Society of Brutes the *Mohocks;* 'wherein you have particularly specify'd the ingenious Per- 'formance of the Lion-Tippers, the Dancing-Masters, and the 'Tumblers: But as you acknowledge you had not then a per- 'fect History of the whole Club, you might very easily omit 'one of the most notable Species of it, the Sweaters, which 'may be reckon'd a sort of Dancing-Masters too. It is it 'seems the Custom for half a dozen, or more, of these well- 'dispos'd Savages, as soon as they have inclos'd the Person 'upon whom they design the Favour of a Sweat, to whip out 'their Swords, and holding them parallel to the Horizon, they 'describe a sort of Magick Circle round about him with the 'Points. As soon as this Piece of Conjuration is perform'd, 'and the Patient without doubt already beginning to wax 'warm, to forward the Operation, that Member of the Circle 'towards whom he is so rude as to turn his Back first, runs 'his Sword directly into that Part of the Patient wherein 'School-boys are punished; and, as it is very natural to imagine 'this will soon make him tack about to some other Point, 'every Gentleman does himself the same Justice as often as 'he receives the Affront. After this Jig has gone two or three 'times round, and the Patient is thought to have sweat suffi- 'ciently, he is very handsomly rubb'd down by some Attend- 'ants, who carry with them Instruments for that purpose, and 'so discharged. This Relation I had from a Friend of mine, 'who has lately been under this Discipline. He tells me he 'had the Honour to dance before the Emperor himself, not 'without the Applause and Acclamations both of his Imperial 'Majesty, and the whole Ring; tho' I dare say, neither I or 'any of his Acquaintance ever dreamt he would have merited 'any Reputation by his Activity.

'I can assure you, Mr. SPEC, I was very near being qualify'd 'to have given you a faithful and painful Account of this walk- 'ing Bagnio, if I may so call it, my self: For going the other 'night along *Fleet-street*, and having, out of curiosity, just 'enter'd into Discourse with a wandring Female who was

'travelling the same Way, a couple of Fellows advanced to-'wards us, drew their Swords, and cry'd out to each other, A 'Sweat! a Sweat! Whereupon suspecting they were some of 'the Ringleaders of the Bagnio, I also drew my Sword, and 'demanded a Parly; but finding none would be granted me, 'and perceiving others behind them filing off with great dili-'gence to take me in Flank, I began to sweat for fear of being 'forced to it: but very luckily betaking my self to a Pair of 'Heels, which I had good Reason to believe would do me 'justice, I instantly got possession of a very snug Corner in a 'neighbouring Alley that lay in my Rear; which Post I main-'tain'd for above half an hour with great Firmness and Reso-'lution, tho' not letting this Success so far overcome me, as 'to make me unmindful of the Circumspection that was neces-'sary to be observ'd upon my advancing again towards the 'Street; by which Prudence and good Management I made 'a handsome and orderly Retreat, having suffer'd no other 'Damage in this Action than the Loss of my Baggage, and 'the Dislocation of one of my Shoe-heels, which last I am 'just now inform'd is in a fair way of Recovery. These 'Sweaters, by what I can learn from my Friend, and by as 'near a View as I was able to take of them my self, seem to 'me to have at present but a rude kind of Discipline amongst 'them. It is probable, if you would take a little Pains with 'them, they might be brought into better order. But I'll leave 'this to your own Discretion; and will only add, that if you 'think it worth while to insert this by way of Caution to those 'who have a mind to preserve their Skins whole from this sort 'of Cupping, and tell them at the same time the Hazard of 'treating with Night-Walkers, you will perhaps oblige others, 'as well as

Your very humble Servant,
Jack Lightfoot.

'*P. S.* My Friend will have me acquaint you, That though 'he would not willingly detract from the Merit of that extra-'ordinary Strokes-Man Mr. *Sprightly*, yet it is his real Opinion, 'that some of those Fellows, who are employ'd as Rubbers to 'this new-fashioned Bagnio, have struck as bold Strokes as 'ever he did in his Life.

'I had sent this four and twenty Hours sooner, if I had 'not had the Misfortune of being in a great doubt about the 'Orthography of the word Bagnio. I consulted several Dic-'tionaries, but found no relief; at last having recourse both to 'the Bagnio in *Newgate-street*, and to that in *Chancery lane*,

'and finding the original Manuscripts upon the Sign-posts of 'each to agree literally with my own Spelling, I returned home, 'full of Satisfaction, in order to dispatch this Epistle.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'As you have taken most of the Circumstances of human 'Life into your Consideration, we, the under-written, thought it 'not improper for us also to represent to you our Condition. 'We are three Ladies who live in the Country, and the greatest 'Improvements we make is by reading. We have taken a 'small Journal of our Lives, and find it extremely opposite to 'your last *Tuesday's* Speculation. We rise by seven, and pass 'the beginning of each Day in Devotion, and looking into 'those Affairs that fall within the Occurrences of a retired 'Life; in the Afternoon we sometimes enjoy the Company of 'some Friend or Neighbour, or else work or read; at Night 'we retire to our Chambers, and take Leave of each other for 'the whole Night at Ten of Clock. We take particular Care 'never to be sick of a *Sunday*. *Mr.* SPECTATOR, We are all 'very good Maids, but are ambitious of Characters which we 'think more laudable, that of being very good Wives. If any 'of your Correspondents enquire for a Spouse for an honest 'Country Gentleman, whose Estate is not dipped, and wants 'a Wife that can save half his Revenue, and yet make a better 'Figure than any of his Neighbours of the same Estate, with 'finer bred Women, you shall have further notice from,

SIR,

Your courteous Readers,
Martha Busie.
Deborah Thrifty.
Alice Early.[1]

No. 333.] *Saturday, March* 22, 1712. [*Addison.*

———*vocat in Certamina Divos.*—Virg.

WE are now entering upon the Sixth Book of *Paradise Lost*, in which the Poet describes the Battel of Angels; having raised his Reader's Expectation, and prepared him for it by several Passages in the preceding Books. I omitted

[1] To this number there is added after a repeated advertisement of the Lucubrations of Isaac Bickerstaff in 4 vols. 8vo, a repetition in Italic type of the advertisement of the Boarding School on Mile-end Green (ending at the words 'render them accomplish'd') to which a conspicuous place was given, with original additions by Steele, in No. 314.

quoting these Passages in my Observations on the former Books, having purposely reserved them for the opening of this, the Subject of which gave occasion to them. The Author's Imagination was so inflam'd with this great Scene of Action, that wherever he speaks of it, he rises, if possible, above himself. Thus where he mentions Satan in the Beginning of his Poem:

————Him the Almighty Power
Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' Ethereal Sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless Perdition, there to dwell
In Adamantine Chains and penal Fire,
Who durst defy th' Omnipotent to Arms.

We have likewise several noble Hints of it in the Infernal Conference.

O Prince! O Chief of many throned Powers,
That led th' imbattel'd Seraphim to War,
Too well I see and rue the dire Event,
That with sad Overthrow and foul Defeat
Hath lost us Heav'n, and all this mighty Host
In horrible Destruction laid thus low.
But see! the angry Victor has recall'd
His Ministers of Vengeance and Pursuit,
Back to the Gates of Heav'n: The sulph'rous Hail
Shot after us in Storm, o'erblown, hath laid
The fiery Surge, that from the Precipice
Of Heaven receiv'd us falling: and the Thunder,
Wing'd with red Lightning and impetuous Rage,
Perhaps hath spent his Shafts, and ceases now
To bellow through the vast and boundless Deep.

There are several other very sublime Images on the same Subject in the First Book, as also in the Second.

What when we fled amain, pursu'd and strook
With Heav'n's afflicting Thunder, and besought
The Deep to shelter us; this Hell then seem'd
A Refuge from those Wounds————

In short, the Poet never mentions anything of this Battel but in such Images of Greatness and Terror as are suitable to the Subject. Among several others I cannot forbear quoting that Passage, where the Power, who is described as presiding over the Chaos, speaks in the Third Book.

Thus Satan; and him thus the Anarch old
With faultring Speech, and Visage incompos'd,
Answer'd, I know thee, Stranger, who thou art,
That mighty leading Angel, who of late
Made Head against Heaven's King, tho' overthrown.
I saw and heard, for such a numerous Host
Fled not in silence through the frighted Deep

With Ruin upon Ruin, Rout on Rout,
Confusion worse confounded; and Heav'n's Gates
Pour'd out by Millions her victorious Bands
Pursuing———

It requir'd great Pregnancy of Invention, and Strength of Imagination, to fill this Battel with such Circumstances as should raise and astonish the Mind of the Reader; and at the same time an Exactness of Judgment, to avoid every thing that might appear light or trivial. Those who look into *Homer*, are surprized to find his Battels still rising one above another, and improving in Horrour, to the Conclusion of the *Iliad*. *Milton's* Fight of Angels is wrought up with the same Beauty. It is usher'd in with such Signs of Wrath as are suitable to Omnipotence incensed. The first Engagement is carry'd on under a Cope of Fire, occasion'd by the Flights of innumerable burning Darts and Arrows, which are discharged from either Host. The second Onset is still more terrible, as it is filled with those artificial Thunders, which seem to make the Victory doubtful, and produce a kind of Consternation even in the good Angels. This is follow'd by the tearing up of Mountains and Promontories; till, in the last place, the Messiah comes forth in the Fulness of Majesty and Terror. The Pomp of his Appearance amidst the Roarings of his Thunders, the Flashes of his Lightnings, and the Noise of his Chariot-Wheels, is described with the utmost Flights of Human Imagination.

There is nothing in the first and last Day's Engagement which does not appear natural, and agreeable enough to the Ideas most Readers would conceive of a Fight between two Armies of Angels.

The second Day's Engagement is apt to startle an Imagination, which has not been raised and quality'd for such a Description, by the reading of the ancient Poets, and of *Homer* in particular. It was certainly a very bold Thought in our Author, to ascribe the first Use of Artillery to the Rebel Angels. But as such a pernicious Invention may be well suppos'd to have proceeded from such Authors, so it entered very properly into the Thoughts of that Being, who is all along describ'd as aspiring to the Majesty of his Maker. Such Engines were the only Instruments he could have made use of to imitate those Thunders, that in all Poetry, both sacred and profane, are represented as the Arms of the Almighty. The tearing up the Hills, was not altogether so daring a Thought as the former. We are, in some measure, prepared for such

an Incident by the Description of the Giants' War, which we meet with among the Ancient Poets. What still made this Circumstance the more proper for the Poet's Use, is the Opinion of many learned Men, that the Fable of the Giants' War, which makes so great a noise in Antiquity, [and gave birth to the sublimest Description in *Hesiod's* Works was [1]] an Allegory founded upon this very Tradition of a Fight between the good and bad Angels.

It may, perhaps, be worth while to consider with what Judgment *Milton*, in this Narration, has avoided every thing that is mean and trivial in the Descriptions of the *Latin* and *Greek* Poets; and at the same time improved every great Hint which he met with in their Works upon this Subject. *Homer* in that Passage, which *Longinus* has celebrated for its Sublimeness, and which *Virgil* and *Ovid* have copy'd after him, tells us, that the Giants threw *Ossa* upon *Olympus*, and *Pelion* upon *Ossa*. He adds an Epithet to *Pelion* (*εινοσίφυλλον*) which very much swells the Idea, by bringing up to the Reader's Imagination all the Woods that grew upon it. There is further a great Beauty in his singling out by Name these three remarkable Mountains, so well known to the *Greeks*. This last is such a Beauty as the Scene of *Milton's* War could not possibly furnish him with. *Claudian*, in his Fragment upon the Giants' War, has given full scope to that Wildness of Imagination which was natural to him. He tells us, that the Giants tore up whole Islands by the Roots, and threw them at the Gods. He describes one of them in particular taking up *Lemnos* in his Arms, and whirling it to the Skies, with all *Vulcan's* Shop in the midst of it. Another tears up Mount *Ida*, with the River *Enipeus*, which ran down the Sides of it; but the Poet, not content to describe him with this Mountain upon his Shoulders, tells us that the River flow'd down his Back, as he held it up in that Posture. It is visible to every judicious Reader, that such Ideas savour more of Burlesque, than of the Sublime. They proceed from a Wantonness of Imagination, and rather divert the Mind than astonish it. *Milton* has taken every thing that is sublime in these several Passages, and composes out of them the following great Image.

> *From their Foundations loos'ning to and fro,*
> *They pluck'd the seated Hills, with all their Load,*
> *Rocks, Waters, Woods; and by the shaggy Tops*
> *Up-lifting bore them in their Hands———*

We have the full Majesty of *Homer* in this short Description, improv'd by the Imagination of *Claudian*, without its Puerilities.

[1] [is]

I need not point out the Description of the fallen Angels seeing the Promontories hanging over their Heads in such a dreadful manner, with the other numberless Beauties in this Book, which are so conspicuous, that they cannot escape the Notice of the most ordinary Reader.

There are indeed so many wonderful Strokes of Poetry in this Book, and such a variety of Sublime Ideas, that it would have been impossible to have given them a place within the bounds of this Paper. Besides that, I find it in a great measure done to my hand at the End of my Lord *Roscommon's* Essay on Translated Poetry. I shall refer my Reader thither for some of the Master Strokes in the Sixth Book of *Paradise Lost*, tho' at the same time there are many others which that noble Author has not taken notice of.

Milton, notwithstanding the sublime Genius he was Master of, has in this Book drawn to his Assistance all the Helps he could meet with among the Ancient Poets. The Sword of *Michael*, which makes so great [a [1]] havock among the bad Angels, was given him, we are told, out of the Armory of God.

> ———*But the Sword*
> *Of* Michael *from the Armory of God*
> *Was giv'n him temper'd so, that neither keen*
> *Nor solid might resist that Edge: It met*
> *The Sword of Satan, with steep Force to smite*
> *Descending, and in half cut sheer*———

This Passage is a Copy of that in *Virgil*, wherein the Poet tells us, that the Sword of *Æneas*, which was given him by a Deity, broke into Pieces the Sword of *Turnus*, which came from a mortal Forge. As the Moral in this Place is divine, so by the way we may observe, that the bestowing on a Man who is favour'd by Heaven such an allegorical Weapon, is very conformable to the old Eastern way of Thinking. Not only *Homer* has made use of it, but we find the *Jewish* Hero in the Book of *Maccabees*, who had fought the Battels of the chosen People with so much Glory and Success, receiving in his Dream a Sword from the Hand of the Prophet *Jeremiah*. The following Passage, wherein Satan is described as wounded by the Sword of *Michael*, is in imitation of *Homer*.

> *The griding Sword with discontinuous Wound*
> *Pass'd thro' him; but th' Ethereal Substance clos'd*
> *Not long divisible; and from the Gash*
> *A Stream of Nectarous Humour issuing flow'd*
> *Sanguine, (such as celestial Spirits may bleed)*
> *And all his Armour stain'd*———

[1] [an]

Homer tells us in the same manner, that upon *Diomedes* wounding the Gods, there flow'd from the Wound an *Ichor*, or pure kind of Blood, which was not bred from mortal Viands; and that tho' the Pain was exquisitely great, the Wound soon closed up and healed in those Beings who are vested with Immortality.

I question not but *Milton* in his Description of his furious *Moloch* flying from the Battel, and bellowing with the Wound he had received, had his Eye on *Mars* in the *Iliad;* who, upon his being wounded, is represented as retiring out of the Fight, and making an Outcry louder than that of a whole Army when it begins the Charge. *Homer* adds, that the *Greeks* and *Trojans*, who were engaged in a general Battel, were terrify'd on each side with the bellowing of this wounded Deity. The Reader will easily observe how *Milton* has kept all the Horrour of this Image, without running into the Ridicule of it.

> *—— Where the Might of* Gabriel *fought,*
> *And with fierce Ensigns pierc'd the deep Array*
> *Of* Moloch, *furious King! who him defy'd,*
> *And at his Chariot-wheels to drag him bound*
> *Threaten'd, nor from the Holy One of Heav'n*
> *Refrain'd his Tongue blasphemous: but anon*
> *Down cloven to the Waste, with shatter'd Arms*
> *And uncouth Pain fled bellowing.———*

Milton has likewise raised his Description in this Book with many Images taken out of the poetical Parts of Scripture. The Messiah's Chariot, as I have before taken notice, is formed upon a Vision of *Ezekiel*, who, as *Grotius* observes, has very much in him of *Homer's* Spirit in the Poetical Parts of his Prophecy.

The following Lines in that glorious Commission which is given the Messiah to extirpate the Host of Rebel Angels, is drawn from a Sublime Passage in the Psalms.

> *Go then thou Mightiest in thy Father's Might!*
> *Ascend my Chariot, guide the rapid Wheels*
> *That shake Heav'n's Basis; bring forth all my War,*
> *My Bow, my Thunder, my Almighty Arms,*
> *Gird on thy Sword on thy puissant Thigh.*

The Reader will easily discover many other Strokes of the same nature.

There is no question but *Milton* had heated his Imagination with the Fight of the Gods in *Homer*, before he enter'd upon this Engagement of the Angels. *Homer* there gives us a Scene of Men, Heroes, and Gods, mix'd together in Battel. *Mars* animates the contending Armies, and lifts up his Voice in such

a manner, that it is heard distinctly amidst all the Shouts and Confusion of the Fight. *Jupiter* at the same time Thunders over their Heads; while *Neptune* raises such a Tempest, that the whole Field of Battel and all the Tops of the Mountains shake about them. The Poet tells us, that *Pluto* himself, whose Habitation was in the very Center of the Earth, was so affrighted at the Shock, that he leapt from his Throne. *Homer* afterwards describes *Vulcan* as pouring down a Storm of Fire upon the River *Xanthus*, and *Minerva* as throwing a Rock at *Mars;* who, he tells us, cover'd seven Acres in his Fall.

As *Homer* has introduced into his Battel of the Gods every thing that is great and terrible in Nature, *Milton* has filled his Fight of good and bad Angels with all the like Circumstances of Horrour. The Shout of Armies, the Rattling of Brazen Chariots, the Hurling of Rocks and Mountains, the Earthquake, the Fire, the Thunder, are all of them employ'd to lift up the Reader's Imagination, and give him a suitable Idea of so great an Action. With what Art has the Poet represented the whole Body of the Earth trembling, even before it was created.

All Heaven resounded, and had Earth been then,
All Earth had to its Center shook———

In how sublime and just a manner does he afterwards describe the whole Heaven shaking under the Wheels of the Messiah's Chariot, with that Exception to the Throne of God?

——Under his burning Wheels
The stedfast Empyrean *shook throughout,*
All but the Throne it self of God——

Notwithstanding the Messiah appears clothed with so much Terrour and Majesty, the Poet has still found means to make his Readers conceive an Idea of him, beyond what he himself was able to describe.

Yet half his Strength he put not forth, but checkt
His Thunder in mid Volley; for he meant
Not to destroy, but root them out of Heaven.

In a Word, *Milton's* Genius, which was so great in it self, and so strengthened by all the helps of Learning, appears in this Book every way equal to his Subject, which was the most Sublime that could enter into the Thoughts of a Poet. As he knew all the Arts of affecting the Mind, [he knew it was necessary to give[1]] it certain Resting-places and Opportunities of recovering it self from time to time: He has [therefore] with great Address interspersed several Speeches, Reflections, Similitudes,

[1] [had he not given]

and the like Reliefs to diversify his Narration, and ease the Attention of [the[1]] Reader, that he might come fresh to his great Action, and by such a Contrast of Ideas, have a more lively taste of the nobler Parts of his Description. L.

No. 334.] *Monday, March* 24, 1712. [*Steele.*

———*Voluisti, in suo Genere, unumquemque nostrum quasi quendam esse Roscium, dixistique non tam ea quæ recta essent probari, quam quæ prava sunt fastidiis adhærescere.*—Cicero de Gestu.

IT is very natural to take for our whole Lives a light Impression of a thing which at first fell into Contempt with us for want of Consideration. The real Use of a certain Qualification (which the wiser Part of Mankind look upon as at best an indifferent thing, and generally a frivolous Circumstance) shews the ill Consequence of such Prepossessions. What I mean, is the Art, Skill, Accomplishment, or whatever you will call it, of Dancing. I knew a Gentleman of great Abilities, who bewail'd the Want of this Part of his Education to the End of a very honourable Life. He observ'd that there was not occasion for the common Use of great Talents; that they are but seldom in Demand; and that these very great Talents were often render'd useless to a Man for want of small Attainments. A good Mein (a becoming Motion, Gesture and Aspect) is natural to some Men; but even these would be highly more graceful in their Carriage, if what they do from the Force of Nature were confirm'd and heightned from the Force of Reason. To one who has not at all considered it, to mention the Force of Reason on such a Subject, will appear fantastical; but when you have a little attended to it, an Assembly of Men will have quite another View: and they will tell you, it is evident from plain and infallible Rules, why this Man with those beautiful Features, and well fashion'd Person, is not so agreeable as he who sits by him without any of those Advantages. When we read, we do it without any exerted Act of Memory that presents the Shape of the Letters; but Habit makes us do it mechanically, without staying, like Children, to recollect and join those Letters. A Man who has not had the Regard of his Gesture in any part of his Education, will find himself unable to act with Freedom before new Company, as a Child that is but now learning would be to read

[1] [his]

without Hesitation. It is for the Advancement of the Pleasure we receive in being agreeable to each other in ordinary Life, that one would wish Dancing were generally understood as conducive as it really is to a proper Deportment in Matters that appear the most remote from it. A Man of Learning and Sense is distinguished from others as he is such, tho' he never runs upon Points too difficult for the rest of the World; in like Manner the reaching out of the Arm, and the most ordinary Motion, discovers whether a Man ever learnt to know what is the true Harmony and Composure of his Limbs and Countenance. Whoever has seen *Booth* in the Character of *Pyrrhus*, march to his Throne to receive *Orestes*, is convinced that majestick and great Conceptions are expressed in the very Step; but perhaps, tho' no other Man could perform that Incident as well as he does, he himself would do it with a yet greater Elevation were he a Dancer. This is so dangerous a Subject to treat with Gravity, that I shall not at present enter into it any further; but the Author of the following Letter [1] has treated it in the Essay he speaks of in such a Manner, that I am beholden to him for a Resolution, that I will never hereafter think meanly of any thing, till I have heard what they who have another Opinion of it have to say in its Defence.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'Since there are scarce any of the Arts or Sciences that have 'not been recommended to the World by the Pens of some of 'the Professors, Masters, or Lovers of them, whereby the Use-'fulness, Excellence, and Benefit arising from them, both as to 'the Speculative and practical Part, have been made publick, 'to the great Advantage and Improvement of such Arts and 'Sciences; why should Dancing, an Art celebrated by the 'Ancients in so extraordinary a Manner, be totally neglected 'by the Moderns, and left destitute of any Pen to recommend 'its various Excellencies and substantial Merit to Mankind?

'The low Ebb to which Dancing is now fallen, is altogether 'owing to this Silence. The Art is esteem'd only as an amusing 'Trifle; it lies altogether uncultivated, and is unhappily fallen 'under the Imputation of Illiterate and Mechanick: And as '*Terence* in one of his Prologues, complains of the Rope-dancers 'drawing all the Spectators from his Play, so may we well say, 'that Capering and Tumbling is now preferred to, and supplies 'the Place of just and regular Dancing on our Theatres. It is 'therefore, in my opinion, high time that some one should

[1] John Weaver.

'come in to its Assistance, and relieve it from the many gross 'and growing Errors that have crept into it, and over-cast its 'real Beauties; and to set Dancing in its true light, would 'shew the Usefulness and Elegancy of it, with the Pleasure 'and Instruction produc'd from it; and also lay down some 'fundamental Rules, that might so tend to the Improvement 'of its Professors, and Information of the Spectators, that the 'first might be the better enabled to perform, and the latter 'render'd more capable of judging, what is (if there be any 'thing) valuable in this Art.

'To encourage therefore some ingenious Pen capable of so 'generous an Undertaking, and in some measure to relieve 'Dancing from the Disadvantages it at present lies under, I, 'who teach to dance, have attempted a small Treatise as an 'Essay towards an History of Dancing; in which I have 'enquired into its Antiquity, Original, and Use, and shewn 'what Esteem the Ancients had for it: I have likewise con-'sidered the Nature and Perfection of all its several Parts, and 'how beneficial and delightful it is, both as a Qualification 'and an Exercise; and endeavoured to answer all Objections 'that have been maliciously rais'd against it. I have proceeded 'to give an Account of the particular Dances of the *Greeks* 'and *Romans*, whether religious, warlike, or civil; and taken 'particular notice of that Part of Dancing relating to the ancient 'Stage, and in which the *Pantomimes* had so great a share: 'Nor have I been wanting in giving an historical Account of 'some particular Masters excellent in that surprising Art. 'After which, I have advanced some Observations on the 'modern Dancing, both as to the Stage, and that Part of it 'so absolutely necessary for the Qualification of Gentlemen 'and Ladies; and have concluded with some short Remarks 'on the Origin and Progress of the Character by which Dances 'are writ down, and communicated to one Master from another. 'If some great Genius after this would arise, and advance this 'Art to that Perfection it seems capable of receiving, what 'might not be expected from it? For if we consider the 'Origin of Arts and Sciences, we shall find that some of them 'took rise from Beginnings so mean and unpromising, that it 'is very wonderful to think that ever such surprizing Structures 'should have been raised upon such ordinary Foundations. 'But what cannot a great Genius effect? Who would have 'thought that the clangorous Noise of a Smith's Hammers 'should have given the first rise to Musick? Yet *Macrobius* 'in his second Book relates, that *Pythagoras*, in passing by a

'Smith's Shop, found that the Sounds proceeding from the 'Hammers were either more grave or acute, according to the 'different Weights of the Hammers. The Philosopher, to 'improve this Hint, suspends different Weights by Strings of 'the same Bigness, and found in like manner that the Sounds 'answered to the Weights. This being discover'd, he finds out 'those Numbers which produc'd Sounds that were Consonants: 'As, that two Strings of the same Substance and Tension, 'the one being double the Length of the other, give that 'Interval which is called *Diapason*, or an Eighth; the same 'was also effected from two Strings of the same Length and 'Size, the one having four times the Tension of the other. By 'these Steps, from so mean a Beginning, did this great Man 'reduce, what was only before Noise, to one of the most 'delightful Sciences, by marrying it to the Mathematicks; and 'by that means caused it to be one of the most abstract and 'demonstrative of Sciences. Who knows therefore but Motion, 'whether Decorous or Representative, may not (as it seems 'highly probable it may) be taken into consideration by some 'Person capable of reducing it into a regular Science, tho' not 'so demonstrative as that proceeding from Sounds, yet sufficient 'to entitle it to a Place among the magnify'd Arts.

'Now, *Mr.* SPECTATOR, as you have declared your self 'Visitor of Dancing-Schools, and this being an Undertaking 'which more immediately respects them, I think my self indis-'pensably obliged, before I proceed to the Publication of this 'my Essay, to ask your Advice, and hold it absolutely necessary 'to have your Approbation; and in order to recommend my 'Treatise to the Perusal of the Parents of such as learn to 'dance, as well as to the young Ladies, to whom, as Visitor, 'you ought to be Guardian.

Salop, March 19, 1711-12. T.

I am, SIR,
Your most humble Servant.

No. 335.] *Tuesday, March* 25, 1712. [*Addison.*

Respicere exemplar vitæ morumque jubebo
Doctum imitatorem, et veras hinc ducere voces.—Hor.

MY Friend Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY, when we last met together at the Club, told me, that he had a great mind

to see the new Tragedy[1] with me, assuring me at the same time, that he had not been at a Play these twenty Years. The last I saw, said Sir ROGER, was the *Committee*, which I should not have gone to neither, had not I been told before-hand that it was a good Church-of-*England* Comedy.[2] He then proceeded to enquire of me who this Distrest Mother was; and upon hearing that she was *Hector's* Widow, he told me that her Husband was a brave Man, and that when he was a School-boy he had read his Life at the end of the Dictionary. My Friend asked me, in the next place, if there would not be some danger in coming home late, in case the *Mohocks* should be Abroad. I assure you, says he, I thought I had fallen into their Hands last Night; for I observed two or three lusty black Men that follow'd me half way up *Fleet-street*, and mended their pace behind me, in proportion as I put on to get away from them. You must know, continu'd the Knight with a Smile, I fancied they had a mind to *hunt* me; for I remember an honest Gentleman in my Neighbourhood, who was served such a trick in King *Charles* the Second's time; for which reason he has not ventured himself in Town ever since. I might have shown them very good Sport, had this been their Design; for as I am an old Fox-hunter, I should have turned and dodg'd, and have play'd them a thousand tricks they had never seen in their Lives before. Sir ROGER added, that if these Gentlemen had any such Intention, they did not succeed very well in it: for I threw them out, says he, at the End of *Norfolk street*, where I doubled the Corner, and got shelter in my Lodgings before they could imagine what was become of me. However, says the Knight, if Captain SENTRY will make

[1] This is a fourth puff (see Nos. 223, 229, 290) of Addison's friend Ambrose Philips. The art of 'packing a house' to secure applause was also practised on the first night of the acting of this version of *Andromaque*.

[2] The *Committee*, or *the Faithful Irishman*, was written by Sir Robert Howard soon after the Restoration, with for its heroes two Cavalier colonels, whose estates are sequestered, and their man Teg (Teague), an honest blundering Irishman. The Cavaliers defy the Roundhead Committee, and 'the day may come,' says one of them, 'when those that suffer for their 'consciences and honour may be rewarded.' Nobody who heard this from the stage in the days of Charles II. could feel that the day *had* come. Its comic Irishman kept the *Committee* on the stage, and in Queen Anne's time the thorough Tory still relished the stage caricature of the maintainers of the Commonwealth in Mr. Day with his greed, hypocrisy, and private incontinence; his wife, who had been cookmaid to a gentleman, but takes all the State matters on herself; and their empty son Abel, who knows Parliament-men and Sequestrators, and whose 'profound contemplations are 'caused by the consterva ion of his spirits for the nation's good.'

one with us to-morrow night, and if you will both of you call upon me about four a Clock, that we may be at the House before it is full, I will have my own Coach in readiness to attend you, for *John* tells me he has got the Fore-Wheels mended.

The Captain, who did not fail to meet me there at the appointed Hour, bid Sir ROGER fear nothing, for that he had put on the same Sword which he made use of at the Battel of *Steenkirk*. Sir ROGER's Servants, and among the rest my old Friend the Butler, had, I found, provided themselves with good Oaken Plants, to attend their Master upon this occasion. When he had placed him in his Coach, with my self at his Left-Hand, the Captain before him, and his Butler at the Head of his Footmen in the Rear, we convoy'd him in safety to the Play-house, where, after having marched up the Entry in good order, the Captain and I went in with him, and seated him betwixt us in the Pit. As soon as the House was full, and the Candles lighted, my old Friend stood up and looked about him with that Pleasure, which a Mind seasoned with Humanity naturally feels in its self, at the sight of a Multitude of People who seem pleased with one another, and partake of the same common Entertainment. I could not but fancy to myself, as the old Man stood up in the middle of the Pit, that he made a very proper Center to a Tragick Audience. Upon the entring of *Pyrrhus*, the Knight told me, that he did not believe the King of *France* himself had a better Strut. I was indeed very attentive to my old Friend's Remarks, because I looked upon them as a Piece of natural Criticism, and was well pleased to hear him at the Conclusion of almost every Scene, telling me that he could not imagine how the Play would end. One while he appeared much concerned for *Andromache;* and a little while after as much for *Hermione:* and was extremely puzzled to think what would become of *Pyrrhus*.

When Sir ROGER saw *Andromache's* obstinate Refusal to her Lover's Importunities, he whisper'd me in the Ear, that he was sure she would never have him; to which he added, with a more than ordinary Vehemence, you can't imagine, Sir, what 'tis to have to do with a Widow. Upon *Pyrrhus* his threatning afterwards to leave her, the Knight shook his Head, and muttered to himself, Ay, do if you can. This Part dwelt so much upon my Friend's Imagination, that at the close of the Third Act, as I was thinking of something else, he whispered in my Ear, These Widows, Sir, are the most perverse Creatures in the World. But pray, says he, you that are a Critick, is this

Play according to your Dramatick Rules, as you call them? Should your People in Tragedy always talk to be understood? Why, there is not a single Sentence in this Play that I do not know the Meaning of.

The Fourth Act very luckily begun before I had time to give the old Gentleman an Answer: Well, says the Knight, sitting down with great Satisfaction, I suppose we are now to see *Hector's* Ghost. He then renewed his Attention, and, from time to time, fell a praising the Widow. He made, indeed, a little Mistake as to one of her Pages, whom at his first entering, he took for *Astyanax;* but he quickly set himself right in that Particular, though, at the same time, he owned he should have been very glad to have seen the little Boy, who, says he, must needs be a very fine Child by the Account that is given of him. Upon *Hermione's* going off with a Menace to *Pyrrhus*, the Audience gave a loud Clap; to which Sir ROGER added, On my Word, a notable young Baggage!

As there was a very remarkable Silence and Stillness in the Audience during the whole Action, it was natural for them to take the Opportunity of these Intervals between the Acts, to express their Opinion of the Players, and of their respective Parts. Sir ROGER hearing a Cluster of them praise *Orestes*, struck in with them, and told them, that he thought his Friend *Pylades* was a very sensible Man; as they were afterwards applauding *Pyrrhus*, Sir ROGER put in a second time; And let me tell you, says he, though he speaks but little, I like the old Fellow in Whiskers as well as any of them. Captain SENTRY seeing two or three Waggs who sat near us, lean with an attentive Ear towards Sir ROGER, and fearing lest they should Smoke the Knight, pluck'd him by the Elbow, and whisper'd something in his Ear, that lasted till the Opening of the Fifth Act. The Knight was wonderfully attentive to the Account which *Orestes* gives of *Pyrrhus* his Death, and at the Conclusion of it, told me it was such a bloody Piece of Work, that he was glad it was not done upon the Stage. Seeing afterwards *Orestes* in his raving Fit, he grew more than ordinary serious, and took occasion to moralize (in his way) upon an Evil Conscience, adding, that *Orestes, in his Madness, looked as if he saw something.*

As we were the first that came into the House, so we were the last that went out of it; being resolved to have a clear Passage for our old Friend, whom we did not care to venture among the justling of the Crowd. Sir ROGER went out fully satisfied with his Entertainment, and we guarded him to his Lodgings in the same manner that we brought him to the Play-

house; being highly pleased, for my own part, not only with the Performance of the excellent Piece which had been presented, but with the Satisfaction which it had given to the good old Man. L.

No. 336.] *Wednesday, March* 26, 1712. [*Steele.*

———Clament periisse pudorem
Cuncti penè patres, ea cum reprehendere coner,
Quæ gravis Æsopus, quæ doctus Roscius egit:
Vel quia nil rectum, nisi quod placuit sibi, ducunt;
Vel quia turpe putant parere minoribus, et, quæ
Imberbes didicere, senes perdenda fateri.—Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'AS you are the daily Endeavourer to promote Learning and good Sense, I think myself obliged to suggest to your 'Consideration whatever may promote or prejudice them. 'There is an Evil which has prevailed from Generation to 'Generation, which grey Hairs and tyrannical Custom continue 'to support; I hope your Spectatorial Authority will give a 'seasonable Check to the Spread of the Infection; I mean old 'Mens overbearing the strongest Sense of their Juniors by the 'mere Force of Seniority; so that for a young Man in the 'Bloom of Life and Vigour of Age to give a reasonable Contra-'diction to his Elders, is esteemed an unpardonable Insolence, 'and regarded as a reversing the Decrees of Nature. I am a 'young Man, I confess, yet I honour the grey Head as much as 'any one; however, when in Company with old Men, I hear 'them speak obscurely, or reason preposterously (into which 'Absurdities, Prejudice, Pride, or Interest, will sometimes throw 'the wisest) I count it no Crime to rectifie their Reasoning, 'unless Conscience must truckle to Ceremony, and Truth fall 'a Sacrifice to Complaisance. The strongest Arguments are 'enervated, and the brightest Evidence disappears, before those 'tremendous Reasonings and dazling Discoveries of venerable 'old Age: You are young giddy-headed Fellows, you have not 'yet had Experience of the World. Thus we young Folks find 'our Ambition cramp'd, and our Laziness indulged, since, while 'young, we have little room to display our selves; and, when 'old, the Weakness of Nature must pass for Strength of Sense, 'and we hope that hoary Heads will raise us above the Attacks 'of Contradiction. Now, Sir, as you would enliven our Activity 'in the pursuit of Learning, take our Case into Consideration;

'and, with a Gloss on brave *Elihu's* Sentiments, assert the 'Rights of Youth, and prevent the pernicious Incroachments of 'Age. The generous Reasonings of that gallant Youth would 'adorn your Paper; and I beg you would insert them, not 'doubting but that they will give good Entertainment to the 'most intelligent of your Readers.

'*So these three Men ceased to answer* Job, *because he was* 'righteous in his own Eyes. *Then was kindled the Wrath of* 'Elihu *the Son of* Barachel *the* Buzite, *of the Kindred of* Ram: 'Against Job *was his Wrath kindled, because he justified him-* 'self rather than God. *Also against his three Friends was his* 'Wrath kindled, *because they had found no Answer, and yet had* 'condemned Job. *Now* Elihu *had waited till* Job *had spoken,* 'because they were elder than he. *When* Elihu *saw there was no* 'Answer in the Mouth of these three Men, then his Wrath was 'kindled. *And* Elihu *the Son of* Barachel *the* Buzite *answered and* 'said, I am young, and ye are very old, wherefore I was afraid, 'and durst not shew you mine Opinion. I said, Days should 'speak, and Multitude of Years should teach Wisdom. But there 'is a Spirit in Man; and the Inspiration of the Almighty 'giveth them Understanding. Great Men are not always wise: 'Neither do the Aged understand Judgment. Therefore I said, 'hearken to me, I also will shew mine Opinion. Behold, I 'waited for your Words; I gave ear to your Reasons, whilst you 'searched out what to say. Yea, I attended unto you: And 'behold there was none of you that convinced Job, *or that* 'answered his Words; lest ye should say, we have found out 'Wisdom: God thrusteth him down, not Man. Now he hath 'not directed his Words against me: Neither will I answer him 'with your Speeches. They were amazed, they answered no 'more: They left off speaking. When I had waited (*for they* 'spake not, but stood still and answered no more) I said, I will 'answer also my Part, I also will shew mine Opinion. For I 'am full of Matter, the Spirit within me constraineth me. Behold 'my Belly is as Wine which hath no vent, it is ready to burst 'like new Bottles. I will speak that I may be refreshed: I will 'open my Lips, and answer. Let me not, I pray you, accept any 'Man's Person, neither let me give flattering Titles unto Man. 'For I know not to give flattering Titles; in so doing my Maker 'would soon take me away.[1]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I have formerly read with great Satisfaction your Papers

[1] Job, ch. xxxii.

'about Idols, and the Behaviour of Gentlemen in those Coffee-'houses where Women officiate, and impatiently waited to see 'you take *India* and *China* Shops into Consideration: But 'since you have pass'd us over in silence, either that you have 'not as yet thought us worth your Notice, or that the Grievances 'we lie under have escaped your discerning Eye, I must make 'my Complaints to you, and am encouraged to do it because 'you seem a little at leisure at this present Writing. I am, dear 'Sir, one of the top China-Women about Town; and though I 'say it, keep as good Things, and receive as fine Company as 'any o' this End of the Town, let the other be who she will: 'In short, I am in a fair Way to be easy, were it not for a Club 'of Female Rakes, who under pretence of taking their innocent 'Rambles, forsooth, and diverting the Spleen, seldom fail to 'plague me twice or thrice a-day to cheapen Tea, or buy a 'Skreen; *What else should they mean?* as they often repeat it. 'These Rakes are your idle Ladies of Fashion, who having 'nothing to do, employ themselves in tumbling over my Ware. 'One of these No-Customers (for by the way they seldom or 'never buy any thing) calls for a Set of Tea-Dishes, another for 'a Bason, a third for my best Green-Tea, and even to the 'Punch Bowl, there's scarce a piece in my Shop but must be 'displaced, and the whole agreeable Architecture disordered; 'so that I can compare 'em to nothing but to the Night-'Goblins that take a Pleasure to over-turn the Disposition of 'Plates and Dishes in the Kitchens of your housewifely Maids. 'Well, after all this Racket and Clutter, this is too dear, that is 'their Aversion; another thing is charming, but not wanted: 'The Ladies are cured of the Spleen, but I am not a Shilling 'the better for it. Lord! what signifies one poor Pot of Tea, 'considering the Trouble they put me to? Vapours, Mr. 'SPECTATOR, are terrible Things; for though I am not possess'd 'by them my self, I suffer more from 'em than if I were. Now 'I must beg you to admonish all such Day-Goblins to make 'fewer Visits, or to be less troublesome when they come to 'one's Shop; and to convince 'em, that we honest Shop-'keepers have something better to do, than to cure Folks of 'the Vapours *gratis*. A young Son of mine, a School-Boy, is 'my Secretary, so I hope you'll make Allowances.

I am, SIR,

Your constant Reader,

March the 22nd. *and very humble Servant,*

T. Rebecca *the Distress'd.*

No. 337.] *Thursday, March* 27, 1712. [*Budgell.*

Fingit equum tenerâ docilem cervice Magister,
Ire viam quam monstrat eques——— Hor.

I HAVE lately received a third Letter from the Gentleman, who has already given the Publick two Essays upon Education. As his Thoughts seem to be very just and new upon this Subject, I shall communicate them to the Reader.

SIR,

'If I had not been hindered by some extraordinary Business, 'I should have sent you sooner my further Thoughts upon 'Education. You may please to remember, that in my last 'Letter I endeavoured to give the best Reasons that could be 'urged in favour of a private or publick Education. Upon the 'whole it may perhaps be thought that I seemed rather enclin'd 'to the latter, tho' at the same time I confess'd that Virtue, 'which ought to be our first and principal Care, was more 'usually acquired in the former.

'I intend therefore, in this Letter, to offer at Methods, by 'which I conceive Boys might be made to improve in Virtue, 'as they advance in Letters.

'I know that in most of our public Schools Vice is punished 'and discouraged whenever it is found out; but this is far from 'being sufficient, unless our Youth are at the same time taught 'to form a right Judgment of Things, and to know what is 'properly Virtue.

'To this end, whenever they read the Lives and Actions of 'such Men as have been famous in their Generation, it should 'not be thought enough to make them barely understand so 'many *Greek* or *Latin* Sentences, but they should be asked 'their Opinion of such an Action or Saying, and obliged to 'give their Reasons why they take it to be good or bad. By 'this means they would insensibly arrive at proper Notions of 'Courage, Temperance, Honour and Justice.

'There must be great Care taken how the Example of any 'particular Person is recommended to them in gross; instead 'of which, they ought to be taught wherein such a Man, tho' 'great in some respects, was weak and faulty in others. For 'want of this Caution, a Boy is often so dazzled with the Lustre 'of a great Character, that he confounds its Beauties with its 'Blemishes, and looks even upon the faulty Parts of it with an 'Eye of Admiration.

'I have often wondered how *Alexander*, who was naturally

'of a generous and merciful Disposition, came to be guilty of 'so barbarous an Action as that of dragging the Governour of 'a Town after his Chariot. I know this is generally ascribed 'to his Passion for *Homer;* but I lately met with a Passage in '*Plutarch*, which, if I am not very much mistaken, still gives us 'a clearer Light into the Motives of this Action. *Plutarch* 'tells us, that *Alexander* in his Youth had a Master named '*Lysimachus*, who, tho' he was a Man destitute of all Polite- 'ness, ingratiated himself both with *Philip* and his Pupil, and 'became the second Man at Court, by calling the King *Peleus*, 'the Prince *Achilles*, and himself *Phœnix*. It is no wonder if '*Alexander* having been thus used not only to admire, but to 'personate *Achilles*, should think it glorious to imitate him in 'this piece of Cruelty and Extravagance.

'To carry this Thought yet further, I shall submit it to your 'Consideration, whether instead of a Theme or Copy of Verses, 'which are the usual Exercises, as they are called in the School- 'phrase, it would not be more proper that a Boy should be 'tasked once or twice a Week to write down his Opinion of 'such Persons and Things as occur to him in his Reading; 'that he should descant upon the Actions of *Turnus* and '*Æneas*, shew wherein they excelled or were defective, censure 'or approve any particular Action, observe how it might have 'been carried to a greater Degree of Perfection, and how it 'exceeded or fell short of another. He might at the same time 'mark what was moral in any Speech, and how far it agreed 'with the Character of the Person speaking. This Exercise 'would soon strengthen his Judgment in what is blameable or 'praiseworthy, and give him an early Seasoning of Morality.

'Next to those Examples which may be met with in Books, 'I very much approve *Horace's* Way of setting before Youth 'the infamous or honourable Characters of their Contemporaries: 'That Poet tells us, this was the Method his Father made use 'of to incline him to any particular Virtue, or give him an 'Aversion to any particular Vice. If, says *Horace*, my Father 'advised me to live within Bounds, and be contented with the 'Fortune he should leave me; Do not you see (says he) the 'miserable Condition of *Burrus*, and the Son of *Albus?* Let 'the Misfortunes of those two Wretches teach you to avoid 'Luxury and Extravagance. If he would inspire me with an 'Abhorrence to Debauchery, do not (says he) make your self 'like *Sectanus*, when you may be happy in the Enjoyment of 'lawful Pleasures. How scandalous (says he) is the Character 'of *Trebonius*, who was lately caught in Bed with another

'Man's Wife? To illustrate the Force of this Method, the 'Poet adds, That as a headstrong Patient, who will not at first 'follow his Physician's Prescriptions, grows orderly when he 'hears that his Neighbours die all about him; so Youth is often 'frighted from Vice, by hearing the ill Report it brings upon 'others.

'*Xenophon's* Schools of Equity, in his Life of *Cyrus* the 'Great, are sufficiently famous: He tells us, that the *Persian* 'Children went to School, and employ'd their Time as diligently 'in learning the Principles of Justice and Sobriety, as the Youth 'in other Countries did to acquire the most difficult Arts and 'Sciences: their Governors spent most part of the Day in 'hearing their mutual Accusations one against the other, whether 'for Violence, Cheating, Slander, or Ingratitude; and taught 'them how to give Judgment against those who were found to 'be any ways guilty of these Crimes. I omit the Story of the 'long and short Coat, for which *Cyrus* himself was punished, as 'a Case equally known with any in *Littleton*.

'The Method, which *Apuleius* tells us the *Indian Gymno-* '*sophists* took to educate their Disciples, is still more curious 'and remarkable. His Words are as follow: When their 'Dinner is ready, before it is served up, the Masters enquire of 'every particular Scholar how he has employ'd his Time since 'Sun-rising; some of them answer, that having been chosen as 'Arbiters between two Persons they have composed their 'Differences, and made them Friends; some, that they have 'been executing the Orders of their Parents; and others, that 'they have either found out something new by their own 'Application, or learnt it from the Instruction of their Fellows: 'But if there happens to be any one among them, who cannot 'make it appear that he has employed the Morning to advan- 'tage, he is immediately excluded from the Company, and 'obliged to work, while the rest are at Dinner.

'It is not impossible, that from these several Ways of 'producing Virtue in the Minds of Boys, some general Method 'might be invented. What I would endeavour to inculcate, is, 'that our Youth cannot be too soon taught the Principles of 'Virtue, seeing the first Impressions which are made on the 'Mind are always the strongest.

'The Archbishop of *Cambray* makes *Telemachus* say, that 'tho' he was young in Years, he was old in the Art of knowing 'how to keep both his own and his Friend's Secrets. When 'my Father, says the Prince, went to the Siege of *Troy*, he took 'me on his Knees, and after having embraced and blessed me,

'as he was surrounded by the Nobles of *Ithaca*, O my Friends, 'says he, into your Hands I commit the Education of my Son; 'if ever you lov'd his Father, shew it in your Care towards 'him; but above all, do not omit to form him just, sincere, 'and faithful in keeping a Secret. These Words of my Father, 'says *Telemachus*, were continually repeated to me by his 'Friends in his Absence; who made no scruple of communi-'cating to me in their Uneasiness to see my Mother surrounded 'with Lovers, and the Measures they designed to take on that 'Occasion. He adds, that he was so ravished at being thus 'treated like a Man, and at the Confidence reposed in him, 'that he never once abused it; nor could all the Insinuations 'of his Father's Rivals ever get him to betray what was 'committed to him under the Seal of Secrecy.

'There is hardly any Virtue which a Lad might not thus 'learn by Practice and Example.

'I have heard of a good Man, who used at certain times to 'give his Scholars Six Pence apiece, that they might tell him 'the next day how they had employ'd it. The third part was 'always to be laid out in Charity, and every Boy was blamed 'or commended as he could make it appear that he had chosen 'a fit Object.

'In short, nothing is more wanting to our publick Schools, 'than that the Masters of them should use the same care in 'fashioning the Manners of their Scholars, as in forming their 'Tongues to the learned Languages. Where-ever the former 'is omitted, I cannot help agreeing with Mr. *Locke*, That a 'Man must have a very strange Value for Words, when 'preferring the Languages of the *Greeks* and *Romans* to that 'which made them such brave Men, he can think it worth 'while to hazard the Innocence and Virtue of his Son for a 'little *Greek* and *Latin*.

'As the Subject of this Essay is of the highest Importance, 'and what I do not remember to have yet seen treated by any 'Author, I have sent you what occurr'd to me on it from my 'own Observation or Reading, and which you may either 'suppress or publish as you think fit.

X. *I am, SIR, Yours,* &c.

No. 338.] Friday, March 28, 1712. [

[——*Nil fuit unquam*
Tam dispar sibi.—Hor.[1]]

I FIND the Tragedy of the *Distrest Mother* is publish'd to-day: The Author of the Prologue, I suppose, pleads an old Excuse I have read somewhere, of being *dull with Design;* and the Gentleman who writ the Epilogue,[2] has, to my knowledge, so much of greater moment to value himself upon, that he will easily forgive me for publishing the Exceptions made against Gayety at the end of serious Entertainments, in the following Letter: I should be more unwilling to pardon him than any body, a Practice which cannot have any ill Consequence, but from the Abilities of the Person who is guilty of it.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I had the Happiness the other Night of sitting very near 'you, and your worthy Friend Sir ROGER, at the acting of the 'new Tragedy, which you have in a late Paper or two so justly 'recommended. I was highly pleased with the advantageous 'Situation Fortune had given me in placing me so near two 'Gentlemen, from one of which I was sure to hear such Reflec-'tions on the several Incidents of the Play, as pure Nature 'suggested, and from the other such as flowed from the exactest 'Art and Judgment: Tho' I must confess that my Curiosity led 'me so much to observe the Knight's Reflections, that I was 'not so well at leisure to improve my self by yours. Nature, 'I found, play'd her Part in the Knight pretty well, till at the 'last concluding Lines she entirely forsook him. You must 'know, Sir, that it is always my Custom, when I have been

[1] [—*Servetur ad imum*
Qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi constet.—Hor.]

[2] The Prologue was by Steele. Of the Epilogue Dr. Johnson said (in his Lives of the Poets, when telling of Ambrose Philips), 'It was known in 'Tonson's family and told to Garrick, that Addison was himself the author 'of it, and that when it had been at first printed with his name, he came 'early in the morning, before the copies were distributed, and ordered it to 'be given to Budgell, that it might add weight to the solicitation which he 'was then making for a place.' Johnson calls it 'the most successful 'Epilogue that was ever yet spoken on the English theatre. The three 'first nights it was recited twice,' and whenever afterwards the play was acted the Epilogue was still expected and was spoken. This is a fifth paper for the benefit of Ambrose Philips, inserted, perhaps, to make occasion for a sixth (No. 341) in the form of a reply to Physibulus.

'well entertained at a new Tragedy, to make my Retreat before 'the facetious Epilogue enters; not but that those Pieces are 'often very well writ, but having paid down my Half Crown, 'and made a fair Purchase of as much of the pleasing Melan- 'choly as the Poet's Art can afford me, or my own Nature 'admit of, I am willing to carry some of it home with me; and 'can't endure to be at once trick'd out of all, tho' by the 'wittiest Dexterity in the World. However, I kept my Seat 't'other Night, in hopes of finding my own Sentiments of this 'Matter favour'd by your Friend's; when, to my great Surprize, 'I found the Knight entering with equal Pleasure into both 'Parts, and as much satisfied with Mrs. *Oldfield's* Gaiety, as 'he had been before with *Andromache's* Greatness. Whether 'this were no other than an Effect of the Knight's peculiar 'Humanity, pleas'd to find at last, that after all the tragical 'Doings every thing was safe and well, I don't know. But for 'my own part, I must confess, I was so dissatisfied, that I was 'sorry the Poet had saved *Andromache*, and could heartily 'have wished that he had left her stone-dead upon the Stage. 'For you cannot imagine, Mr. SPECTATOR, the Mischief she 'was reserv'd to do me. I found my Soul, during the Action, 'gradually work'd up to the highest Pitch; and felt the exalted 'Passion which all generous Minds conceive at the Sight of 'Virtue in Distress. The Impression, believe me, Sir, was so 'strong upon me, that I am persuaded, if I had been let alone 'in it, I could at an Extremity have ventured to defend your 'self and Sir ROGER against half a Score of the fiercest *Mo-* '*hocks:* But the ludicrous Epilogue in the Close extinguish'd 'all my Ardour, and made me look upon all such noble 'Atchievements, as downright silly and romantick. What the 'rest of the Audience felt, I can't so well tell: For my self, I 'must declare, that at the end of the Play I found my Soul 'uniform, and all of a Piece; but at the End of the Epilogue 'it was so jumbled together, and divided between Jest and 'Earnest, that if you will forgive me an extravagant Fancy, I 'will here set it down. I could not but fancy, if my Soul had 'at that Moment quitted my Body, and descended to the 'poetical Shades in the Posture it was then in, what a strange 'Figure it would have made among them. They would not 'have known what to have made of my motley Spectre, half 'Comick and half Tragick, all over resembling a ridiculous 'Face, that at the same time laughs on one side and cries o' 't'other. The only Defence, I think, I have ever heard made 'for this, as it seems to me, most unnatural Tack of the

'Comick Tail to the Tragick Head, is this, that the Minds 'of the Audience must be refreshed, and Gentlemen and 'Ladies not sent away to their own Homes with too dismal 'and melancholy Thoughts about them: For who knows the 'Consequence of this? We are much obliged indeed to the 'Poets for the great Tenderness they express for the Safety 'of our Persons, and heartily thank them for it. But if 'that be all, pray, good Sir, assure them, that we are none 'of us like to come to any great Harm; and that, let them 'do their best, we shall in all probability live out the Length 'of our Days, and frequent the Theatres more than ever. 'What makes me more desirous to have some Reformation 'of this matter, is because of an ill Consequence or two 'attending it: For a great many of our Church-Musicians 'being related to the Theatre, they have, in Imitation of these 'Epilogues, introduced in their farewell Voluntaries a sort of 'Musick quite foreign to the design of Church-Services, to the 'great Prejudice of well-disposed People. Those fingering 'Gentlemen should be informed, that they ought to suit their 'Airs to the Place and Business; and that the Musician is 'obliged to keep to the Text as much as the Preacher. For want 'of this, I have found by Experience a great deal of Mischief: 'For when the Preacher has often, with great Piety and Art 'enough, handled his Subject, and the judicious Clark has with 'utmost Diligence culled out two Staves proper to the Dis- 'course, and I have found in my self and in the rest of the Pew 'good Thoughts and Dispositions, they have been all in a 'moment dissipated by a merry Jigg from the Organ-Loft. 'One knows not what further ill Effects the Epilogues I have 'been speaking of may in time produce: But this I am credibly 'informed of, that *Paul Lorrain*[1] has resolv'd upon a very 'sudden Reformation in his tragical Dramas; and that at the 'next monthly Performance, he designs, instead of a Penitential 'Psalm, to dismiss his Audience with an excellent new Ballad 'of his own composing. Pray, Sir, do what you can to put a 'stop to those growing Evils, and you will very much oblige

Your Humble Servant.

Physibulus.

[1] Paul Lorrain was the Ordinary of Newgate. He died in 1719. He always represented his convicts as dying Penitents, wherefore in No. 63 of the *Tatler* they had been called 'Paul Lorrain's Saints.'

No. 339.] *Saturday, March* 29, 1712. [*Addison.*

——Ut his exordia primis
Omnia, et ipse tener Mundi concreverit orbis.
Tum durare solum et discludere Nerea ponto
Cœperit, et rerum pauliatim sumere formas.—[Virg.[1]]

LONGINUS has observed,[2] that there may be a Loftiness in Sentiments, where there is no Passion, and brings Instances out of ancient Authors to support this his Opinion. The Pathetick, as that great Critick observes, may animate and inflame the Sublime, but is not essential to it. Accordingly, as he further remarks, we very often find that those who excel most in stirring up the Passions, very often want the Talent of writing in the great and sublime manner, and so on the contrary. *Milton* has shewn himself a Master in both these ways of Writing. The Seventh Book, which we are now entring upon, is an Instance of that Sublime which is not mixed and worked up with Passion. The Author appears in a kind of composed and sedate Majesty; and tho' the Sentiments do not give so great an Emotion as those in the former Book, they abound with as magnificent Ideas. The Sixth Book, like a troubled Ocean, represents Greatness in Confusion; the seventh Affects the Imagination like the Ocean in a Calm, and fills the Mind of the Reader, without producing in it any thing like Tumult or Agitation.

The Critick above mentioned, among the Rules which he lays down for succeeding in the sublime way of writing, proposes to his Reader, that he should imitate the most celebrated Authors who have gone before him, and been engaged in Works of the same nature;[3] as in particular, that if he writes on a poetical Subject, he should consider how *Homer* would have spoken on such an Occasion. By this means one great Genius often catches the Flame from another, and writes in his Spirit, without copying servilely after him. There are a thousand shining Passages in *Virgil*, which have been lighted up by *Homer*.

Milton, tho' his own natural Strength of Genius was capable of furnishing out a perfect Work, has doubtless very much raised and ennobled his Conceptions, by such an Imitation as that which *Longinus* has recommended.

In this Book, which gives us an Account of the six Days

[1] [Ovid.] [2] On the Sublime, § 8. [3] § 14.

Works, the Poet received but very few Assistances from Heathen Writers, who were Strangers to the Wonders of Creation. But as there are many glorious strokes of Poetry upon this Subject in Holy Writ, the Author has numberless Allusions to them through the whole course of this Book. The great Critick I have before mentioned, though an Heathen, has taken notice of the sublime Manner in which the Lawgiver of the *Jews* has describ'd the Creation in the first Chapter of *Genesis*;[1] and there are many other Passages in Scripture, which rise up to the same Majesty, where this Subject is touched upon. *Milton* has shewn his Judgment very remarkably, in making use of such of these as were proper for his Poem, and in duly qualifying those high Strains of *Eastern* Poetry, which were suited to Readers whose Imaginations were set to an higher pitch than those of colder Climates.

Adam's Speech to the Angel, wherein he desires an Account of what had passed within the Regions of Nature before the Creation, is very great and solemn. The following Lines, in which he tells him, that the Day is not too far spent for him to enter upon such a subject, are exquisite in their kind.

> *And the great Light of Day yet wants to run*
> *Much of his Race, though steep, suspense in Heav'n*
> *Held by thy Voice; thy potent Voice he hears,*
> *And longer will delay, to hear thee tell*
> *His Generation,* &c.

The Angel's encouraging our first Parent[s] in a modest pursuit after Knowledge, with the Causes which he assigns for the Creation of the World, are very just and beautiful. The Messiah, by whom, as we are told in Scripture, the Worlds were made, comes forth in the Power of his Father, surrounded with an Host of Angels, and cloathed with such a Majesty as becomes his entring upon a Work, which, according to our Conceptions, [appears[2]] the utmost Exertion of Omnipotence. What a beautiful Description has our Author raised upon that Hint in one of the Prophets. *And behold there came four Chariots out from between two Mountains, and the Mountains were Mountains of Brass.*[3]

> *About his Chariot numberless were pour'd*
> Cherub *and* Seraph, *Potentates and Thrones,*

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[1] Longinus, § 9:—"So likewise the Jewish legislator, no ordinary person, having conceived a just idea of the power of God, has nobly expressed it in the beginning of his law. 'And God said,'—*What?* 'Let there be Light, and there was Light. Let the Earth be, and the Earth was.'"

[2] [looks like]:—

[3] Zechariah vi. i.

And Virtues, winged Spirits, and Chariots wing'd,
From th' Armoury of God, where stand of old
Myriads between two brazen Mountains lodg'd
Against a solemn Day, harness'd at hand;
Celestial Equipage! and now came forth
Spontaneous, for within them Spirit liv'd,
Attendant on their Lord: Heav'n open'd wide
Her ever-during Gates, Harmonious Sound!
On golden Hinges moving———

I have before taken notice of these Chariots of God, and of these Gates of Heaven; and shall here only add, that *Homer* gives us the same Idea of the latter, as opening of themselves; tho' he afterwards takes off from it, by telling us, that the *Hours* first of all removed those prodigious Heaps of Clouds which lay as a Barrier before them.

I do not know any thing in the whole Poem more sublime than the Description which follows, where the Messiah is represented at the head of his Angels, as looking down into the *Chaos*, calming its Confusion, riding into the midst of it, and drawing the first Out-Line of the Creation.

On Heavenly Ground they stood, and from the Shore
They view'd the vast immeasurable Abyss,
Outrageous as a Sea, dark, wasteful, wild;
Up from the bottom turn'd by furious Winds
And surging Waves, as Mountains to assault
Heaven's height, and with the Center mix the Pole.
Silence, ye troubled Waves, and thou Deep, Peace!
Said then th' Omnific Word, your Discord end:
Nor staid; but, on the Wings of Cherubim
Up-lifted, in Paternal Glory rode
Far into Chaos, *and the World unborn;*
For Chaos *heard his Voice. Him all His Train*
Follow'd in bright Procession, to behold
Creation, and the Wonders of his Might.
Then staid the fervid Wheels, and in his Hand
He took the Golden Compasses, prepar'd
In God's eternal Store, to circumscribe
This Universe, and all created Things:
One Foot he center'd, and the other turn'd
Round, through the vast Profundity obscure;
And said, Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,
This be thy just Circumference, O World!

The Thought of the Golden Compasses is conceived altogether in *Homer's* Spirit, and is a very noble Incident in this wonderful Description. *Homer*, when he speaks of the Gods, ascribes to them several Arms and Instruments with the same greatness of Imagination. Let the Reader only peruse the Description of *Minerva's Ægis*, or Buckler, in the Fifth Book, with her Spear, which would overturn whole

Squadrons, and her Helmet, that was sufficient to cover an Army drawn out of an hundred Cities: The Golden Compasses in the above-mentioned Passage appear a very natural Instrument in the Hand of him, whom *Plato* somewhere calls the Divine Geometrician. As Poetry delights in cloathing abstracted Ideas in Allegories and sensible Images, we find a magnificent Description of the Creation form'd after the same manner in one of the Prophets, wherein he describes the Almighty Architect as measuring the Waters in the Hollow of his Hand, meting out the Heavens with his Span, comprehending the Dust of the Earth in a Measure, weighing the Mountains in Scales, and the Hills in a Balance. Another of them describing the Supreme Being in this great Work of Creation, represents him as laying the Foundations of the Earth, and stretching a Line upon it: And in another place as garnishing the Heavens, stretching out the North over the empty Place, and hanging the Earth upon nothing. This last noble Thought *Milton* has express'd in the following Verse:

And Earth self-ballanc'd on her Center hung.

The Beauties of Description in this Book lie so very thick, that it is impossible to enumerate them in this Paper. The Poet has employ'd on them the whole Energy of our Tongue. The several great Scenes of the Creation rise up to view one after another, in such a manner, that the Reader seems present at this wonderful Work, and to assist among the Choirs of Angels, who are the Spectators of it. How glorious is the Conclusion of the first Day.

——Thus was the first Day Ev'n and Morn
Nor past uncelebrated nor unsung
By the Celestial Quires, when Orient Light
Exhaling first from Darkness they beheld;
Birth-day of Heav'n and Earth! with Joy and Shout
The hollow universal Orb they fill'd.

We have the same elevation of Thought in the third Day, when the Mountains were brought forth, and the Deep was made.

Immediately the Mountains huge appear
Emergent, and their broad bare Backs up-heave
Into the Clouds, their Tops ascend the Sky:
So high as heav'd the tumid Hills, so low
Down sunk a hollow Bottom, broad and deep,
Capacious Bed of Waters——

We have also the rising of the whole vegetable World described in this Day's Work, which is filled with all the Graces that other Poets have lavish'd on their Descriptions of the

Spring, and leads the Reader's Imagination into a Theatre equally surprising and beautiful.

The several Glories of the Heav'ns make their Appearance on the Fourth Day.

> *First in his East the glorious Lamp was seen,*
> *Regent of Day; and all th' Horizon round*
> *Invested with bright Rays, jocund to round*
> *His Longitude through Heav'n's high Road: the gray*
> *Dawn, and the* Pleiades *before him danced,*
> *Shedding sweet Influence. Less bright the Moon,*
> *But opposite in level'd West was set,*
> *His Mirror, with full face borrowing her Light*
> *From him, for other Lights she needed none*
> *In that aspect, and still that distance keeps*
> *Till Night; then in the East her turn she shines,*
> *Revolv'd on Heav'n's great Axle, and her Reign*
> *With thousand lesser Lights dividual holds,*
> *With thousand thousand Stars that then appear'd*
> *Spangling the Hemisphere——*

One would wonder how the Poet could be so concise in his Description of the six Days Works, as to comprehend them within the bounds of an Episode, and at the same time so particular, as to give us a lively Idea of them. This is still more remarkable in his Account of the Fifth and Sixth Days, in which he has drawn out to our View the whole Animal Creation, from the Reptil to the Behemoth. As the Lion and the Leviathan are two of the noblest Productions in [the[1]] World of living Creatures, the Reader will find a most exquisite Spirit of Poetry in the Account which our Author gives us of them. The Sixth Day concludes with the Formation of Man, upon which the Angel takes occasion, as he did after the Battel in Heaven, to remind *Adam* of his Obedience, which was the principal Design of this his Visit.

The Poet afterwards represents the Messiah returning into Heaven, and taking a Survey of his great Work. There is something inexpressibly Sublime in this part of the Poem, where the Author describes that great Period of Time, filled with so many Glorious Circumstances; when the Heavens and Earth were finished; when the Messiah ascended up in triumph thro' the Everlasting Gates; when he looked down with pleasure upon his new Creation; when every Part of Nature seem'd to rejoice in its Existence; when the Morning-Stars sang together, and all the Sons of God shouted for joy.

> *So Ev'n and Morn accomplish'd the sixth Day:*
> *Yet not 'till the Creator from his Work*

[1] [this]

Desisting, tho' unwearied, up return'd,
Up to the Heav'n of Heav'ns, his high Abode;
Thence to behold this new created World,
Th' Addition of his Empire, how it shew'd
In prospect from his Throne, how good, how fair,
Answering his great Idea: Up he rode,
Follow'd with Acclamation, and the Sound
Symphonious of ten thousand Harps, that tuned
Angelick Harmonies; the Earth, the Air
Resounding (thou remember'st, for thou heard'st)
The Heavens and all the Constellations rung;
The Planets in their Station listning stood,
While the bright Pomp ascended jubilant.
Open, ye everlasting Gates, they sung,
Open, ye Heav'ns, your living Doors; let in
The great Creator from his Work return'd
Magnificent, his six Days Work, a World!

I cannot conclude this Book upon the Creation, without mentioning a Poem which has lately appeared under that Title.[1] The Work was undertaken with so good an Intention, and is executed with so great a Mastery, that it deserves to be looked upon as one of the most useful and noble Productions in our

[1] Sir Richard Blackmore's *Creation* appeared in 1712. Besides this praise of it from Addison, its religious character caused Dr. Johnson to say that if Blackmore 'had written nothing else it would have transmitted him 'to posterity among the first favourites of the English muse.' But even with the help of all his epics it has failed to secure him any such place in the estimation of posterity. This work is not an epic, but described on its title-page as 'a Philosophical Poem, Demonstrating the Existence and Providence 'of a God.' It argues in blank verse, in the first two of its seven books, the existence of a Deity from evidences of design in the structure and qualities of earth and sea, in the celestial bodies and the air; in the next three books it argues against objections raised by Atheists, Atomists, and Fatalists; in the sixth book proceeds with evidences of design, taking the structure of man's body for its theme; and in the next, which is the last book, treats in the same way of the Instincts of Animals and of the Faculties and Operations of the Soul. This is the manner of the Poem:

The Sea does next demand our View; and there
No less the Marks of perfect skill appear.
When first the Atoms to the Congress came,
And by their Concourse form'd the mighty Frame,
What did the Liquid to th' Assembly call
To give their Aid to form the pond'rous Ball?
First, tell us, why did any come? next, why
In such a disproportion to the Dry?
Why were the Moist in Number so outdone,
That to a Thousand Dry, they are but one.

It is hardly a 'mark of perfect skill' that there are five or six thousand of such dry lines in Blackmore's poem, and not even one that should lead a critic to speak in the same breath of Blackmore and Milton.

English Verse. The Reader cannot but be pleased to find the Depths of Philosophy enlivened with all the Charms of Poetry, and to see so great a Strength of Reason, amidst so beautiful a Redundancy of the Imagination. The Author has shewn us that Design in all the Works of Nature, which necessarily leads us to the Knowledge of its first Cause. In short, he has illustrated, by numberless and incontestable Instances, that Divine Wisdom, which the Son of *Sirach* has so nobly ascribed to the Supreme Being in his Formation of the World, when he tells us, that *He created her, and saw her, and numbered her, and poured her out upon all his Works.* L.

No. 340.] *Monday, March* 31, 1712. [*Steele.*

Quis novus hic nostris successit sedibus Hospes?
Quem sese Ore ferens! quam forti Pectore et Armis!—Virg.

I TAKE it to be the highest Instance of a noble Mind, to bear great Qualities without discovering in a Man's Behaviour any Consciousness that he is superior to the rest of the World. Or, to say it otherwise, it is the Duty of a great Person so to demean himself, as that whatever Endowments he may have, he may appear to value himself upon no Qualities but such as any Man may arrive at: He ought to think no Man valuable but for his publick Spirit, Justice and Integrity; and all other Endowments to be esteemed only as they contribute to the exerting those Virtues. Such a Man, if he is Wise or Valiant, knows it is of no Consideration to other Men that he is so, but as he employs those high Talents for their Use and Service. He who affects the Applauses and Addresses of a Multitude, or assumes to himself a Pre-eminence upon any other Consideration, must soon turn Admiration into Contempt. It is certain, that there can be no Merit in any Man who is not conscious of it; but the Sense that it is valuable only according to the Application of it, makes that Superiority amiable, which would otherwise be invidious. In this Light it is considered as a Thing in which every Man bears a Share: It annexes the Ideas of Dignity, Power, and Fame, in an agreeable and familiar manner, to him who is Possessor of it; and all Men who are Strangers to him are naturally incited to indulge a Curiosity in beholding the Person, Behaviour, Feature, and Shape of him, in whose Character, perhaps, each Man had

formed something in common with himself. Whether such, or any other, are the Causes, all Men have [a yearning[1]] Curiosity to behold a Man of heroick Worth; and I have had many Letters from all Parts of this Kingdom, that request I would give them an exact Account of the Stature, the Mein, the Aspect of the Prince[2] who lately visited *England*, and has done such Wonders for the Liberty of *Europe*. It would puzzle the most Curious to form to himself the sort of Man my several Correspondents expect to hear of, by the Action mentioned when they desire a Description of him: There is always something that concerns themselves, and growing out of their own Circumstances, in all their Enquiries. A Friend of mine in *Wales* beseeches me to be very exact in my Account of that wonderful Man, who had marched an Army and all its Baggage over the *Alps;* and, if possible, to learn whether the Peasant who shew'd him the Way, and is drawn in the Map, be yet living. A Gentleman from the University, who is deeply intent on the Study of Humanity, desires me to be as particular, if I had Opportunity, in observing the whole Interview between his Highness and our late General. Thus do Mens Fancies work according to their several Educations and Circumstances; but all pay a Respect, mixed with Admiration, to this illustrious Character. I have waited for his Arrival in *Holland*, before I would let my Correspondents know, that I have not been so uncurious a Spectator, as not to have seen Prince *Eugene*. It would be very difficult, as I said just now, to answer every Expectation of those who have writ to me on that Head; nor is it possible for me to find Words to let one know what an artful Glance there is in his Countenance who surprized *Cremona;* how daring he appears who forced the

[1] [an earning]

[2] Prince Eugene of Savoy, grandson of a duke of Savoy, and son of Eugene Maurice, general of the Swiss, and Olympia Mancini, a niece of Mazarin, was born at Paris in 1663, and intended for the church, but had so strong a bent towards a military life, that when refused a regiment in the French army he served the Emperor as volunteer against the Turks. He stopped the march of the French into Italy when Louis XIV. declared war with Austria, and refused afterwards from Louis a Marshal's staff, a pension, and the Government of Champagne. Afterwards in Italy, by the surprise of Cremona he made Marshal Villeroi his prisoner, and he was Marlborough's companion in arms at Blenheim and in other victories. It was he who saved Turin, and expelled the French from Italy. He was 49 years old in 1712, and had come in that year to England to induce the court to continue the war, but found Marlborough in disgrace and the war very unpopular. He had been feasted by the city, and received from Queen Anne a sword worth £5000, which he wore at her birthday reception. He had also stood as godfather to Steele's third son, who was named after him.

Trenches of *Turin;* But in general I can say, that he who beholds him, will easily expect from him any thing that is to be imagined or executed by the Wit or Force of Man. The Prince is of that Stature which makes a Man most easily become all Parts of Exercise, has Height to be graceful on Occasions of State and Ceremony, and no less adapted for Agility and Dispatch: his Aspect is erect and compos'd; his Eye lively and thoughtful, yet rather vigilant than sparkling; his Action and Address the most easy imaginable, and his Behaviour in an Assembly peculiarly graceful in a certain Art of mixing insensibly with the rest, and becoming one of the Company, instead of receiving the Courtship of it. The Shape of his Person, and Composure of his Limbs, are remarkably exact and beautiful. There is in his Look something sublime, which does not seem to arise from his Quality or Character, but the innate Disposition of his Mind. It is apparent that he suffers the Presence of much Company, instead of taking Delight in it; and he appeared in Publick while with us, rather to return Good-will, or satisfy Curiosity, than to gratify any Taste he himself had of being popular. As his Thoughts are never tumultuous in Danger, they are as little discomposed on Occasions of Pomp and Magnificence: A great Soul is affected in either Case, no further than in considering the properest Methods to extricate it self from them. If this Hero has the strong Incentives to uncommon Enterprizes that were remarkable in *Alexander*, he prosecutes and enjoys the Fame of them with the Justness, Propriety, and good Sense of *Cæsar*. It is easy to observe in him a Mind as capable of being entertained with Contemplation as Enterprize; a Mind ready for great Exploits, but not impatient for Occasions to exert it self. The Prince has Wisdom and Valour in as high Perfection as Man can enjoy it; which noble Faculties in conjunction, banish all Vain-Glory, Ostentation, Ambition, and all other Vices which might intrude upon his Mind to make it unequal. These Habits and Qualities of Soul and Body render this Personage so extraordinary, that he appears to have nothing in him but what every Man should have in him, the Exertion of his very self, abstracted from the Circumstances in which Fortune has placed him. Thus were you to see Prince *Eugene*, and were told he was a private Gentleman, you would say he is a Man of Modesty and Merit: Should you be told That was Prince *Eugene*, he would be diminished no otherwise, than that part of your distant Admiration would turn into familiar Good-will. This I thought fit to entertain my Reader with, concerning an

Hero who never was equalled but by one Man;[1] over whom also he has this Advantage, that he has had an Opportunity to manifest an Esteem for him in his Adversity. T.

No. 341.] *Tuesday, April* 1, 1712. [*Budgell.*[2]

——*Revocate animos mœstumque timorem Mittite*—— Virg.

HAVING, to oblige my Correspondent *Physibulus*, printed his Letter last *Friday*, in relation to the new Epilogue, he cannot take it amiss, if I now publish another, which I have just received from a Gentleman who does not agree with him in his Sentiments upon that Matter.

SIR,

'I am amazed to find an Epilogue attacked in your last '*Friday's* Paper, which has been so generally applauded by 'the Town, and receiv'd such Honours as were never before 'given to any in an *English* Theatre.

'The Audience would not permit Mrs. *Oldfield* to go off the 'Stage the first Night, till she had repeated it twice; the second 'Night the Noise of *Ancora's* was as loud as before, and she 'was again obliged to speak it twice: the third Night it was 'still called for a second time; and, in short, contrary to all 'other Epilogues, which are dropt after the third Represent-'ation of the Play, this has already been repeated nine times.

'I must own I am the more surprized to find this Censure 'in Opposition to the whole Town, in a Paper which has 'hitherto been famous for the Candour of its Criticisms.

'I can by no means allow your melancholy Correspondent, 'that the new Epilogue is unnatural because it is gay. If I 'had a mind to be learned, I could tell him that the Prologue 'and Epilogue were real Parts of the ancient Tragedy; but 'every one knows that on the *British* Stage they are distinct 'Performances by themselves, Pieces entirely detached from 'the Play, and no way essential to it.

'The moment the Play ends, Mrs. *Oldfield* is no more '*Andromache*, but Mrs. *Oldfield*; and tho' the Poet had left

[1] Marlborough.

[2] Budgell here defends with bad temper the Epilogue which Addison ascribed to him. Probably it was of his writing, but transformed by Addison's corrections.

'*Andromache stone-dead upon the Stage*, as your ingenious Cor-'respondent phrases it, Mrs. *Oldfield* might still have spoke a 'merry Epilogue. We have an Instance of this in a Tragedy[1] 'where there is not only a Death but a Martyrdom. St. '*Catherine* was there personated by *Nell Gwin;* she lies *stone* '*dead upon the Stage*, but upon those Gentlemens offering to 'remove her Body, whose Business it is to carry off the Slain 'in our *English* Tragedies, she breaks out into that abrupt 'Beginning of what was a very ludicrous, but at the same time 'thought a very good Epilogue.

Hold, are you mad? you damn'd confounded Dog,
I am to rise and speak the Epilogue.

'This diverting Manner was always practised by Mr. *Dryden*, 'who if he was not the best Writer of Tragedies in his time, 'was allowed by every one to have the happiest Turn for a 'Prologue or an Epilogue. The Epilogues to *Cleomenes*, *Don* '*Sebastian*, *The Duke of Guise*, *Aurengzebe*, and *Love Triumph-*'*ant*, are all Precedents of this Nature.

'I might further justify this Practice by that excellent 'Epilogue which was spoken a few Years since, after the 'Tragedy of *Phædra* and *Hippolitus;* with a great many others, 'in which the Authors have endeavour'd to make the Audience 'merry. If they have not all succeeded so well as the Writer 'of this, they have however shewn that it was not for want of 'Good-will.

'I must further observe, that the Gaiety of it may be still the more proper, as it is at the end of a *French* Play; since 'every one knows that Nation, who are generally esteem'd to 'have as polite a Taste as any in *Europe*, always close their 'Tragick Entertainments with what they call a *Petite Piece*, 'which is purposely design'd to raise Mirth, and send away 'the Audience well pleased. The same Person who has sup-'ported the chief Character in the Tragedy, very often plays 'the principal Part in the *Petite Piece;* so that I have my self 'seen at *Paris*, *Orestes* and *Lubin* acted the same Night by the 'same Man.

'Tragi-Comedy, indeed, you have your self in a former 'Speculation found fault with very justly, because it breaks the 'Tide of the Passions while they are yet flowing; but this is 'nothing at all to the present Case, where they have already 'had their full Course.

'As the new Epilogue is written conformable to the Practice

[1] Dryden's *Maximin*.

'of our best Poets, so it is not such an one which, as the Duke 'of *Buckingham* says in his *Rehearsal*, might serve for any other 'Play; but wholly rises out of the Occurrences of the Piece it 'was composed for.

'The only Reason your mournful Correspondent gives 'against this *Facetious Epilogue*, as he calls it, is, that he has 'mind to go home *melancholy*. I wish the Gentleman may not 'be more Grave than Wise. For my own part, I must confess 'I think it very sufficient to have the Anguish of a fictitious 'Piece remain upon me while it is representing, but I love to 'be sent home to bed in a good humour. If *Physibulus* is 'however resolv'd to be inconsolable, and not to have his 'Tears dried up, he need only continue his old Custom, and 'when he has had his half Crown's worth of Sorrow, slink out 'before the Epilogue begins.

'It is pleasant enough to hear this Tragical Genius com- 'plaining of the *great Mischief Andromache* had done him: 'What was that? Why, she made him laugh. The poor 'Gentleman's Sufferings put me in mind of *Harlequin's* Case, 'who was tickled to Death. He tells us soon after, thro' a 'small Mistake of Sorrow for Rage, that during the whole 'Action he was so very sorry, that he thinks he could have 'attack'd *half a score of the fiercest Mohocks* in the Excess of his 'Grief. I cannot but look upon it as an happy Accident, that 'a Man who is so bloody-minded in his Affliction, was diverted 'from this Fit of outragious Melancholy. The Valour of this 'Gentleman in his Distress, brings to one's memory the *Knight 'of the sorrowful Countenance*, who lays about him at such an 'unmerciful rate in an old Romance. I shall readily grant him 'that his Soul, as he himself says, *would have made a very 'ridiculous Figure, had it quitted the Body, and descended to the 'Poetical Shades*, in such an Encounter.

'As to his Conceit of tacking a *Tragic Head* with a *Comic 'Tail*, in order to *refresh the Audience*, it is such a piece of '*Jargon*, that I don't know what to make of it.

'The elegant Writer makes a very sudden Transition from 'the Play-house to the Church, and from thence, to the Gallows.

'As for what relates to the Church, he is of Opinion, that 'these Epilogues have given occasion to those *merry Jiggs 'from the Organ-Loft which have dissipated those good Thoughts, 'and Dispositions he has found in himself, and the rest of the 'Pew, upon the singing of two Staves cull'd out by the judicious 'and diligent Clark.*

'He fetches his next Thought from *Tyburn;* and seems very

'apprehensive lest there should happen any Innovations in the 'Tragedies of his Friend *Paul Lorrain.*

'In the mean time, Sir, this gloomy Writer, who is so 'mightily scandaliz'd at a gay Epilogue after a serious Play, 'speaking of the Fate of those unhappy Wretches who are con-'demned to suffer an ignominious Death by the Justice of our 'Laws, endeavours to make the Reader merry on so improper 'an occasion, by those poor Burlesque Expressions of *Tragical 'Dramas, and Monthly Performances.*

I am, Sir, with great Respect,
Your most obedient, most humble Servant,
X. Philomeides.

No. 342.] *Wednesday, April* 2, 1712. [*Steele.*

Justitiæ partes sunt non violare homines: Verecundiæ non offendere.—Tull.

AS Regard to Decency is a great Rule of Life in general, but more especially to be consulted by the Female World, I cannot overlook the following Letter which describes an egregious Offender.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I was this Day looking over your Papers, and reading in 'that of *December* the 6th with great delight, the amiable Grief 'of *Asteria* for the Absence of her Husband, it threw me into 'a great deal of Reflection. I cannot say but this arose very 'much from the Circumstances of my own Life, who am a 'Soldier, and expect every Day to receive Orders; which will 'oblige me to leave behind me a Wife that is very dear to me, 'and that very deservedly. She is, at present, I am sure, no 'way below your *Asteria* for Conjugal Affection: But I see 'the Behaviour of some Women so little suited to the Circum-'stances wherein my Wife and I shall soon be, that it is with a 'Reluctance I never knew before, I am going to my Duty. 'What puts me to present Pain, is the Example of a young 'Lady, whose Story you shall have as well as I can give it you. '*Hortensius*, an Officer of good Rank in her Majesty's Service, 'happen'd in a certain Part of *England* to be brought to a 'Country-Gentleman's House, where he was receiv'd with that 'more than ordinary Welcome, with which Men of domestick 'Lives entertain such few Soldiers whom a military Life, from 'the variety of Adventures, has not render'd over-bearing, but 'humane, easy, and agreeable: *Hortensius* stay'd here some

'time, and had easy Access at all hours, as well as unavoidable 'Conversation at some parts of the Day with the beautiful '*Sylvana*, the Gentleman's Daughter. People who live in 'Cities are wonderfully struck with every little Country Abode 'they see when they take the Air; and 'tis natural to fancy they 'could live in every neat Cottage (by which they pass) much 'happier than in their present Circumstances. The turbulent 'way of Life which *Hortensius* was used to, made him reflect 'with much Satisfaction on all the Advantages of a sweet 'Retreat one day; and among the rest, you'll think it not im- 'probable, it might enter into his Thought, that such a Woman 'as *Sylvana* would consummate the Happiness. The World 'is so debauched with mean Considerations, that *Hortensius* 'knew it would be receiv'd as an Act of Generosity, if he asked 'for a Woman of the Highest Merit, without further Questions, 'of a Parent who had nothing to add to her personal Qualifica- 'tions. The Wedding was celebrated at her Father's House: 'When that was over, the generous Husband did not proportion 'his Provision for her to the Circumstances of her Fortune, but 'considered his Wife as his Darling, his Pride, and his Vanity, 'or rather that it was in the Woman he had chosen that a Man 'of Sense could shew Pride or Vanity with an Excuse, and 'therefore adorned her with rich Habits and valuable Jewels. 'He did not however omit to admonish her that he did his 'very utmost in this; that it was an Ostentation he could not 'but be guilty of to a Woman he had so much Pleasure in, 'desiring her to consider it as such; and begged of her also to 'take these Matters rightly, and believe the Gems, the Gowns, 'the Laces would still become her better, if her Air and 'Behaviour was such, that it might appear she dressed thus 'rather in Compliance to his Humour that Way, than out of 'any Value she her self had for the Trifles. To this Lesson, 'too hard for Woman, *Hortensius* added, that she must be sure 'to stay with her Friends in the Country till his Return. As 'soon as *Hortensius* departed, *Sylvana* saw in her Looking- 'glass that the Love he conceiv'd for her was wholly owing to 'the Accident of seeing her: and she is convinced it was only 'her Misfortune the rest of Mankind had not beheld her, or 'Men of much greater Quality and Merit had contended for 'one so genteel, tho' bred in Obscurity; so very witty, tho' 'never acquainted with Court or Town. She therefore resolved 'not to hide so much Excellence from the World, but without 'any Regard to the Absence of the most generous Man alive, 'she is now the gayest Lady about this Town, and has shut

'out the Thoughts of her Husband by a constant Retinue of 'the vainest young Fellows this Age has produced: to entertain 'whom, she squanders away all *Hortensius* is able to supply 'her with, tho' that Supply is purchased with no less Difficulty 'than the Hazard of his Life.

'Now, *Mr.* SPECTATOR, would it not be a Work becoming 'your Office to treat this Criminal as she deserve[s]? You 'should give it the severest Reflections you can: You should 'tell Women, that they are more accountable for Behaviour in 'Absence than after Death. The Dead are not dishonour'd 'by their Levities; the Living may return, and be laugh'd at 'by empty Fops, who will not fail to turn into Ridicule the 'good Man who is so unseasonable as to be still alive, and 'come and spoil good Company.

I am,
SIR,
your most Obedient
Humble Servant.

All Strictness of Behaviour is so unmercifully laugh'd at in our Age, that the other much worse Extreme is the more common Folly. But let any Woman consider which of the two Offences an Husband would the more easily forgive, that of being less entertaining than she could to please Company, or raising the Desires of the whole Room to his disadvantage; and she will easily be able to form her Conduct. We have indeed carry'd Womens Characters too much into publick Life, and you shall see them now-a-days affect a sort of Fame: but I cannot help venturing to disoblige them for their Service, by telling them, that the utmost of a Woman's Character is contained in Domestick Life; she is blameable or praiseworthy according as her Carriage affects the House of her Father or her Husband. All she has to do in this World, is contain'd within the Duties of a Daughter, a Sister, a Wife, and a Mother: All these may be well performed, tho' a Lady should not be the very finest Woman at an Opera or an Assembly. They are likewise consistent with a moderate share of Wit, a plain Dress, and a modest Air. But when the very Brains of the Sex are turned, and they place their Ambition on Circumstances, wherein to excel is no addition to what is truly commendable, where can this end, but, as it frequently does, in their placing all their Industry, Pleasure and Ambition on things, which will naturally make the Gratifications of Life last, at best, no longer than Youth and good Fortune? And when we consider the least ill Consequence, it can be no less than

looking on their own Condition as Years advance, with a disrelish of Life, and falling into Contempt of their own Persons, or being the Derision of others. But when they consider themselves as they ought, no other than an additional Part of the Species, (for their own Happiness and Comfort, as well as that of those for whom they were born) their Ambition to excell will be directed accordingly; and they will in no part of their Lives want Opportunities of being shining Ornaments to their Fathers, Husbands, Brothers, or Children. T

No. 343.] *Thursday, April* 3, 1712. [*Addison.*

——Errat et illinc
Huc venit, hinc illuc, et quoslibet occupat artus
Spiritus: éque feris humana in corpora transit,
Inque feras noster—— Pythag. ap. Ov.

WILL. HONEYCOMB, who loves to shew upon occasion all the little Learning he has picked up, told us yesterday at the Club, that he thought there might be a great deal said for the Transmigration of Souls, and that the Eastern Parts of the World believed in that Doctrine to this day. Sir *Paul Rycaut*,[1] says he, gives us an Account of several well-disposed Mahometans that purchase the Freedom of any little Bird they see confined to a Cage, and think they merit as much by it, as we should do here by ransoming any of our Countrymen from their Captivity at *Algiers*. You must know, says WILL., the Reason is, because they consider every Animal as a Brother or Sister in disguise, and therefore think themselves obliged to extend their Charity to them, tho' under such mean

[1] Sir Paul Rycaut, the son of a London merchant, after an education at Trinity College, Cambridge, went in 1661 to Constantinople as Secretary to the Embassy. He published in 1668 his 'Present State of the Ottoman Empire,' in three Books, and in 1670 the work here quoted, 'A Particular 'Description of the Mahometan Religion, the Seraglio, the Maritime and 'Land Forces of Turkey,' abridged in 1701 in Savage's History of the Turks, and translated into French by Bespier in 1707. Consul afterwards at Smyrna, he wrote by command of Charles II. a book on 'The Present 'State of the Greek and American Churches,' published 1679. After his return from the East he was made Privy Councillor and Judge of the High Court of Admiralty. He was knighted by James II., and one of the first Fellows of the Royal Society. He published between 1687 and 1700, the year of his death, Knolles's History of the Turks, with a continuation of his own, and also translated Platina's Lives of the Popes and Garcilaso de la Vega's History of Peru.

Circumstances. They'll tell you, says WILL., that the Soul of a Man, when he dies, immediately passes into the Body of another Man, or of some Brute, which he resembled in his Humour, or his Fortune, when he was one of *us*.

As I was wondring what this profusion of Learning would end in, WILL. told us that *Jack Freelove*, who was a Fellow of Whim, made Love to one of those Ladies who throw away all their Fondness [on[1]] Parrots, Monkeys, and Lap-dogs. Upon going to pay her a Visit one Morning, he writ a very pretty Epistle upon this Hint. *Jack*, says he, was conducted into the Parlour, where he diverted himself for some time with her favourite Monkey, which was chained in one of the Windows; till at length observing a Pen and Ink lie by him, he writ the following Letter to his Mistress, in the Person of the Monkey; and upon her not coming down so soon as he expected, left it in the Window, and went about his Business.

The Lady soon after coming into the Parlour, and seeing her Monkey look upon a Paper with great Earnestness, took it up, and to this day is in some doubt, says WILL., whether it was written by *Jack* or the Monkey.

Madam,

'Not having the Gift of Speech, I have a long time waited 'in vain for an Opportunity of making myself known to you; and 'having at present the Conveniences of Pen, Ink, and Paper by 'me, I gladly take the occasion of giving you my History in 'Writing, which I could not do by word of Mouth. You must 'know, Madam, that about a thousand Years ago I was an '*Indian* Brachman, and versed in all those mysterious Secrets 'which your *European* Philosopher, called *Pythagoras*, is said 'to have learned from our Fraternity. I had so ingratiated 'my self by my great Skill in the occult Sciences with a Dæmon 'whom I used to converse with, that he promised to grant me 'whatever I should ask of him. I desired that my Soul might 'never pass into the Body of a brute Creature; but this he 'told me was not in his Power to grant me. I then begg'd 'that into whatever Creature I should chance to Transmigrate, 'I might still retain my Memory, and be conscious that I was 'the same Person who lived in different Animals. This he 'told me was within his Power, and accordingly promised on 'the word of a Dæmon that he would grant me what I desired. 'From that time forth I lived so very unblameably, that I was 'made President of a College of Brachmans, an Office which I 'discharged with great Integrity till the day of my Death.

[1] [upon]

'I was then shuffled into another Human Body, and acted 'my Part so very well in it, that I became first Minister to a 'Prince who reigned upon the Banks of the *Ganges*. I here 'lived in great Honour for several Years, but by degrees lost 'all the Innocence of the Brachman, being obliged to rifle and 'oppress the People to enrich my Sovereign; till at length I 'became so odious that my Master, to recover his Credit with 'his Subjects, shot me thro' the Heart with an Arrow, as I was 'one day addressing my self to him at the Head of his Army.

'Upon my next remove I found my self in the Woods, under 'the shape of a Jack-call, and soon listed my self in the Service 'of a Lion. I used to yelp near his Den about midnight, which 'was his time of rouzing and seeking after his Prey. He always 'followed me in the Rear, and when I had run down a fat 'Buck, a wild Goat, or an Hare, after he had feasted very 'plentifully upon it himself, would now and then throw me a 'Bone that was but half picked for my Encouragement; but 'upon my Being unsuccessful in two or three Chaces, he gave 'me such a confounded Gripe in his Anger, that I died of it.

'In my next Transmigration I was again set upon two Legs, 'and became an *Indian* Tax gatherer; but having been guilty 'of great Extravagances, and being marry'd to an expensive 'Jade of a Wife, I ran so cursedly in debt, that I durst not 'shew my Head. I could no sooner step out of my House, 'but I was arrested by some body or other that lay in wait for 'me. As I ventur'd abroad one Night in the Dusk of the 'Evening, I was taken up and hurry'd into a Dungeon, where 'I died a few Months after.

'My Soul then enter'd into a Flying-Fish, and in that State 'led a most melancholy Life for the space of six Years. 'Several Fishes of Prey pursued me when I was in the Water, 'and if I betook my self to my Wings, it was ten to one but I 'had a flock of Birds aiming at me. As I was one day flying 'amidst a fleet of *English* Ships, I observed a huge Sea-Gull 'whetting his Bill and hovering just over my Head: Upon my 'dipping into the Water to avoid him, I fell into the Mouth 'of a monstrous Shark that swallow'd me down in an instant.

'I was some Years afterwards, to my great surprize, an 'eminent Banker in *Lombard-street;* and remembring how I 'had formerly suffered for want of Money, became so very 'sordid and avaritious, that the whole Town cried shame of 'me. I was a miserable little old Fellow to look upon, for I 'had in a manner starved my self, and was nothing but Skin 'and Bone when I died.

'I was afterwards very much troubled and amazed to find 'my self dwindled into an Emmet. I was heartily concerned 'to make so insignificant a Figure, and did not know but some 'time or other I might be reduced to a Mite if I did not mend my 'Manners. I therefore applied my self with great diligence to 'the Offices that were allotted me, and was generally look'd 'upon as the notablest Ant in the whole Molehill. I was at 'last picked up, as I was groaning under a Burden, by an 'unlucky Cock-Sparrow that lived in the Neighbourhood, and 'had before made great depredations upon our Commonwealth.

'I then better'd my Condition a little, and lived a whole 'Summer in the Shape of a Bee; but being tired with the 'painful and penurious Life I had undergone in my two last 'Transmigrations, I fell into the other Extream, and turned 'Drone. As I one day headed a Party to plunder an Hive, 'we were received so warmly by the Swarm which defended it, 'that we were most of us left dead upon the Spot.

'I might tell you of many other Transmigrations which I 'went thro': how I was a Town-Rake, and afterwards did 'Penance in a Bay Gelding for ten Years; as also how I was a 'Taylor, a Shrimp, and a Tom-tit. In the last of these my 'Shapes I was shot in the *Christmas* Holidays by a young 'Jack-a-napes, who would needs try his new Gun upon me.

'But I shall pass over these and other several Stages of Life, 'to remind you of the young Beau who made love to you about 'Six Years since. You may remember, Madam, how he masked, 'and danced, and sung, and play'd a thousand Tricks to gain 'you; and how he was at last carry'd off by a Cold that he got 'under your Window one Night in a Serenade. I was that 'unfortunate young Fellow, whom you were then so cruel to. 'Not long after my shifting that unlucky Body, I found myself 'upon a Hill in *Æthiopia*, where I lived in my present Grotesque 'Shape, till I was caught by a Servant of the *English* Factory, 'and sent over into *Great Britain*: I need not inform you how 'I came into your Hands. You see, Madam, this is not the 'first time that you have had me in a Chain: I am, however, 'very happy in this my Captivity, as you often bestow on me 'those Kisses and Caresses which I would have given the 'World for, when I was a Man. I hope this Discovery of my 'Person will not tend to my Disadvantage, but that you will 'still continue your accustomed Favours to

Your most Devoted
Humble Servant,
Pugg.

P. S. 'I would advise your little Shock-dog to keep out of 'my way; for as I look upon him to be the most formidable 'of my Rivals, I may chance one time or other to give him 'such a Snap as he won't like. L.

No. 344.] *Friday, April* 4, 1712. [*Steele.*

———*In solo vivendi causa palato est.*—Juv.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I THINK it has not yet fallen into your Way to discourse 'on little Ambition, or the many whimsical Ways Men 'fall into, to distinguish themselves among their Acquaintance: 'Such Observations, well pursued, would make a pretty History 'of low Life. I my self am got into a great Reputation, which 'arose (as most extraordinary Occurrences in a Man's Life 'seem to do) from a mere Accident. I was some Days ago 'unfortunately engaged among a Set of Gentlemen, who esteem 'a Man according to the Quantity of Food he throws down 'at a Meal. Now I, who am ever for distinguishing my self 'according to the Notions of Superiority which the rest of the 'Company entertain, ate so immoderately for their Applause, 'as had like to have cost me my Life. What added to my 'Misfortune was, that having naturally a good Stomach, and 'having lived soberly for some time, my Body was as well 'prepared for this Contention as if it had been by Appoint-'ment. I had quickly vanquished every Glutton in Company 'but one, who was such a Prodigy in his Way, and withal so 'very merry during the whole Entertainment, that he insensibly 'betrayed me to continue his Competitor, which in a little time 'concluded in a compleat Victory over my Rival; after which, 'by Way of Insult, I ate a considerable Proportion beyond what 'the Spectators thought me obliged in Honour to do. The Effect 'however of this Engagement, has made me resolve never to 'eat more for Renown; and I have, pursuant to this Resolution, 'compounded three Wagers I had depending on the Strength 'of my Stomach; which happened very luckily, because it was 'stipulated in our Articles either to play or pay. How a Man 'of common Sense could be thus engaged, is hard to determine; 'but the Occasion of this, is to desire you to inform several 'Gluttons of my Acquaintance, who look on me with Envy, 'that they had best moderate their Ambition in time, lest

'Infamy or Death attend their Success. I forgot to tell you, 'Sir, with what unspeakable Pleasure I received the Acclama- 'tions and Applause of the whole Board, when I had almost 'eat my Antagonist into Convulsions: It was then that I 'returned his Mirth upon him with such success as he was 'hardly able to swallow, though prompted by a Desire of Fame, 'and a passionate Fondness for Distinction: I had not endea- 'voured to excel so far, had not the Company been so loud in 'their Approbation of my Victory. I don't question but the 'same Thirst after Glory has often caused a Man to drink 'Quarts without taking Breath, and prompted Men to many 'other difficult Enterprizes; which if otherwise pursued, might 'turn very much to a Man's Advantage. This Ambition of 'mine was indeed extravagantly pursued; however I can't help 'observing, that you hardly ever see a Man commended for a 'good Stomach, but he immediately falls to eating more (tho' 'he had before dined) as well to confirm the Person that com- 'mended him in his good Opinion of him, as to convince any 'other at the Table, who may have been unattentive enough 'not to have done Justice to his Character.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble Servant,

Epicure Mammon.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I have writ to you three or four times, to desire you would 'take notice of an impertinent Custom the Women, the fine 'Women, have lately fallen into, of taking Snuff.[1] This silly

[1] Charles Lillie, the perfumer, from whose shop at the corner of Beaufort Buildings the original Spectators were distributed, left behind him a book of receipts and observations, 'The British Perfumer, Snuff Manufacturer, 'and Colourman's Guide,' of which the MS. was sold with his business, but which remained unpublished until 1822. He opens his Part III. 'on 'Snuffs' with an account of the Origin of Snuff taking in England, the practice being one that had become fashionable in his day, and only about eight years before the appearance of the *Spectator*. It dates from Sir George Rooke's expedition against Cadiz in 1702. Before that time snuff-taking in England was confined to a few luxurious foreigners and English who had travelled abroad They took their snuff with pipes of the size of quills out of small spring boxes The pipes let out a very small quantity upon the back of the hand, and this was snuffed up the nostrils with the intention of producing a sneeze which, says Lillie, 'I need not say forms now no part of 'the design or rather fashion of snuff-taking;' least of all in the ladies who took part in this method of snuffing defiance at the public enemy. When the fleet, after the failure of its enterprize against Cadiz, proceeded to cut off the French ships in Vigobay, on the way it plundered Port St. Mary and adjacent places, where, among other merchandize, seizure was made of several thousand barrels and casks, each containing four tin canisters of snuffs of the best growth and finest Spanish manufacture. At Vigo, among the mer-

'Trick is attended with such a Coquet Air in some Ladies, and 'such a sedate masculine one in others, that I cannot tell 'which most to complain of; but they are to me equally dis- 'agreeable. Mrs. *Saunter* is so impatient of being without it, 'that she takes it as often as she does Salt at Meals; and as 'she affects a wonderful Ease and Negligence in all her manner, 'an upper Lip mixed with Snuff and the Sauce, is what is pre- 'sented to the Observation of all who have the honour to eat 'with her. The pretty Creature her Neice does all she can to 'be as disagreeable as her Aunt; and if she is not as offensive 'to the Eye, she is quite as much to the Ear, and makes up all 'she wants in a confident Air, by a nauseous Rattle of the 'Nose, when the Snuff is delivered, and the Fingers make the 'Stops and Closes on the Nostrils. This, perhaps, is not a 'very courtly Image in speaking of Ladies; that is very true: 'but where arises the Offence? Is it in those who commit, or 'those who observe it? As for my part, I have been so 'extremely disgusted with this filthy Physick hanging on the 'Lip, that the most agreeable Conversation, or Person, has not 'been able to make up for it. As to those who take it for no 'other end but to give themselves Occasion for pretty Action, 'or to fill up little Intervals of Discourse, I can bear with them; 'but then they must not use it when another is speaking, who 'ought to be heard with too much respect, to admit of offering 'at that time from Hand to Hand the Snuff Box. But *Flavilla* 'is so far taken with her Behaviour in this kind, that she pulls 'out her Box (which is indeed full of good *Brazile*) in the 'middle of the Sermon; and to shew she has the Audacity of 'a well-bred Woman, she offers it the Men as well as the 'Women who sit near her: But since by this Time all the

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chandize taken from the shipping there destroyed, were 'prodigious quan- 'tities of gross snuff, from the Havannah, in bales, bags, and screws' (untanned buffalo hides, used with the hairy-side inwards, for making packages), 'which were designed for manufacture in different parts of 'Spain.' Altogether fifty tons of snuff were brought home as part of the prize of the officers and sailors of the fleet. Of the coarse snuff, called Vigo snuff, the sailors, among whom it was shared, sold waggon-loads at Portsmouth, Plymouth, and Chatham, for not more than three-pence or four-pence a pound. The greater part of it was bought up by Spanish Jews, to their own very considerable profit. The fine snuffs taken at Port St. Mary, and divided among the officers, were sold by some of them at once for a small price, while others held their stocks and, as the snuff so taken became popular and gave a patriotic impulse to the introduction of a fashion which had hitherto been almost confined to foreigners, they got very high prices for it. This accounts for the fact that the ladies too had added the use of the perfumed snuff-box to their other fashionable accomplishments.

'World knows she has a fine Hand, I am in hopes she may 'give her self no further Trouble in this matter. On *Sunday* 'was sennight, when they came about for the Offering, she 'gave her Charity with a very good Air, but at the same Time 'asked the Churchwarden if he would take a Pinch. Pray, 'Sir, think of these things in time, and you will oblige,

SIR,

T. *your most humble servant.*

No. 345.] *Saturday, April* 5, 1712. [*Addison.*

Sanctius his animal, mentisque capacius altæ
Deerat adhuc, et quod dominari in cætera posset,
Natus homo est——— Ov. Met.

THE Accounts which *Raphael* gives of the Battel of Angels, and the Creation of the World, have in them those Qualifications which the Criticks judge requisite to an Episode. They are nearly related to the principal Action, and have a just Connexion with the Fable.

The eighth Book opens with a beautiful Description of the Impression which this Discourse of the Archangel made on our first Parent[s]. *Adam* afterwards, by a very natural Curiosity, enquires concerning the Motions of those Celestial Bodies which make the most glorious Appearance among the six days Works. The Poet here, with a great deal of Art, represents *Eve* as withdrawing from this part of their Conversation, to Amusements more suitable to her Sex. He well knew, that the Episode in this Book, which is filled with *Adam's* Account of his Passion and Esteem for *Eve*, would have been improper for her hearing, and has therefore devised very just and beautiful Reasons for her Retiring.

So spake our Sire, and by his Count'nance seem'd
Entring on studious Thoughts abstruse: which Eve
Perceiving, where she sat retired in sight,
With lowliness majestick, from her Seat,
And Grace, that won who saw to wish her Stay,
Rose; and went forth among her Fruits and Flowers
To visit how they prosper'd, Bud and Bloom,
Her Nursery: they at her coming sprung,
And touch'd by her fair Tendance gladlier grew.
Yet went she not, as not with such Discourse
Delighted, or not capable her Ear
Of what was high: Such Pleasure she reserved,
Adam *relating, she sole Auditress;*

Her Husband the Relater she preferr'd
Before the Angel, and of him to ask
Chose rather: he, she knew, would intermix
Grateful Digressions, and solve high Dispute
With conjugal Caresses; from his Lip
Not Words alone pleas'd her. O when meet now
Such Pairs, in Love and mutual Honour join'd!

The Angel's returning a doubtful Answer to *Adam's* Enquiries, was not only proper for the Moral Reason which the Poet assigns, but because it would have been highly absurd to have given the Sanction of an Archangel to any particular System of Philosophy. The chief Points in the *Ptolemaick* and *Copernican* Hypothesis are described with great Conciseness and Perspicuity, and at the same time dressed in very pleasing and poetical Images.

Adam, to detain the Angel, enters afterwards upon his own History, and relates to him the Circumstances in which he found himself upon his Creation; as also his Conversation with his Maker, and his first meeting with *Eve*. There is no part of the Poem more apt to raise the Attention of the Reader, than this Discourse of our great Ancestor; as nothing can be more surprizing and delightful to us, than to hear the Sentiments that arose in the first Man while he was yet new and fresh from the Hands of his Creator. The Poet has interwoven every thing which is delivered upon this Subject in Holy Writ with so many beautiful Imaginations of his own, that nothing can be conceived more just and natural than this whole Episode. As our Author knew this Subject could not but be agreeable to his Reader, he would not throw it into the Relation of the six days Works, but reserved it for a distinct Episode, that he might have an opportunity of expatiating upon it more at large. Before I enter on this part of the Poem, I cannot but take notice of two shining Passages in the Dialogue between *Adam* and the Angel. The first is that wherein our Ancestor gives an Account of the pleasure he took in conversing with him, which contains a very noble Moral.

For while I sit with thee, I seem in Heav'n,
And sweeter thy Discourse is to my Ear
Than Fruits of Palm-tree (pleasantest to Thirst
And Hunger both from Labour) at the hour
Of sweet Repast: they satiate, and soon fill,
Tho' pleasant; but thy Words with Grace divine
Imbu'd, bring to their Sweetness no Satiety.

The other I shall mention, is that in which the Angel gives a Reason why he should be glad to hear the Story *Adam* was about to relate.

For I that day was absent, as befel,
Bound on a Voyage uncouth and obscure;
Far on Excursion towards the Gates of Hell,
Squar'd in full Legion (such Command we had)
To see that none thence issued forth a Spy,
Or Enemy, while God was in his Work,
Lest he, incens'd at such Eruption bold,
Destruction with Creation might have mix'd.

There is no question but our Poet drew the Image in what follows from that in *Virgil's* sixth Book, where *Æneas* and the Sibyl stand before the Adamantine Gates, which are there described as shut upon the Place of Torments, and listen to the Groans, the Clank of Chains, and the Noise of Iron Whips, that were heard in those Regions of Pain and Sorrow.

———Fast we found, fast shut
The dismal Gates, and barricado'd strong;
But long ere our Approaching heard within
Noise, other than the Sound of Dance or Song,
Torment, and loud Lament, and furious Rage.

Adam then proceeds to give an account of his Condition and Sentiments immediately after his Creation. How agreeably does he represent the Posture in which he found himself, the beautiful Landskip that surrounded him, and the Gladness of Heart which grew up in him on that occasion?

———As new waked from soundest Sleep,
Soft on the flow'ry Herb I found me laid
In balmy Sweat, which with his Beams the Sun
Soon dried, and on the reaking Moisture fed.
Streight towards Heav'n my wond'ring Eyes I turn'd,
And gazed awhile the ample Sky, till rais'd
By quick instinctive Motion, up I sprung,
As thitherward endeavouring, and upright
Stood on my Feet: About me round I saw
Hill, Dale, and shady Woods, and sunny Plains,
And liquid lapse of murmuring Streams; by these
Creatures that liv'd, and mov'd, and walk'd, or flew,
Birds on the Branches warbling; all things smil'd:
With Fragrance, and with Joy my Heart o'erflow'd.

Adam is afterwards describ'd as surprized at his own Existence, and taking a Survey of himself, and of all the Works of Nature. He likewise is represented as discovering by the Light of Reason, that he and every thing about him must have been the Effect of some Being infinitely good and powerful, and that this Being had a right to his Worship and Adoration. His first Address to the Sun, and to those Parts of the Creation which made the most distinguished Figure, is very natural and amusing to the Imagination.

——Thou Sun, said I, fair Light,
And thou enlighten'd Earth, so fresh and gay,
Ye Hills and Dales, ye Rivers, Woods and Plains,
And ye that live and move, fair Creatures tell,
Tell if you saw, how came I thus, how here?

His next Sentiment, when upon his first going to sleep he fancies himself losing his Existence, and falling away into nothing, can never be sufficiently admired. His Dream, in which he still preserves the Consciousness of his Existence, together with his removal into the Garden which was prepared for his Reception, are also Circumstances finely imagined, and grounded upon what is delivered in Sacred Story.

These and the like wonderful Incidents in this Part of the Work, have in them all the Beauties of Novelty, at the same time that they have all the Graces of Nature. They are such as none but a great Genius could have thought of, tho', upon the perusal of them, they seem to rise of themselves from the Subject of which he treats. In a word, tho' they are natural, they are not obvious, which is the true Character of all fine Writing.

The Impression which the Interdiction of the Tree of Life left in the Mind of our first Parent, is describ'd with great Strength and Judgment; as the Image of the several Beasts and Birds passing in review before him is very beautiful and lively.

—— ——Each Bird and Beast behold
Approaching two and two, these cowring low
With Blandishment; each Bird stoop'd on his Wing:
I nam'd them as they pass'd——

Adam, in the next place, describes a Conference which he held with his Maker upon the Subject of Solitude. The Poet here represents the supreme Being, as making an Essay of his own Work, and putting to the tryal that reasoning Faculty, with which he had endued his Creature. *Adam* urges, in this Divine Colloquy, the Impossibility of his being happy, tho' he was the Inhabitant of *Paradise*, and Lord of the whole Creation, without the Conversation and Society of some rational Creature, who should partake those Blessings with him. This Dialogue, which is supported chiefly by the Beauty of the Thoughts, without other poetical Ornaments, is as fine a Part as any in the whole Poem: The more the Reader examines the Justness and Delicacy of its Sentiments, the more he will find himself pleased with it. The Poet has wonderfully preserved the Character of Majesty and Condescension in the

Creator, and at the same time that of Humility and Adoration in the Creature, as particularly in the following Lines:

Thus I presumptuous; and the Vision bright,
As with a Smile more brightned, thus reply'd, &c.
————I, with leave of Speech implor'd
And humble Deprecation, thus reply'd:
Let not my Words offend thee, Heav'nly Power,
My Maker, be propitious while I speak, &c.

Adam then proceeds to give an account of his second Sleep, and of the Dream in which he beheld the Formation of *Eve*. The new Passion that was awaken'd in him at the sight of her, is touch'd very finely.

Under his forming Hands a Creature grew,
Manlike, but different Sex: so lovely fair,
That what seem'd fair in all the World, seem'd now
Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd,
And in her Looks; which from that time infus'd
Sweetness into my Heart, unfelt before:
And into all things from her Air inspir'd
The Spirit of Love and amorous Delight.

Adam's Distress upon losing sight of this beautiful Phantom, with his Exclamations of Joy and Gratitude at the discovery of a real Creature, who resembled the Apparition which had been presented to him in his Dream; the Approaches he makes to her, and his Manner of Courtship; are all laid together in a most exquisite Propriety of Sentiments.

Tho' this Part of the Poem is work'd up with great Warmth and Spirit, the Love which is described in it is every way suitable to a State of Innocence. If the Reader compares the Description which *Adam* here gives of his leading *Eve* to the Nuptial Bower, with that which Mr. *Dryden* has made on the same occasion in a Scene of his *Fall of Man*, he will be sensible of the great care which *Milton* took to avoid all Thoughts on so delicate a Subject, that might be offensive to Religion or Good-Manners. The Sentiments are chaste, but not cold; and convey to the Mind Ideas of the most transporting Passion, and of the greatest Purity. What a noble Mixture of Rapture and Innocence has the Author join'd together, in the Reflection which *Adam* makes on the Pleasures of Love, compared to those of Sense.

Thus have I told thee all my State, and brought
My Story to the sum of earthly Bliss,
Which I enjoy; and must confess to find
In all things else Delight indeed, but such
As us'd or not, works in the Mind no Change
Nor vehement Desire; these Delicacies

I mean of Taste, Sight, Smell, Herbs, Fruits, and Flowers,
Walks, and the Melody of Birds : but here
Far otherwise, transported I behold,
Transported touch ; here Passion first I felt,
Commotion strange! in all Enjoyments else
Superiour and unmov'd, here only weak
Against the Charms of Beauty's powerful Glance.
Or Nature fail'd in me, and left some Part
Not Proof enough such Object to sustain ;
Or from my Side subducting, took perhaps
More than enough ; at least on her bestow'd
Too much of Ornament in outward shew
Elaborate, of inward less exact.
——————When I approach
Her Loveliness, so absolute she seems
And in herself compleat, so well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do or say
Seems wisest, vertuousest, discreetest, best :
All higher Knowledge in her Presence falls
Degraded : Wisdom in discourse with her
Loses discountenanc'd, and like Folly shews ;
Authority and Reason on her wait,
As one intended first, not after made
Occasionally : and to consummate all,
Greatness of Mind, and Nobleness their Seat
Build in her loveliest, and create an Awe
About her, as a Guard angelick plac'd.

These Sentiments of Love, in our first Parent, gave the Angel such an Insight into Humane Nature, that he seems apprehensive of the Evils which might befall the Species in general, as well as *Adam* in particular, from the Excess of this Passion. He therefore fortifies him against it by timely Admonitions ; which very artfully prepare the Mind of the Reader for the Occurrences of the next Book, where the Weakness of which *Adam* here gives such distant Discoveries, brings about that fatal Event which is the Subject of the Poem. His Discourse, which follows the gentle Rebuke he received from the Angel, shews that his Love, however violent it might appear, was still founded in Reason, and consequently not improper for *Paradise.*

Neither her outside Form so fair, nor aught
In Procreation common to all kinds,
(Tho' higher of the genial Bed by far,
And with mysterious Reverence I deem)
So much delights me, as those graceful Acts,
Those thousand Decencies that daily flow
From all her Words and Actions, mixt with Love
And sweet Compliance, which declare unfeign'd
Union of Mind, or in us both one Soul ;
Harmony to behold in wedded Pair!

Adam's Speech, at parting with the Angel, has in it a Deference and Gratitude agreeable to an inferior Nature, and at the same time a certain Dignity and Greatness suitable to the Father of Mankind in his State of Innocence. L.

No. 346.] *Monday, April* 7, 1712. [*Steele.*

Consuetudinem benignitatis largitioni Munerum longe antepono. Hæc est Gravium hominum atque Magnorum : Illa quasi assentatorum populi, multitudinis levitatem voluptate quasi titillantium.—Tull.

WHEN we consider the Offices of humane Life, there is, methinks, something in what we ordinarily call Generosity, which when carefully examined, seems to flow rather from a loose and unguarded Temper, than an honest and liberal Mind. For this reason it is absolutely necessary that all Liberality should have for its Basis and Support Frugality. By this means the beneficent Spirit works in a Man from the Convictions of Reason, not from the Impulses of Passion. The generous Man, in the ordinary acceptation, without respect to the Demands of his own Family, will soon find, upon the Foot of his Account, that he has sacrificed to Fools, Knaves, Flatterers, or the deservedly Unhappy, all the Opportunities of affording any future Assistance where it ought to be. Let him therefore reflect, that if to bestow be in it self laudable, should not a Man take care to secure Ability to do things praiseworthy as long as he lives? Or could there be a more cruel Piece of Raillery upon a Man who should have reduc'd his Fortune below the Capacity of acting according to his natural Temper, than to say of him, *That Gentleman was generous?* My beloved Author therefore has, in the Sentence on the Top of my Paper, turned his Eye with a certain Satiety from beholding the Addresses to the People by Largesses and publick Entertainments, which he asserts to be in general vicious, and are always to be regulated according to the Circumstances of Time and a Man's own Fortune. A constant Benignity in Commerce with the rest of the World, which ought to run through all a Man's Actions, has Effects more useful to those whom you oblige, and less ostentatious in your self. He turns his Recommendation of this Virtue in commercial Life: and according to him a Citizen who is frank in his Kindnesses, and abhors Severity in his Demands; he who in buying, selling,

lending, doing acts of good Neighbourhood, is just and easy; he who appears naturally averse to Disputes, and above the Sense of little Sufferings; bears a nobler Character, and does much more good to Mankind, than any other Man's Fortune without Commerce can possibly support. For the Citizen above all other Men has Opportunities of arriving at *that highest Fruit of Wealth, to be liberal without the least Expence of a Man's own Fortune.* It is not to be denied but such a Practice is liable to hazard; but this therefore adds to the Obligation, that, among Traders, he who obliges is as much concerned to keep the Favour a Secret, as he who receives it. The unhappy Distinctions among us in *England* are so great, that to celebrate the Intercourse of commercial Friendship, (with which I am daily made acquainted) would be to raise the virtuous Man so many Enemies of the contrary Party. I am obliged to conceal all I know of *Tom the Bounteous*, who lends at the ordinary Interest, to give Men of less Fortune Opportunities of making greater Advantages. He conceals, under a rough Air and distant Behaviour, a bleeding Compassion and womanish Tenderness. This is governed by the most exact Circumspection, that there is no Industry wanting in the Person whom he is to serve, and that he is guilty of no improper Expences. This I know of *Tom*, but who dare say it of so known a Tory? The same Care I was forced to use some time ago in the Report of another's Virtue, and said fifty instead of a hundred, because the Man I pointed at was a Whig. Actions of this kind are popular without being invidious: for every Man of ordinary Circumstances looks upon a Man who has this known Benignity in his Nature, as a Person ready to be his Friend upon such Terms as he ought to expect it; and the Wealthy, who may envy such a Character, can do no Injury to its Interests but by the Imitation of it, in which the good Citizens will rejoice to be rivalled. I know not how to form to myself a greater Idea of Humane Life, than in what is the Practice of some wealthy Men whom I could name, that make no step to the Improvement of their own Fortunes, wherein they do not also advance those of other Men, who would languish in Poverty without that Munificence. In a Nation where there are so many publick Funds to be supported, I know not whether he can be called a good Subject, who does not imbark some part of his Fortune with the State, to whose Vigilance he owes the Security of the whole. This certainly is an immediate way of laying an Obligation upon many, and extending his Benignity the furthest a Man can possibly, who is not engaged in

Commerce. But he who trades, besides giving the State some part of this sort of Credit he gives his Banker, may in all the Occurrences of his Life have his Eye upon removing Want from the Door of the Industrious, and defending the unhappy upright Man from Bankruptcy. Without this Benignity, Pride or Vengeance will precipitate a Man to chuse the Receipt of half his Demands from one whom he has undone, rather than the whole from one to whom he has shewn Mercy. This Benignity is essential to the Character of a fair Trader, and any Man who designs to enjoy his Wealth with Honour and Self-Satisfaction: Nay, it would not be hard to maintain, that the Practice of supporting good and industrious Men, would carry a Man further even to his Profit, than indulging the Propensity of serving and obliging the Fortunate. My Author argues on this Subject, in order to incline Men's Minds to those who want them most, after this manner; *We must always consider the Nature of things, and govern our selves accordingly. The wealthy Man, when he has repaid you, is upon a Ballance with you; but the Person whom you favour'd with a Loan, if he be a good Man, will think himself in your Debt after he has paid you. The Wealthy and the Conspicuous are not obliged by the Benefit you do them, they think they conferred a Benefit when they receive one. Your good Offices are always suspected, and it is with them the same thing to expect their Favour as to receive it. But the Man below you, who knows in the Good you have done him, you respected himself more than his Circumstances, does not act like an obliged Man only to him from whom he has received a Benefit, but also to all who are capable of doing him one. And whatever little Offices he can do for you, he is so far from magnifying it, that he will labour to extenuate it in all his Actions and Expressions. Moreover, the Regard to what you do to a great Man, at best is taken notice of no further than by himself or his Family; but what you do to a Man of an humble Fortune, (provided always that he is a good and a modest Man) raises the Affections towards you of all Men of that Character (of which there are many) in the whole City.*

There is nothing gains a Reputation to a Preacher so much as his own Practice; I am therefore casting about what Act of Benignity is in the Power of a SPECTATOR. Alas, that lies but in a very narrow compass, and I think the most immediate under my Patronage, are either Players, or such whose Circumstances bear an Affinity with theirs: All therefore I am able to do at this time of this Kind, is to tell the Town that on *Friday* the 11th of this Instant *April*, there will be perform'd

in *York-Buildings* a Consort of Vocal and Instrumental Musick, for the Benefit of Mr. *Edward Keen*, the Father of twenty Children; and that this Day the haughty *George Powell* hopes all the good-natur'd part of the Town will favour him, whom they Applauded in *Alexander*, *Timon*, *Lear*, and *Orestes*, with their Company this Night, when he hazards all his heroick Glory for their Approbation in the humbler Condition of honest *Jack Falstaffe*. T.

No. 347.] *Tuesday*, *April* 8, 1711. [*Budgell.*

Quis furor ô Cives! quæ tanta licentia ferri!—Lucan.

I DO not question but my Country Readers have been very much surprized at the several Accounts they have met with in our publick Papers of that Species of Men among us, lately known by the Name of *Mohocks*. I find the Opinions of the Learned, as to their Origin and Designs, are altogether various, insomuch that very many begin to doubt whether indeed there were ever any such Society of Men. The Terror which spread it self over the whole Nation some Years since, on account of the *Irish*, is still fresh in most Peoples Memories, tho' it afterwards appeared there was not the least Ground for that general Consternation.

The late Panick Fear was, in the Opinion of many deep and penetrating Persons, of the same nature. These will have it, that the *Mohocks* are like those Spectres and Apparitions which frighten several Towns and Villages in her Majesty's Dominions, tho' they were never seen by any of the Inhabitants. Others are apt to think that these *Mohocks* are a kind of Bull-Beggars, first invented by prudent married Men, and Masters of Families, in order to deter their Wives and Daughters from taking the Air at unseasonable Hours; and that when they tell them *the* Mohocks *will catch them*, it is a Caution of the same nature with that of our Fore-fathers, when they bid their Children have a care of *Raw-head* and *Bloody-bones*.

For my own part, I am afraid there was too much Reason for that great Alarm the whole City has been in upon this Occasion; tho' at the same time I must own that I am in some doubt whether the following Pieces are Genuine and Authentick; and the more so, because I am not fully satisfied that the Name by which the Emperor subscribes himself, is altogether conformable to the *Indian* Orthography.

I shall only further inform my Readers, that it was some

time since I receiv'd the following Letter and Manifesto, tho' for particular Reasons I did not think fit to publish them till now.

To the SPECTATOR.

SIR,

'Finding that our earnest Endeavours for the Good of Mankind have been basely and maliciously represented to the 'World, we send you enclosed our Imperial Manifesto, which 'it is our Will and Pleasure that you forthwith communicate to 'the Publick, by inserting it in your next daily Paper. We do 'not doubt of your ready Compliance in this Particular, and 'therefore bid you heartily Farewell.

Sign'd,
Taw Waw Eben Zan Kaladar,
Emperor of the Mohocks.

The Manifesto of Taw Waw Eben Zan Kaladar, *Emperor of the* Mohocks.

'Whereas we have received Information from sundry Quarters 'of this great and populous City, of several Outrages committed 'on the Legs, Arms, Noses, and other Parts of the good People 'of *England*, by such as have styled themselves our Subjects; 'in order to vindicate our Imperial Dignity from those false 'Aspersions which have been cast on it, as if we our selves 'might have encouraged or abetted any such Practices; we 'have, by these Presents, thought fit to signify our utmost 'Abhorrence and Detestation of all such tumultuous and 'irregular Proceedings: and do hereby further give notice, 'that if any Person or Persons has or have suffered any Wound, 'Hurt, Damage or Detriment in his or their Limb or Limbs, 'otherwise than shall be hereafter specified, the said Person or 'Persons, upon applying themselves to such as we shall appoint 'for the Inspection and Redress of the Grievances aforesaid, 'shall be forthwith committed to the Care of our principal Surgeon, and be cured at our own Expence, in some one or other 'of those Hospitals which we are now erecting for that purpose.

'And to the end that no one may, either through Ignorance 'or Inadvertency, incur those Penalties which we have thought 'fit to inflict on Persons of loose and dissolute Lives, we do 'hereby notifie to the Publick, that if any Man be knocked 'down or assaulted while he is employed in his lawful Business, 'at proper Hours, that it is not done by our Order; and we 'do hereby permit and allow any such person so knocked down 'or assaulted, to rise again, and defend himself in the best 'manner that he is able.

'We do also command all and every our good Subjects, that 'they do not presume, upon any Pretext whatsoever, to issue 'and sally forth from their respective Quarters till between the 'Hours of Eleven and Twelve. That they never *Tip the Lion* 'upon Man, Woman or Child, till the Clock at St. *Dunstan's* 'shall have struck One.

'That the *Sweat* be never given but between the Hours of 'One and Two; always provided, that our *Hunters* may begin 'to *Hunt* a little after the Close of the Evening, any thing to 'the contrary herein notwithstanding. Provided also, that if 'ever they are reduced to the Necessity of *Pinking*, it shall 'always be in the most fleshy Parts, and such as are least 'exposed to view.

'It is also our Imperial Will and Pleasure, that our good 'Subjects the *Sweaters* do establish their *Hummums*[1] in such 'close Places, Alleys, Nooks, and Corners, that the Patient or 'Patients may not be in danger of catching Cold.

'That the *Tumblers*, to whose Care we chiefly commit the 'Female Sex, confine themselves to *Drury-Lane* and the 'Purlieus of the *Temple;* and that every other Party and 'Division of our Subjects do each of them keep within the 'respective Quarters we have allotted to them. Provided 'nevertheless, that nothing herein contained shall in any wise 'be construed to extend to the *Hunters*, who have our full 'Licence and Permission to enter into any Part of the Town 'where-ever their Game shall lead them.

'And whereas we have nothing more at our Imperial Heart 'than the Reformation of the Cities of *London* and *Westminster*, 'which to our unspeakable Satisfaction we have in some measure 'already effected, we do hereby earnestly pray and exhort all 'Husbands, Fathers, Housekeepers and Masters of Families, in 'either of the aforesaid Cities, not only to repair themselves to 'their respective Habitations at early and seasonable Hours; 'but also to keep their Wives and Daughters, Sons, Servants, 'and Apprentices, from appearing in the Streets at those Times 'and Seasons which may expose them to a military Discipline, 'as it is practised by our good Subjects the *Mohocks:* and we 'do further promise, on our Imperial Word, that as soon as the 'Reformation aforesaid shall be brought about, we will forthwith 'cause all Hostilities to cease.

Given from our Court at the Devil-
Tavern, March 15, 1712. X.

[1] Turkish Sweating Baths. The Hummums 'in Covent Garden was 'one of the first of these baths (bagnios) set up in England.'

No. 348.] *Thursday, April* 9, 1712. [*Steele.*

Invidiam placare paras virtute relicta?—Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I HAVE not seen you lately at any of the Places where I 'visit, so that I am afraid you are wholly unacquainted with 'what passes among my part of the World, who are, tho' I say 'it, without Controversy, the most accomplished and best bred 'of the Town. Give me leave to tell you, that I am extremely 'discomposed when I hear Scandal, and am an utter Enemy to 'all manner of Detraction, and think it the greatest Meanness 'that People of Distinction can be guilty of: However, it is 'hardly possible to come into Company, where you do not find 'them pulling one another to pieces, and that from no other 'Provocation but that of hearing any one commended. Merit, 'both as to Wit and Beauty, is become no other than the 'Possession of a few trifling People's Favour, which you can-'not possibly arrive at, if you have really any thing in you 'that is deserving. What they would bring to pass, is, to make 'all Good and Evil consist in Report, and with Whispers, 'Calumnies and Impertinencies, to have the Conduct of those 'Reports. By this means Innocents are blasted upon their first 'Appearance in Town; and there is nothing more required to 'make a young Woman the object of Envy and Hatred, than 'to deserve Love and Admiration. This abominable Endeavour 'to suppress or lessen every thing that is praise-worthy, is as 'frequent among the Men as the Women. If I can remember 'what passed at a Visit last Night, it will serve as an Instance 'that the Sexes are equally inclined to Defamation, with equal 'Malice, with equal Impotence. *Jack Triplett* came into my 'Lady *Airy's* about Eight of [the] Clock. You know the 'manner we sit at a Visit, and I need not describe the Circle; 'but Mr. *Triplett* came in, introduced by two Tapers supported 'by a spruce Servant, whose Hair is under a Cap till my Lady's 'Candles are all lighted up, and the Hour of Ceremony begins: 'I say, *Jack Triplett* came in, and singing (for he is really 'good Company) '*Every Feature, Charming Creature,* —— he 'went on, *It is a most unreasonable thing that People cannot go 'peaceably to see their Friends, but these Murderers are let loose. 'Such a Shape! such an Air! what a Glance was that as her 'Chariot pass'd by mine*—— My Lady herself interrupted him; '*Pray who is this fine Thing*—— *I warrant,* says another, *'tis 'the Creature I was telling your Ladyship of just now. You were*

'*telling of?* says *Jack; I wish I had been so happy as to have* '*come in and heard you, for I have not Words to say what she* '*is:* But if an agreeable Height, a modest Air, a Virgin Shame, 'and Impatience of being beheld, amidst a Blaze of ten 'thousand Charms—— The whole Room flew out—— Oh Mr. '*Triplett!*—— When Mrs. *Lofty*, a known Prude, said she 'believed she knew whom the Gentleman meant; but she was 'indeed, as he civilly represented her, impatient of being beheld '—— Then turning to the Lady next to her—— *The most* '*unbred Creature you ever saw.* Another pursued the Discourse: 'As unbred, Madam, as you may think her, she is extremely 'bely'd if she is the Novice she appears; she was last Week at 'a Ball till two in the Morning; Mr. *Triplett knows whether* '*he was the happy Man that took Care of her home; but*—— 'This was followed by some particular Exception that each 'Woman in the Room made to some peculiar Grace or Advan-'tage; so that Mr. *Triplett* was beaten from one Limb and 'Feature to another, till he was forced to resign the whole 'Woman. In the end I took notice *Triplett* recorded all this 'Malice in his Heart; and saw in his Countenance, and a certain 'waggish Shrug, that he design'd to repeat the Conversation: I 'therefore let the Discourse die, and soon after took an Occasion 'to commend a certain Gentleman of my Acquaintance for a 'Person of singular Modesty, Courage, Integrity, and withal as 'a Man of an entertaining Conversation, to which Advantages 'he had a Shape and Manner peculiarly graceful. Mr. *Triplett*, 'who is a Woman's Man, seem'd to hear me with Patience 'enough commend the Qualities of his Mind: He never heard 'indeed but that he was a very honest Man, and no Fool; but 'for a fine Gentleman, he must ask Pardon. Upon no other 'Foundation than this, Mr. *Triplett* took occasion to give the 'Gentleman's Pedigree, by what Methods some part of the Estate 'was acquired, how much it was beholden to a Marriage for the 'present Circumstances of it: After all, he could see nothing but 'a common Man in his Person, his Breeding or Understanding.

'Thus, Mr. SPECTATOR, this impertinent Humour of diminish-'ing every one who is produced in Conversation to their 'Advantage, runs thro' the World; and I am, I confess, so 'fearful of the Force of ill Tongues, that I have begged of all 'those who are my Well-wishers never to commend me, for it 'will but bring my Frailties into Examination, and I had rather 'be unobserved, than conspicuous for disputed Perfections. I 'am confident a thousand young People, who would have been 'Ornaments to Society, have, from Fear of Scandal, never dared

'to exert themselves in the polite Arts of Life. Their Lives 'have passed away in an odious Rusticity, in spite of great 'Advantages of Person, Genius and Fortune. There is a vicious 'Terror of being blamed in some well-inclin'd People, and a 'wicked Pleasure in suppressing them in others; both which I 'recommend to your Spectatorial Wisdom to animadvert upon; 'and if you can be successful in it, I need not say how much 'you will deserve of the Town; but new Toasts will owe to you 'their Beauty, and new Wits their Fame. I am,

SIR,

Your most Obedient

Humble Servant,

T. Mary.

No. 349.] *Thursday, April* 10, 1712. [*Addison.*

——Quos ille timorum
Maximus haud urget lethi metus: inde ruendi
In ferrum mens prona viris, animæque capaces
Mortis—— Lucan.

I AM very much pleased with a Consolatory Letter of *Phalaris*, to one who had lost a Son that was a young Man of great Merit. The Thought with which he comforts the afflicted Father, is, to the best of my Memory, as follows; That he should consider Death had set a kind of Seal upon his Son's Character, and placed him out of the Reach of Vice and Infamy: That while he liv'd he was still within the Possibility of falling away from Virtue, and losing the Fame of which he was possessed. Death only closes a Man's Reputation, and determines it as good or bad.

This, among other Motives, may be one Reason why we are naturally averse to the launching out into a Man's Praise till his Head is laid in the Dust. Whilst he is capable of changing, we may be forced to retract our Opinions. He may forfeit the Esteem we have conceived of him, and some time or other appear to us under a different Light from what he does at present. In short, as the Life of any Man cannot be call'd happy or unhappy, so neither can it be pronounced vicious or virtuous, before the Conclusion of it.

It was upon this consideration that *Epaminondas*, being asked whether *Chabrias*, *Iphicrates*, or he himself, deserved most to be

esteemed? You must first see us die, said he, before that Question can be answered.[1]

As there is not a more melancholy Consideration to a good Man than his being obnoxious to such a Change, so there is nothing more glorious than to keep up an Uniformity in his Actions, and preserve the Beauty of his Character to the last.

The End of a Man's Life is often compared to the winding up of a well-written Play, where the principal Persons still act in Character, whatever the Fate is which they undergo. There is scarce a great Person in the *Grecian* or *Roman* History, whose Death has not been remarked upon by some Writer or other, and censured or applauded according to the Genius or Principles of the Person who has descanted on it. Monsieur *de St. Evremont* is very particular in setting forth the Constancy and Courage of *Petronius Arbiter* during his last Moments, and thinks he discovers in them a greater Firmness of Mind and Resolution than in the Death of *Seneca*, *Cato*, or *Socrates*. There is no question but this polite Author's Affectation of appearing singular in his Remarks, and making Discoveries which had escaped the Observation of others, threw him into this course of Reflection. It was *Petronius's* Merit, that he died in the same Gaiety of Temper in which he lived; but as his Life was altogether loose and dissolute, the Indifference which he showed at the Close of it is to be looked upon as a piece of natural Carelessness and Levity, rather than Fortitude. The Resolution of *Socrates* proceeded from very different Motives, the Consciousness of a well-spent Life, and the prospect of a happy Eternity. If the ingenious Author above mentioned was so pleased with Gaiety of Humour in a dying Man, he might have found a much nobler Instance of it in our Countryman Sir *Thomas More*.

This great and learned Man was famous for enlivening his ordinary Discourses with Wit and Pleasantry; and, as *Erasmus* tells him in an Epistle Dedicatory, acted in all parts of Life like a second *Democritus*.

He died upon a Point of Religion, and is respected as a Martyr by that Side for which he suffer'd. The innocent Mirth which had been so conspicuous in his Life, did not forsake him to the last: He maintain'd the same Chearfulness of Heart upon the Scaffold, which he used to shew at his Table; and upon laying his Head on the Block, gave Instances of that Good-Humour with which he had always entertained his Friends in the most ordinary Occurrences. His Death was of a piece

[1] Plutarch's Life of Epaminondas.

with his Life. There was nothing in it new, forced, or affected. He did not look upon the severing of his Head from his Body as a Circumstance that ought to produce any Change in the Disposition of his Mind; and as he died under a fixed and settled Hope of Immortality, he thought any unusual degree of Sorrow and Concern improper on such an Occasion, as had nothing in it which could deject or terrify him.

There is no great danger of Imitation from this Example. Mens natural Fears will be a sufficient Guard against it. I shall only observe, that what was Philosophy in this extraordinary Man, would be Frenzy in one who does not resemble him as well in the Chearfulness of his Temper, as in the Sanctity of his Life and Manners.

I shall conclude this Paper with the Instance of a Person who seems to me to have shewn more Intrepidity and Greatness of Soul in his dying Moments, than what we meet with among any of the most celebrated *Greeks* and *Romans*. I met with this Instance in the History of the Revolutions in *Portugal*, written by the Abbot *de Vertot*.[1]

When Don *Sebastian*, King of *Portugal*, had invaded the Territories of *Muly Moluc*, Emperor of *Morocco*, in order to dethrone him, and set his Crown upon the Head of his Nephew, *Moluc* was wearing away with a Distemper which he himself knew was incurable. However, he prepared for the Reception of so formidable an Enemy. He was indeed so far spent with his Sickness, that he did not expect to live out the whole Day, when the last decisive Battel was given; but knowing the fatal Consequences that would happen to his Children and People, in case he should die before he put an end to that War, he commanded his principal Officers that if he died during the Engagement, they should conceal his Death from the Army, and that they should ride up to the Litter in which his Corpse was carried, under Pretence of receiving Orders from him as usual. Before the Battel begun, he was carried through all the Ranks of his Army in an open Litter, as they stood drawn up in Array, encouraging them to fight valiantly in defence of their Religion and Country. Finding afterwards the Battel to go against him, tho' he was very near his last Agonies, he threw himself out of

[1] The Abbé Vertot—Renatus Aubert de Vertot d'Aubœuf—was born in 1655, and living in the *Spectator's* time. He died in 1735, aged 80. He had exchanged out of the severe order of the Capuchins into that of the Præmonstratenses when, at the age of 34, he produced, in 1689, his first work, the History of the Revolutions of Portugal, here quoted. Continuing to write history, in 1701 he was made a member, and in 1705 a paid member, of the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres.

his Litter, rallied his Army, and led them on to the Charge; which afterwards ended in a compleat Victory on the side of the *Moors*. He had no sooner brought his Men to the Engagement, but finding himself utterly spent, he was again replaced in his Litter, where laying his Finger on his Mouth, to enjoin Secrecy to his Officers, who stood about him, he died a few Moments after in that Posture. L.

No. 350.] *Friday, April* 11, 1712. [*Steele.*

Ea animi elatio quæ cernitur in periculis, si Justitia vacat pugnatque pro suis commodis, in vitio est.—Tull.

CAPTAIN SENTREY was last Night at the Club, and produced a Letter from *Ipswich*, which his Correspondent desired him to communicate to his Friend the SPECTATOR. It contained an Account of an Engagement between a *French* Privateer, commanded by one *Dominick Pottiere*, and a little Vessel of that Place laden with Corn, the Master whereof, as I remember, was one *Goodwin*. The *Englishman* defended himself with incredible Bravery, and beat off the *French*, after having been boarded three or four times. The Enemy still came on with greater Fury, and hoped by his Number of Men to carry the Prize, till at last the *Englishman* finding himself sink apace, and ready to perish, struck: But the Effect which this singular Gallantry had upon the Captain of the Privateer, was no other than an unmanly Desire of Vengeance for the Loss he had sustained in his several Attacks. He told the *Ipswich* Man in a speaking-Trumpet, that he would not take him aboard, and that he stayed to see him sink. The *Englishman* at the same time observed a Disorder in the Vessel, which he rightly judged to proceed from the Disdain which the Ship's Crew had of their Captain's Inhumanity: With this Hope he went into his Boat, and approached the Enemy. He was taken in by the Sailors in spite of their Commander; but though they received him against his Command, they treated him when he was in the Ship in the manner he directed. *Pottiere* caused his Men to hold *Goodwin*, while he beat him with a Stick till he fainted with Loss of Blood, and Rage of Heart: after which he ordered him into Irons without allowing him any Food, but such as one or two of the Men stole to him under peril of the like Usage: After having kept him several Days overwhelmed with the

Misery of Stench, Hunger, and Soreness, he brought him into *Calais*. The Governour of the Place was soon acquainted with all that had passed, dismissed *Pottiere* from his Charge with Ignominy, and gave *Goodwin* all the Relief which a Man of Honour would bestow upon an Enemy barbarously treated, to recover the Imputation of Cruelty upon his Prince and Country.

When Mr. SENTREY had read his Letter, full of many other circumstances which aggravate the Barbarity, he fell into a sort of Criticism upon Magnanimity and Courage, and argued that they were inseparable; and that Courage, without regard to Justice and Humanity, was no other than the Fierceness of a wild Beast. A good and truly bold Spirit, continued he, is ever actuated by Reason and a Sense of Honour and Duty: The Affectation of such a Spirit exerts it self in an Impudent Aspect, an over-bearing Confidence, and a certain Negligence of giving Offence. This is visible in all the cocking Youths you see about this Town, who are noisy in Assemblies, unawed by the Presence of wise and virtuous Men; in a word, insensible of all the Honours and Decencies of human Life. A shameless Fellow takes advantage of Merit clothed with Modesty and Magnanimity, and in the Eyes of little People appears sprightly and agreeable; while the Man of Resolution and true Gallantry is overlooked and disregarded, if not despised. There is a Propriety in all things; and I believe what you Scholars call just and sublime, in opposition to turgid and bombast Expression, may give you an Idea of what I mean, when I say Modesty is the certain Indication of a great Spirit, and Impudence the Affectation of it. He that writes with Judgment, and never rises into improper Warmths, manifests the true Force of Genius; in like manner, he who is quiet and equal in all his Behaviour, is supported in that Deportment by what we may call true Courage. Alas, it is not so easy a thing to be a brave Man as the unthinking part of Mankind imagine: To dare, is not all that there is in it. The Privateer we were just now talking of, had boldness enough to attack his Enemy, but not Greatness of Mind enough to admire the same Quality exerted by that Enemy in defending himself. Thus his base and little Mind was wholly taken up in the sordid regard to the Prize, of which he failed, and the damage done to his own Vessel; and therefore he used an honest Man, who defended his own from him, in the Manner as he would a Thief that should rob him.

He was equally disappointed, and had not Spirit enough to consider that one Case would be Laudable and the other Criminal. Malice, Rancour, Hatred, Vengeance, are what tear

the Breasts of mean Men in Fight; but Fame, Glory, Conquests, Desires of Opportunities to pardon and oblige their Opposers, are what glow in the Minds of the Gallant. The Captain ended his Discourse with a Specimen of his Book-Learning; and gave us to understand that he had read a *French* Author on the Subject of Justness in point of Gallantry. I love, said Mr. SENTREY, a Critick who mixes the Rules of Life with Annotations upon Writers. My Author, added he, in his Discourse upon Epick Poem, takes occasion to speak of the same Quality of Courage drawn in the two different Characters of *Turnus* and *Æneas:* He makes Courage the chief and greatest Ornament of *Turnus;* but in *Æneas* there are many others which out-shine it, amongst the rest that of Piety. *Turnus* is therefore all along painted by the Poet full of Ostentation, his Language haughty and vain glorious, as placing his Honour in the Manifestation of his Valour; *Æneas* speaks little, is slow to Action; and shows only a sort of defensive Courage. If Equipage and Address make *Turnus* appear more couragious than *Æneas*, Conduct and Success prove *Æneas* more valiant than *Turnus*. T.

No. 351.] *Saturday, April* 12, 1712. [*Addison.*

In te omnis domus inclinata recumbit.—Virg.

IF we look into the three great Heroick Poems which have appeared in the World, we may observe that they are built upon very slight Foundations. *Homer* lived near 300 Years after the *Trojan* War; and, as the writing of History was not then in use among the *Greeks*, we may very well suppose, that the Tradition of *Achilles* and *Ulysses* had brought down but very few particulars to his Knowledge; tho' there is no question but he has wrought into his two Poems such of their remarkable Adventures, as were still talked of among his Contemporaries.

The Story of *Æneas*, on which *Virgil* founded his Poem, was likewise very bare of Circumstances, and by that means afforded him an Opportunity of embellishing it with Fiction, and giving a full range to his own Invention. We find, however, that he has interwoven, in the course of his Fable, the principal Particulars, which were generally believed among the *Romans*, of *Æneas* his Voyage and Settlement in *Italy*.

The Reader may find an Abridgment of the whole Story as collected out of the ancient Historians, and as it was received among the *Romans*, in *Dionysius Halicarnasseus*.[1]

Since none of the Criticks have consider'd *Virgil's* Fable, with relation to this History of *Æneas*, it may not, perhaps, be amiss to examine it in this Light, so far as regards my present Purpose. Whoever looks into the Abridgment above mentioned, will find that the Character of *Æneas* is filled with Piety to the Gods, and a superstitious Observation of Prodigies, Oracles, and Predictions. *Virgil* has not only preserved this Character in the Person of *Æneas*, but has given a place in his Poem to those particular Prophecies which he found recorded of him in History and Tradition. The Poet took the matters of Fact as they came down to him, and circumstanced them after his own manner, to make them appear the more natural, agreeable, or surprizing. I believe very many Readers have been shocked at that ludicrous Prophecy, which one of the *Harpyes* pronounces to the *Trojans* in the third Book, namely, that before they had built their intended City, they should be reduced by Hunger to eat their very Tables. But, when they hear that this was one of the Circumstances that had been transmitted to the *Romans* in the History of *Æneas*, they will think the Poet did very well in taking notice of it. The Historian above mentioned acquaints us, a Prophetess had foretold *Æneas*, that he should take his Voyage Westward, till his Companions should eat their Tables; and that accordingly, upon his landing in *Italy*, as they were eating their Flesh upon Cakes of Bread, for want of other Conveniences, they afterwards fed on the Cakes themselves; upon which one of the Company said merrily, *We are eating our Tables.* They immediately took the Hint, says the Historian, and concluded the Prophecy to be fulfilled. As *Virgil* did not think it proper to omit so material a particular in the History of *Æneas*, it may be worth while to consider with how much Judgment he has qualified it, and taken off every thing that might have appeared improper for a Passage in an Heroick Poem. The Prophetess who foretells it, is an Hungry *Harpy*, as the Person who discovers it is young *Ascanius*.[2]

Heus etiam mensas consumimus, inquit Iulus!

Such an observation, which is beautiful in the Mouth of a

[1] In the first book of his Roman Antiquities.

[2] Dionysius says that the prophecy was either, as some write, given at Dodona, or, as others say, by a Sybil, and the exclamation was by one of the sons of Æneas, as it is related; or he was some other of his comrades.

Boy, would have been ridiculous from any other of the Company. I am apt to think that the changing of the *Trojan* Fleet into Water-Nymphs which is the most violent Machine in the whole *Æneid*, and has given offence to several Criticks, may be accounted for the same way. *Virgil* himself, before he begins that Relation, premises, that what he was going to tell appeared incredible, but that it was justified by Tradition. What further confirms me that this Change of the Fleet was a celebrated Circumstance in the History of *Æneas*, is, that *Ovid* has given place to the same *Metamorphosis* in his Account of the heathen Mythology.

None of the Criticks I have met with having considered the Fable of the *Æneid* in this Light, and taken notice how the Tradition, on which it was founded, authorizes those Parts in it which appear the most exceptionable; I hope the length of this Reflection will not make it unacceptable to the curious Part of my Readers.

The History, which was the Basis of *Milton's* Poem, is still shorter than either that of the *Iliad* or *Æneid*. The Poet has likewise taken care to insert every Circumstance of it in the Body of his Fable. The ninth Book, which we are here to consider, is raised upon that brief Account in Scripture, wherein we are told that the Serpent was more subtle than any Beast of the Field, that he tempted the Woman to eat of the forbidden Fruit, that she was overcome by this Temptation, and that *Adam* followed her Example. From these few Particulars, *Milton* has formed one of the most Entertaining Fables that Invention ever produced. He has disposed of these several Circumstances among so many beautiful and natural Fictions of his own, that his whole Story looks only like a Comment upon sacred Writ, or rather seems to be a full and compleat Relation of what the other is only an Epitome. I have insisted the longer on this Consideration, as I look upon the Disposition and Contrivance of the Fable to be the principal Beauty of the ninth Book, which has more *Story* in it, and is fuller of Incidents, than any other in the whole Poem. *Satan's* traversing the Globe, and still keeping within the Shadow of the Night, as fearing to be discovered by the Angel of the Sun, who had before detected him, is one of those beautiful Imaginations with which he introduces this his second Series of Adventures. Having examined the Nature of every Creature, and found out one which was the most proper for his Purpose, he again returns to Paradise; and, to avoid Discovery, sinks by Night with a River that ran under the Garden, and rises up

again through a Fountain that [issued][1] from it by the Tree of Life. The Poet, who, as we have before taken notice, speaks as little as possible in his own Person, and, after the Example of *Homer*, fills every Part of his Work with Manners and Characters, introduces a Soliloquy of this infernal Agent, who was thus restless in the Destruction of Man. He is then describ'd as gliding through the Garden, under the resemblance of a Mist, in order to find out that Creature in which he design'd to tempt our first Parents. This Description has something in it very Poetical and Surprizing.

So saying, through each Thicket Dank or Dry,
Like a black Mist, low creeping, he held on
His Midnight Search, where soonest he might find
The Serpent: him fast sleeping soon he found
In Labyrinth of many a Round self-roll'd,
His Head the midst, well stor'd with subtle Wiles.

The Author afterwards gives us a Description of the Morning, which is wonderfully suitable to a Divine Poem, and peculiar to that first Season of Nature: He represents the Earth, before it was curst, as a great Altar, breathing out its Incense from all Parts, and sending up a pleasant Savour to the Nostrils of its Creator; to which he adds a noble Idea of *Adam* and *Eve*, as offering their Morning Worship, and filling up the Universal Consort of Praise and Adoration.

Now when as sacred Light began to dawn
In Eden *on the humid Flowers, that breathed*
Their Morning Incense, when all things that breathe
From th' Earth's great Altar send up silent Praise
To the Creator, and his Nostrils fill
With grateful Smell; forth came the human Pair,
And join'd their vocal Worship to the Choir
Of Creatures wanting Voice———

The Dispute which follows between our two first Parents, is represented with great Art: It [proceeds[2]] from a Difference of Judgment, not of Passion, and is managed with Reason, not with Heat: It is such a Dispute as we may suppose might have happened in *Paradise*, had Man continued Happy and Innocent. There is a great Delicacy in the Moralities which are interspersed in *Adam's* Discourse, and which the most ordinary Reader cannot but take notice of. That Force of Love which the Father of Mankind so finely describes in the eighth Book, and which is inserted in my last *Saturday's* Paper, shews it self here in many fine Instances: As in those fond Regards he cast towards *Eve* at her parting from him.

[1] [run] [2] [arises]

Her long with ardent Look his Eye pursued
Delighted, but desiring more her stay :
Oft he to her his Charge of quick return
Repeated ; she to him as oft engaged
To be return'd by noon amid the Bower.

In his Impatience and Amusement during her Absence

——————Adam *the while,*
Waiting desirous her return, had wove
Of choicest Flowers a Garland, to adorn
Her Tresses, and her rural Labours crown :
As Reapers oft are wont their Harvest Queen.
Great Joy he promised to his thoughts, and new
Solace in her return, so long delay'd.

But particularly in that passionate Speech, where seeing her irrecoverably lost, he resolves to perish with her rather than to live without her.

——————*Some cursed Fraud*
Or Enemy hath beguil'd thee, yet unknown,
And me with thee hath ruin'd ; for with thee
Certain my Resolution is to die!
How can I live without thee ; how forego
Thy sweet Converse and Love so dearly join'd,
To live again in these wild Woods forlorn ?
Should God create another Eve, *and I*
Another Rib afford, yet loss of thee
Would never from my Heart! no, no! I feel
The Link of Nature draw me: Flesh of Flesh,
Bone of my Bone thou art, and from thy State
Mine never shall be parted, Bliss or Woe!

The Beginning of this Speech, and the Preparation to it, are animated with the same Spirit as the Conclusion, which I have here quoted.

The several Wiles which are put in practice by the Tempter, when he found *Eve* separated from her Husband, the many pleasing Images of Nature which are intermix'd in this part of the Story, with its gradual and regular Progress to the fatal Catastrophe, are so very remarkable that it would be superfluous to point out their respective Beauties.

I have avoided mentioning any particular Similitudes in my Remarks on this great Work, because I have given a general Account of them in my Paper on the first Book. There is one, however, in this part of the Poem, which I shall here quote as it is not only very beautiful, but the closest of any in the whole Poem. I mean that where the Serpent is describ'd as rolling forward in all his Pride, animated by the evil Spirit, and conducting *Eve* to her Destruction, while *Adam* was at too great a distance from her to give her his Assistance. These

several Particulars are all of them wrought into the following Similitude.

> ———*Hope elevates, and Joy*
> *Brightens his Crest; as when a wand'ring Fire,*
> *Compact of unctuous Vapour, which the Night*
> *Condenses, and the Cold invirons round,*
> *Kindled through Agitation to a Flame,*
> (*Which oft, they say, some evil Spirit attends*)
> *Hovering and blazing with delusive Light,*
> *Misleads th' amaz'd Night-wanderer from his Way*
> *To Bogs and Mires, and oft through Pond or Pool,*
> *There swallow'd up and lost, from succour far.*

That secret Intoxication of Pleasure, with all those transient flushings of Guilt and Joy, which the Poet represents in our first Parents upon their eating the forbidden Fruit, to [those [1]] flaggings of Spirits, damps of Sorrow, and mutual Accusations which succeed it, are conceiv'd with a wonderful Imagination, and described in very natural Sentiments.

When *Dido* in the fourth *Æneid* yielded to that fatal Temptation which ruined her, *Virgil* tells us the Earth trembled, the Heavens were filled with Flashes of Lightning, and the Nymphs howled upon the Mountain-Tops. *Milton*, in the same poetical Spirit, has described all Nature as disturbed upon *Eve's* eating the forbidden Fruit.

> *So saying, her rash Hand in evil hour*
> *Forth reaching to the Fruit, she pluckt, she eat:*
> *Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her Seat*
> *Sighing, through all her Works gave signs of Woe*
> *That all was lost———*

Upon *Adam's* falling into the same Guilt, the whole Creation appears a second time in Convulsions.

> ———*He scrupled not to eat*
> *Against his better knowledge; not deceiv'd,*
> *But fondly overcome with female Charm.*
> *Earth trembled from her Entrails, as again*
> *In Pangs, and Nature gave a second Groan,*
> *Sky lowred, and muttering Thunder, some sad Drops*
> *Wept at compleating of the mortal Sin——*

As all Nature suffer'd by the Guilt of our first Parents, these Symptoms of Trouble and Consternation are wonderfully imagined, not only as Prodigies, but as Marks of her Sympathizing in the Fall of Man.

Adam's Converse with *Eve*, after having eaten the forbidden Fruit, is an exact Copy of that between *Jupiter* and *Juno* in the fourteenth *Iliad*. *Juno* there approaches *Jupiter* with the

[1] [that]

Girdle which she had received from *Venus;* upon which he tells her, that she appeared more charming and desirable than she [had ever[1]] done before, even when their Loves were at the highest. The Poet afterwards describes them as reposing on a Summet of Mount *Ida*, which produced under them a Bed of Flowers, the *Lotos*, the *Crocus*, and the *Hyacinth;* and concludes his Description with their falling asleep.

Let the Reader compare this with the following Passage in *Milton*, which begins with *Adam's* Speech to *Eve*.

For never did thy Beauty, since the Day
I saw thee first and wedded thee, adorn'd
With all Perfections, so enflame my Sense
With ardor to enjoy thee, fairer now
Than ever, Bounty of this virtuous Tree.
So said he, and forbore not Glance or Toy
Of amorous Intent, well understood
Of Eve, *whose Eye darted contagious Fire.*
Her hand he seiz'd, and to a shady Bank
Thick over-head with verdant Roof embower'd,
He led her nothing loth: Flow'rs were the Couch,
Pansies, and Violets, and Asphodel,
And Hyacinth, Earth's freshest softest Lap.
There they their fill of Love, and Love's disport,
Took largely, of their mutual Guilt the Seal,
The Solace of their Sin, till dewy Sleep
Oppress'd them———

As no Poet seems ever to have studied *Homer* more, or to have more resembled him in the Greatness of Genius than *Milton*, I think I should have given but a very imperfect Account of his Beauties, if I had not observed the most remarkable Passages which look like Parallels in these two great Authors. I might, in the course of these criticisms, have taken notice of many particular Lines and Expressions which are translated from the *Greek* Poet; but as I thought this would have appeared too minute and over-curious, I have purposely omitted them. The greater Incidents, however, are not only set off by being shewn in the same Light with several of the same nature in *Homer*, but by that means may be also guarded against the Cavils of the Tasteless or Ignorant.

[1] [ever had]

No. 352.] *Monday, April* 14, 1712. [*Steele.*

———*Si ad honestatem nati sumus, ea aut sola expetenda est, aut certe omni pondere gravior est habenda quam reliqua omnia.* —Tull.

WILL. HONEYCOMB was complaining to me yesterday, that the Conversation of the Town is so altered of late Years, that a fine Gentleman is at a loss for Matter to start Discourse, as well as unable to fall in with the Talk he generally meets with. WILL. takes notice, that there is now an Evil under the Sun which he supposes to be entirely new, because not mentioned by any Satyrist or Moralist in any Age: Men, said he, grow Knaves sooner than they ever did since the Creation of the World before. If you read the Tragedies of the last Age, you find the artful Men and Persons of Intrigue, are advanced very far in Years, and beyond the Pleasures and Sallies of Youth; but now WILL. observes, that the Young have taken in the Vices of the Aged, and you shall have a Man of Five and Twenty crafty, false, and intriguing, not ashamed to over-reach, cozen, and beguile. My Friend adds, that till about the latter end of King *Charles's* Reign, there was not a Rascal of any Eminence under Forty: In the Places of Resort for Conversation, you now hear nothing but what relates to the improving Men's Fortunes, without regard to the Methods toward it. This is so fashionable, that young Men form themselves upon a certain Neglect of every thing that is candid, simple, and worthy of true Esteem; and affect being yet worse than they are, by acknowledging in their general turn of Mind and Discourse, that they have not any remaining Value for true Honour and Honesty; preferring the Capacity of being Artful to gain their Ends, to the Merit of despising those Ends when they come in competition with their Honesty. All this is due to the very silly Pride that generally prevails, of being valued for the Ability of carrying their Point; in a word, from the Opinion that shallow and inexperienced People entertain of the short liv'd Force of Cunning. But I shall, before I enter upon the various Faces which Folly cover'd with Artifice puts on to impose upon the Unthinking, produce a great Authority [1] for asserting, that nothing but Truth and Ingenuity has any lasting good Effect, even upon a Man's Fortune and Interest.

'Truth and Reality have all the Advantages of Appearance, 'and many more. If the Shew of any thing be good for any

[1] Archbishop Tillotson's Sermons, Vol. II., Sermon 1 (folio edition). Italics in first issue.

'thing, I am sure Sincerity is better: For why does any Man 'dissemble, or seem to be that which he is not, but because he 'thinks it good to have such a Quality as he pretends to? for 'to counterfeit and dissemble, is to put on the Appearance of 'some real Excellency. Now the best way in the World for a 'Man to seem to be any thing, is really to be what he would 'seem to be. Besides that it is many times as troublesome to 'make good the Pretence of a good Quality, as to have it; and 'if a Man have it not, it is ten to one but he is discover'd to 'want it, and then all his Pains and Labour to seem to have 'it is lost. There is something unnatural in Painting, which 'a skilful Eye will easily discern from native Beauty and 'Complexion.

'It is hard to personate and act a Part long; for where 'Truth is not at the bottom, Nature will always be endeavouring 'to return, and will peep out and betray her self one time or 'other. Therefore if any Man think it convenient to seem 'good, let him be so indeed, and then his Goodness will 'appear to every body's Satisfaction; so that upon all accounts 'Sincerity is true Wisdom. Particularly as to the Affairs of 'this World, Integrity hath many Advantages over all the fine 'and artificial ways of Dissimulation and Deceit; it is much 'the plainer and easier, much the safer and more secure way of 'dealing in the World; it has less of Trouble and Difficulty, 'of Entanglement and Perplexity, of Danger and Hazard in it; 'it is the shortest and nearest way to our End, carrying us 'thither in a straight line, and will hold out and last longest. 'The Arts of Deceit and Cunning do continually grow weaker 'and less effectual and serviceable to them that use them; 'whereas Integrity gains Strength by use, and the more and 'longer any Man practiseth it, the greater Service it does him, 'by confirming his Reputation and encouraging those with 'whom he hath to do, to repose the greatest Trust and Con-'fidence in him, which is an unspeakable Advantage in the 'Business and Affairs of Life.

'Truth is always consistent with it self, and needs nothing to 'help it out; it is always near at hand, and sits upon our Lips, 'and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a Lye 'is troublesome, and sets a Man's Invention upon the rack, 'and one Trick needs a great many more to make it good. It 'is like building upon a false Foundation, which continually 'stands in need of Props to shoar it up, and proves at last 'more chargeable, than to have raised a substantial Building at 'first upon a true and solid Foundation; for Sincerity is firm

'and substantial, and there is nothing hollow and unsound in 'it, and because it is plain and open, fears no Discovery; of 'which the Crafty Man is always in danger, and when he 'thinks he walks in the dark, all his Pretences are so trans- 'parent, that he that runs may read them; he is the last Man 'that finds himself to be found out, and whilst he takes it 'for granted that he makes Fools of others, he renders himself 'ridiculous.

'Add to all this, that Sincerity is the most compendious 'Wisdom, and an excellent Instrument for the speedy dispatch 'of Business; it creates Confidence in those we have to deal 'with, saves the Labour of many Enquiries, and brings things 'to an issue in few Words: It is like travelling in a plain beaten 'Road, which commonly brings a Man sooner to his Journey's 'End than By-ways, in which Men often lose themselves. In 'a word, whatsoever Convenience may be thought to be in 'Falshood and Dissimulation, it is soon over; but the Incon- 'venience of it is perpetual, because it brings a Man under an 'everlasting Jealousie and Suspicion, so that he is not believed 'when he speaks Truth, nor trusted when perhaps he means 'honestly. When a Man hath once forfeited the Reputation of 'his Integrity, he is set fast, and nothing will then serve his 'turn, neither Truth nor Falshood.

'And I have often thought, that God hath in his great 'Wisdom hid from Men of false and dishonest Minds the 'wonderful Advantages of Truth and Integrity to the Prosperity 'even of our worldly Affairs; these Men are so blinded by 'their Covetousness and Ambition, that they cannot look 'beyond a present Advantage, nor forbear to seize upon it, 'tho' by Ways never so indirect; they cannot see so far as to 'the remote Consequences of a steady Integrity, and the vast 'Benefit and Advantages which it will bring a Man at last. 'Were but this sort of Men wise and clear-sighted enough to 'discern this, they would be honest out of very Knavery, not 'out of any Love to Honesty and Virtue, but with a crafty 'Design to promote and advance more effectually their own 'Interests; and therefore the Justice of the Divine Providence 'hath hid this truest Point of Wisdom from their Eyes, that 'bad Men might not be upon equal Terms with the Just and 'Upright, and serve their own wicked Designs by honest and 'lawful Means.

'Indeed, if a Man were only to deal in the World for a Day, 'and should never have occasion to converse more with Man- 'kind, never more need their good Opinion or good Word, it

'were then no great Matter (speaking as to the Concernments of 'this World) if a Man spent his Reputation all at once, and 'ventured it at one throw: But if he be to continue in the 'World, and would have the Advantage of Conversation whilst 'he is in it, let him make use of Truth and Sincerity in all his 'Words and Actions; for nothing but this will last and hold 'out to the end; all other Arts will fail, but Truth and 'Integrity will carry a Man through, and bear him out to the 'last. T.

No. 353.] *Tuesday, April* 15, 1712. [*Budgell.*

In tenui labor — Virg.

THE Gentleman who obliges the World in general, and me in particular, with his Thoughts upon Education, has just sent me the following Letter.

SIR,

'I take the Liberty to send you a fourth Letter upon the 'Education of Youth: In my last I gave you my Thoughts 'about some particular Tasks which I conceiv'd it might not be 'amiss to use with their usual Exercises, in order to give them 'an early Seasoning of Virtue; I shall in this propose some 'others, which I fancy might contribute to give them a right 'turn for the World, and enable them to make their way in it.

'The Design of Learning is, as I take it, either to render a 'Man an agreeable Companion to himself, and teach him to 'support Solitude with Pleasure, or if he is not born to an 'Estate, to supply that Defect, and furnish him with the means 'of acquiring one. A Person who applies himself to Learning 'with the first of these Views may be said to study for Orna-'ment, as he who proposes to himself the second, properly 'studies for Use. The one does it to raise himself a Fortune, 'the other to set off that which he is already possessed of. 'But as far the greater part of Mankind are included in the 'latter Class, I shall only propose some Methods at present for 'the Service of such who expect to advance themselves in the 'World by their Learning: In order to which, I shall premise, 'that many more Estates have been acquir'd by little Accom-'plishments than by extraordinary ones; those Qualities which 'make the greatest Figure in the Eye of the World, not being 'always the most useful in themselves, or the most advantageous 'to their Owners.

'The Posts which require Men of shining and uncommon 'Parts to discharge them, are so very few, that many a great 'Genius goes out of the World without ever having had an 'opportunity to exert it self; whereas Persons of ordinary 'Endowments meet with Occasions fitted to their Parts and 'Capacities every day in the common Occurrences of Life.

'I am acquainted with two Persons who were formerly 'School-fellows,[1] and have been good Friends ever since. One 'of them was not only thought an impenetrable Block-head at 'School, but still maintain'd his Reputation at the University; 'the other was the Pride of his Master, and the most celebrated 'Person in the College of which he was a Member. The Man 'of Genius is at present buried in a Country Parsonage of 'eightscore Pounds a year; while the other, with the bare 'Abilities of a common Scrivener, has got an Estate of above 'an hundred thousand Pounds.

'I fancy from what I have said it will almost appear a 'doubtful Case to many a wealthy Citizen, whether or no he 'ought to wish his Son should be a great Genius; but this I am 'sure of, that nothing is more absurd than to give a Lad the 'Education of one, whom Nature has not favour'd with any 'particular Marks of Distinction.

'The fault therefore of our Grammar-Schools is, that every 'Boy is pushed on to Works of Genius; whereas it would be 'far more advantageous for the greatest part of them to be 'taught such little practical Arts and Sciences as do not require 'any great share of Parts to be Master of them, and yet may 'come often into play during the course of a Man's Life.

'Such are all the Parts of Practical Geometry. I have known 'a Man contract a Friendship with a Minister of State, upon 'cutting a Dial in his Window; and remember a Clergyman 'who got one of the best Benefices in the West of *England*, by 'setting a Country Gentleman's Affairs in some Method, and 'giving him an exact Survey of his Estate.

'While I am upon this Subject, I cannot forbear mentioning 'a Particular which is of use in every Station of Life, and which 'methinks every Master should teach his Scholars. I mean 'the writing of *English* Letters. To this End, instead of per-'plexing them with *Latin* Epistles, Themes and Verses, there 'might be a punctual Correspondence established between two

[1] Perhaps Swift and his old schoolfellow, Mr. Stratford, the Hamburgh merchant. 'Stratford is worth a plumb, and is now lending the Govern-'ment £40,000; yet we were educated together at the same school and 'university.'—Journal to Stella, Sept. 14, 1710.

'Boys, who might act in any imaginary Parts of Business, or 'be allow'd sometimes to give a range to their own Fancies, 'and communicate to each other whatever Trifles they thought 'fit, provided neither of them ever fail'd at the appointed time 'to answer his Correspondent's Letter.

'I believe I may venture to affirm, that the generality of 'Boys would find themselves more advantaged by this Custom, 'when they come to be Men, than by all the *Greek* and *Latin* 'their Masters can teach them in seven or eight Years.

'The want of it is very visible in many learned Persons, who, 'while they are admiring the Styles of *Demosthenes* or *Cicero*, 'want Phrases to express themselves on the most common 'Occasions. I have seen a Letter from one of these *Latin* 'Orators, which would have been deservedly laugh'd at by a 'common Attorney.

'Under this Head of Writing I cannot omit Accounts and 'Short-hand, which are learned with little pains, and very pro- 'perly come into the number of such Arts as I have been here 'recommending.

'You must doubtless, Sir, observe that I have hitherto 'chiefly insisted upon these things for such Boys as do not 'appear to have any thing extraordinary in their natural Talents, 'and consequently are not qualified for the finer Parts of 'Learning; yet I believe I might carry this Matter still further, 'and venture to assert that a Lad of Genius has sometimes 'occasion for these little Acquirements, to be as it were the fore- 'runners of his Parts, and to introduce [him [1]] into the World.

'History is full of Examples of Persons, who tho' they have 'had the largest Abilities, have been obliged to insinuate them- 'selves into the Favour of great Men by these trivial Accom- 'plishments; as the compleat Gentleman, in some of our 'modern Comedies, makes his first Advances to his Mistress 'under the disguise of a Painter or a Dancing-Master.

'The Difference is, that in a Lad of Genius these are only so 'many Accomplishments, which in another are Essentials; the 'one diverts himself with them, the other works at them. In 'short, I look upon a great Genius, with these little Additions, 'in the same Light as I regard the Grand Signior, who is 'obliged, by an express Command in the Alcoran, to learn and 'practise some Handycraft Trade. Tho' I need not have gone 'for my Instance farther than *Germany*, where several Emperors 'have voluntarily done the same thing. *Leopold* the last,[2]

[1] [them]

[2] Leopold the last was also Leopold the First. He died May 6, 1705,

'worked in Wood; and I have heard there are several handy-'craft Works of his making to be seen at *Vienna* so neatly 'turned, that the best Joiner in *Europe* might safely own them, 'without any disgrace to his Profession.

'I would not be thought, by any thing I have said, to be 'against improving a Boy's Genius to the utmost pitch it can 'be carry'd. What I would endeavour to shew in this Essay 'is, that there may be Methods taken, to make Learning 'advantageous even to the meanest Capacities.

I am, SIR,
X. *Yours*, &c.

No. 354.] *Wednesday, April* 16, 1712. [*Steele.*

——Cum magnis virtutibus affers
Grande supercilium.—Juv.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOU have in some of your Discourses describ'd most sorts 'of Women in their distinct and proper Classes, as the '*Ape*, the *Coquet*, and many others; but I think you have 'never yet said anything of a *Devotée*. A *Devotée* is one of 'those who disparage Religion by their indiscreet and un-'seasonable introduction of the Mention of Virtue on all 'Occasion[s]: She professes she is what nobody ought to 'doubt she is; and betrays the Labour she is put to, to be 'what she ought to be with Chearfulness and Alacrity. She 'lives in the World, and denies her self none of the Diversions 'of it, with a constant Declaration how insipid all things in it 'are to her. She is never her self but at Church; there she 'displays her Virtue, and is so fervent in her Devotions, that I 'have frequently seen her Pray her self out of Breath. While 'other young Ladies in the House are dancing, or playing at 'Questions and Commands, she reads aloud in her Closet. 'She says all Love is ridiculous, except it be Celestial; but

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and was succeeded by his eldest son, Joseph, who died while the *Spectator* was being issued, and had now been followed by his brother, the Archduke Charles, whose claim to the crown of Spain England had been supporting, when his accession to the German throne had not seemed probable. His coronation as Charles VI. was, therefore, one cause of the peace. Leopold, born in 1640, and educated by the Jesuits, became Emperor in 1658, and reigned 49 years. He was an adept in metaphysics and theology, as well as in wood-turning, but a feeble and oppressive ruler, whose empire was twice saved for him; by Sobieski from the Turks, and from the French by Marlborough.

'she speaks of the Passion of one Mortal to another with too 'much Bitterness, for one that had no Jealousy mixed with her 'Contempt of it. If at any time she sees a Man warm in his 'Addresses to his Mistress, she will lift up her Eyes to Heaven, 'and cry, What Nonsense is that Fool talking? Will the Bell 'never ring for Prayers? We have an eminent Lady of this 'Stamp in our Country, who pretends to Amusements very 'much above the rest of her Sex. She never carries a white 'Shock-dog with Bells under her Arm, nor a Squirrel or Dor- 'mouse in her Pocket, but always an abridg'd Piece of Morality 'to steal out when she is sure of being observ'd. When she 'went to the famous Ass-Race (which I must confess was but 'an odd Diversion to be encouraged by People of Rank and 'Figure) it was not, like other Ladies, to hear those poor 'Animals bray, nor to see Fellows run naked, or to hear 'Country Squires in bob Wigs and white Girdles make love at 'the side of a Coach, and cry, Madam, this is dainty Weather. 'Thus she described the Diversion; for she went only to pray 'heartily that no body might be hurt in the Crowd, and to see 'if the poor Fellow's Face, which was distorted with grinning, 'might any way be brought to it self again. She never chats 'over her Tea, but covers her Face, and is supposed in an 'Ejaculation before she taste[s] a Sup. This ostentatious 'Behaviour is such an Offence to true Sanctity, that it dis- 'parages it, and makes Virtue not only unamiable, but also 'ridiculous. The Sacred Writings are full of Reflections which 'abhor this kind of Conduct; and a *Devotée* is so far from pro- 'moting Goodness, that she deters others by her Example. 'Folly and Vanity in one of these Ladies, is like Vice in a 'Clergyman; it does not only debase him, but makes the 'inconsiderate Part of the World think the worse of Religion.

I am, SIR,

Your Humble Servant,

Hotspur.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'*Xenophon*, in his short Account of the *Spartan* Common- 'wealth,[1] speaking of the Behaviour of their young Men in the

[1] 'The Polity of Lacedæmon' and 'the Polity of Athens' were two of Xenophon's short treatises. In 'the Polity of Lacedæmon' the Spartan code of law and social discipline is, as Mr. Mure says in his Critical History of the Language and Literature of Ancient Greece, 'indiscriminately held 'up to admiration as superior in all respects to all others. Some of its more 'offensive features, such as the Cryptia, child murder, and more glaring 'atrocities of the Helot system, are suppressed; while the legalized 'thieving, adultery, and other unnatural practices, are placed in the most 'favourable or least odious light.'

'Streets, says, There was so much Modesty in their Looks, 'that you might as soon have turned the eyes of a Marble 'Statue upon you as theirs; and that in all their Behaviour 'they were more modest than a Bride when put to bed upon 'her Wedding-Night: This Virtue, which is always join'd to 'Magnanimity, had such an influence upon their Courage, that 'in Battel an Enemy could not look them in the Face, and 'they durst not but Die for their Country.

'Whenever I walk into the Streets of *London* and *West-* '*minster*, the Countenances of all the young Fellows that pass 'by me, make me wish my self in *Sparta;* I meet with such 'blustering Airs, big Looks, and bold Fronts, that to a super- 'ficial Observer would bespeak a Courage above those *Grecians.* 'I am arrived to that Perfection in Speculation, that I under- 'stand the Language of the Eyes, which would be a great mis- 'fortune to me, had I not corrected the Testiness of old Age 'by Philosophy. There is scarce a Man in a red Coat who 'does not tell me, with a full Stare, he's a bold Man: I see 'several swear inwardly at me, without any Offence of mine, 'but the Oddness of my Person: I meet Contempt in every 'Street, express'd in different Manners, by the scornful Look, 'the elevated Eye-brow, and the swelling Nostrils of the Proud 'and Prosperous. The Prentice speaks his Disrespect by an 'extended Finger, and the Porter by stealing out his Tongue. 'If a Country Gentleman appears a little curious in observing 'the Edifices, Signs, Clocks, Coaches, and Dials, it is not to be 'imagined how the Polite Rabble of this Town, who are ac- 'quainted with these Objects, ridicule his Rusticity. I have 'known a Fellow with a Burden on his Head steal a Hand 'down from his Load, and slily twirle the Cock of a Squire's 'Hat behind him; while the Offended Person is swearing, or 'out of Countenance, all the Wagg-Wits in the High-way are 'grinning in applause of the ingenious Rogue that gave him 'the Tip, and the Folly of him who had not Eyes all round 'his Head to prevent receiving it. These things arise from a 'general Affectation of Smartness, Wit, and Courage. *Wycherly* 'somewhere[1] rallies the Pretensions this Way, by making a 'Fellow say, Red Breeches are a certain Sign of Valour; and

[1] In the *Plain Dealer*, Act II. sc. 1.

Novel ('a pert railing coxcomb'). These sea captains make nothing of dressing. But let me tell you, sir, a man by his dress, as much as by anything, shows his wit and judgment; nay, and his courage too.

Freeman. How, his courage, Mr. Novel?

Novel. Why, for example, by red breeches, tucked-up hair, or peruke, a greasy broad belt, and now-a-days a short sword.

'*Otway* makes a Man, to boast his Agility, trip up a Beggar 'on Crutches.[1] From such Hints I beg a Speculation on this 'Subject; in the mean time I shall do all in the Power of a 'weak old Fellow in my own Defence: for as *Diogenes*, being 'in quest of an honest Man, sought for him when it was broad 'Day-light with a Lanthorn and Candle, so I intend for the 'future to walk the Streets with a dark Lanthorn, which has a 'convex Chrystal in it; and if any Man stares at me, I give 'fair Warning that I'll direct the Light full into his Eyes. 'Thus despairing to find Men Modest, I hope by this Means 'to evade their Impudence,

I am, SIR,
Your most humble Servant,
T. Sophrosunius.

No. 355.] *Thursday, April* 17, 1712. [*Addison.*

Non ego mordaci distrinxi carmine [*quenquam.*—Ovid.[2]]

I HAVE been very often tempted to write Invectives upon those who have detracted from my Works, or spoken in derogation of my Person; but I look upon it as a particular

[1] In his *Friendship in Fashion*, Act III. sc. 1.

Malagene. I tell you what I did t'other Day: Faith 'tis as good a Jest as ever you heard.

Valentine. Pray, sir, do.

Mal. Why, walking alone, a lame Fellow follow'd me and ask'd my Charity (which by the way was a pretty Proposition to me). Being in one of my witty, merry Fits, I ask'd him how long he had been in that Condition? The poor Fellow shook his Head, and told me he was born so. But how d'ye think I served him?

Val. Nay, the Devil knows.

Mal. I show'd my Parts, I think; for I tripp'd up both his Wooden Legs, and walk'd off gravely about my Business.

Truman. And this you say is your way of Wit?

Mal. Ay, altogether, this and Mimickry. I'm a very good Mimick; I can act *Punchinello*, *Scaramoucho*, *Harlequin*, Prince *Prettyman*, or anything. I can act the rumbling of a Wheel-barrow.

Val. The rumbling of a Wheelbarrow!

Mal. Ay, the rumbling of a Wheelbarrow, so I say. Nay, more than that, I can act a Sow and Pigs, Sausages a broiling, a Shoulder of Mutton a roasting: I can act a Fly in a Honey-pot.

Trum. That indeed must be the effect of very curious Observation.

Mal. No, hang it, I never make it my Business to observe anything, that is Mechanick.

[2] [*quenquam,*
Nulla venenata littera mista joco est.—Ovid.]

Happiness, that I have always hindred my Resentments from proceeding to this extremity. I once had gone thro' half a Satyr, but found so many Motions of Humanity rising in me towards the Persons whom I had severely treated, that I threw it into the Fire without ever finishing it. I have been angry enough to make several little Epigrams and Lampoons; and after having admired them a Day or two, have likewise committed them to the Flames. These I look upon as so many Sacrifices to Humanity, and have receiv'd much greater Satisfaction from the suppressing such Performances, than I could have done from any Reputation they might have procur'd me, or from any Mortification they might have given my Enemies, in case I had made them publick. If a Man has any Talent in Writing, it shews a good Mind to forbear answering Calumnies and Reproaches in the same Spirit of Bitterness with which they are offered: But when a Man has been at some Pains in making suitable Returns to an Enemy, and has the Instruments of Revenge in his Hands, to let drop his Wrath, and stifle his Resentments, seems to have something in it Great and Heroical. There is a particular Merit in such a way of forgiving an Enemy; and the more violent and unprovok'd the Offence has been, the greater still is the Merit of him who thus forgives it.

I never met with a Consideration that is more finely spun, and what has better pleased me, than one in *Epictetus*,[1] which places an Enemy in a new Light, and gives us a View of him altogether different from that in which we are used to regard him. The Sense of it is as follows: Does a Man reproach thee for being Proud or Ill-natured, Envious or Conceited, Ignorant or Detracting? Consider with thy self whether his Reproaches are true; if they are not, consider that thou art not the Person whom he reproaches, but that he reviles an Imaginary Being, and perhaps loves what thou really art, tho' he hates what thou appearest to be. If his Reproaches are true, if thou art the envious ill-natur'd Man he takes thee for, give thy self another Turn, become mild, affable and obliging, and his Reproaches of thee naturally cease: His Reproaches may indeed continue, but thou art no longer the Person whom he reproaches.

I often apply this Rule to my self; and when I hear of a Satyrical Speech or Writing that is aimed at me, I examine my own Heart, whether I deserve it or not. If I bring in a Verdict against my self, I endeavour to rectify my Conduct

[1] Enchiridion, Cap. 48 and 64.

for the future in those particulars which have drawn the Censure upon me; but if the whole Invective be grounded upon a Falsehood, I trouble my self no further about it, and look upon my Name at the Head of it to signify no more than one of those fictitious Names made use of by an Author to introduce an imaginary Character. Why should a Man be sensible of the Sting of a Reproach, who is a Stranger to the Guilt that is implied in it? or subject himself to the Penalty, when he knows he has never committed the Crime? This is a Piece of Fortitude, which every one owes to his own Innocence, and without which it is impossible for a Man of any Merit or Figure to live at Peace with himself in a Country that abounds with Wit and Liberty.

The famous Monsieur *Balzac*, in a Letter to the Chancellor of *France*,[1] who had prevented the Publication of a Book against him, has the following Words, which are a lively Picture of the Greatness of Mind so visible in the Works of that Author. *If it was a new thing, it may be I should not be displeased with the Suppression of the first Libel that should abuse me; but since there are enough of 'em to make a small Library, I am secretly pleased to see the number increased, and take delight in raising a heap of Stones that Envy has cast at me without doing me any harm.*

The Author here alludes to those Monuments of the Eastern Nations, which were Mountains of Stones raised upon the dead Body by Travellers, that used to cast every one his Stone upon it as they passed by. It is certain that no Monument is so glorious as one which is thus raised by the Hands of Envy. For my Part, I admire an Author for such a Temper of Mind as enables him to bear an undeserved Reproach without Resentment, more than for all the Wit of any the finest Satirical Reply.

Thus far I thought necessary to explain my self in relation to those who have animadverted on this Paper, and to shew the Reasons why I have not thought fit to return them any formal Answer. I must further add, that the Work would have been of very little use to the Publick, had it been filled with personal Reflections and Debates; for which Reason I have never once turned out of my way to observe those little Cavils which have been made against it by Envy or Ignorance. The common Fry of Scriblers, who have no other way of being taken Notice of but by attacking what has gain'd some Reputation in the World, would have furnished me with Business

[1] Letters and Remains. Trans. by Sir R. Baker (1655-8).

enough, had they found me dispos'd to enter the Lists with them.

I shall conclude with the Fable of *Boccalini's* Traveller, who was so pester'd with the Noise of Grasshoppers in his Ears, that he alighted from his Horse in great Wrath to kill them all. This, says the Author, was troubling himself to no manner of purpose: Had he pursued his Journey without taking notice of them, the troublesome Insects would have died of themselves in a very few Weeks, and he would have suffered nothing from them. L.

No. 356.] *Friday*,[1] *April* 18, 1712. [*Steele.*

——Aptissima quæque dabunt Dii,
Charior est illis homo quam sibi—— Juv.

IT is owing to Pride, and a secret Affectation of a certain Self-Existence, that the noblest Motive for Action that ever was proposed to Man, is not acknowledged the Glory and Happiness of their Being. The Heart is treacherous to it self, and we do not let our Reflections go deep enough to receive Religion as the most honourable Incentive to good and worthy Actions. It is our natural Weakness, to flatter our selves into a Belief, that if we search into our inmost thoughts, we find our selves wholly disinterested, and divested of any Views arising from Self-Love and Vain-Glory. But however Spirits of superficial Greatness may disdain at first sight to do any thing, but from a noble Impulse in themselves, without any future Regards in this or another Being; upon stricter Enquiry they will find, to act worthily and expect to be rewarded only in another World, is as heroick a Pitch of Virtue as human Nature can arrive at. If the Tenour of our Actions have any other Motive than the Desire to be pleasing in the Eye of the Deity, it will necessarily follow that we must be more than Men, if we are not too much exalted in Prosperity and depressed in Adversity: But the Christian World has a Leader, the Contemplation of whose Life and Sufferings must administer Comfort in Affliction, while the Sense of his Power and Omnipotence must give them Humiliation in Prosperity.

It is owing to the forbidding and unlovely Constraint with which Men of low Conceptions act when they think they conform themselves to Religion, as well as to the more odious

[1] Good Friday.

Conduct of Hypocrites, that the Word Christian does not carry with it at first View all that is Great, Worthy, Friendly, Generous, and Heroick. The Man who suspends his Hopes of the Reward of worthy Actions till after Death, who can bestow unseen, who can overlook Hatred, do Good to his Slanderer, who can never be angry at his Friend, never revengeful to his Enemy, is certainly formed for the Benefit of Society: Yet these are so far from Heroick Virtues, that they are but the ordinary Duties of a Christian.

When a Man with a steddy Faith looks back on the great Catastrophe of this Day, with what bleeding Emotions of Heart must he contemplate the Life and Sufferings of his Deliverer? When his Agonies occur to him, how will he weep to reflect that he has often forgot them for the Glance of a Wanton, for the Applause of a vain World, for an Heap of fleeting past Pleasures, which are at present asking Sorrows?

How pleasing is the Contemplation of the lowly Steps our Almighty Leader took in conducting us to his heavenly Mansions! In plain and apt Parable,[1] Similitude, and Allegory, our great Master enforced the Doctrine of our Salvation; but they of his Acquaintance, instead of receiving what they could not oppose, were offended at the Presumption of being wiser than they:[2] They could not raise their little Ideas above the Consideration of him, in those Circumstances familiar to them, or conceive that he who appear'd not more Terrible or Pompous, should have any thing more Exalted than themselves; he in that Place therefore would not longer ineffectually exert a Power which was incapable of conquering the Prepossession of their narrow and mean Conceptions.

Multitudes follow'd him, and brought him the Dumb, the Blind, the Sick, and Maim'd; whom when their Creator had Touch'd, with a second Life they Saw, Spoke, Leap'd, and Ran. In Affection to him, and admiration of his Actions, the Crowd could not leave him, but waited near him till they were almost as faint and helpless as others they brought for Succour. He had Compassion on them, and by a Miracle supplied their Necessities.[3] Oh, the Ecstatic Entertainment, when they

[1] From the words 'In plain and apt parable' to the end, this paper is a reprint of the close of the second chapter of Steele's *Christian Hero*, with the variations cited in the next six notes. The C. H. is quoted from the text appended to the first reprint of the *Tatler*, in 1711.

[2] —'wiser than they: Is not this the Carpenter's Son, is not his Mother 'called *Mary*, his Brethren, *James*, *Joseph*, *Simon* and *Judas*? They 'could not—' *Christian Hero.*

[3] 'He had compassion on 'em, commanded 'em to be seated, and with

could behold their Food immediately increase to the Distributer's Hand, and see their God in Person Feeding and Refreshing his Creatures! Oh Envied Happiness! But why do I say Envied? as if our [God[1]] did not still preside over our temperate Meals, chearful Hours, and innocent Conversations.

But tho' the sacred Story is every where full of Miracles not inferior to this, and tho' in the midst of those Acts of Divinity he never gave the least Hint of a Design to become a Secular Prince, yet had not hitherto the Apostles themselves any other than Hopes of worldly Power, Preferment, Riches and Pomp; for *Peter*, upon an Accident of Ambition among the Apostles, hearing his Master explain that his Kingdom was not of this World, was so scandaliz'd[2] that he whom he had so long follow'd should suffer the Ignominy, Shame, and Death which he foretold, that he took him aside and said, *Be it far from thee, Lord, this shall not be unto thee:* For which he suffered a severe Reprehension from his Master, as having in his View the Glory of Man rather than that of God.

The great Change of things began to draw near, when the Lord of Nature thought fit as a Saviour and Deliverer to make his publick Entry into *Jerusalem* with more than the Power and Joy, but none of the Ostentation and Pomp of a Triumph: he came Humble, Meek, and Lowly: with an unfelt new Ecstasy, Multitudes strewed his Way with Garments and Olive-Branches, Crying with loud Gladness and Acclamation, *Hosannah to the Son of* David, *Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!* At this great King's Accession to his Throne, Men were not Ennobled, but Sav'd; Crimes were not Remitted, but Sins Forgiven; he did not bestow Medals, Honours, Favours, but Health, Joy, Sight, Speech. The first Object the Blind ever saw, was the Author of Sight; while the Lame Ran before, and the Dumb repeated the *Hosannah*. Thus attended, he Entered

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'Seven Loaves, and a few little Fishes, Fed four thousand Men, besides 'Women and Children: Oh, the Ecstatic——' *Christian Hero.*

[1] [Good God] in first Issue and in *Christian Hero.*

[2] In the *Christian Hero* this passage was:—'become a Secular Prince, 'or in a Forcible or Miraculous Manner to cast off the *Roman* Yoke they 'were under, and restore again those Disgraced Favourites of Heav'n, to 'its former Indulgence, yet had not hitherto the Apostles themselves (so '*deep set* is our Natural Pride) any other than hopes of worldly Power, 'Preferment, Riches and Pomp: For *Peter*, who it seems ever since he left 'his Net and his Skiff, Dreamt of nothing but being a great Man, was 'utterly undone to hear our Saviour explain to 'em that his Kingdom was 'not of this World; and was so scandalized—'

into his own House, the sacred Temple, and by his Divine Authority expell'd Traders and Worldlings that profaned it; and thus did he, for a time, use a great and despotic Power, to let Unbelievers understand, that 'twas not Want of, but Superiority to all Worldly Dominion, that made him not exert it. But is this then the Saviour? is this the Deliverer? Shall this Obscure *Nazarene* command *Israel*, and sit on the Throne of *David?*[1] Their proud and disdainful Hearts, which were petrified[2] with the Love and Pride of this World, were impregnable to the Reception of so mean a Benefactor, and were now enough exasperated with Benefits to conspire his Death. Our Lord was sensible of their Design, and prepared his Disciples for it, by recounting to 'em now more distinctly what should befal him; but *Peter* with an ungrounded Resolution, and in a Flush of Temper, made a sanguine Protestation, that tho' all Men were offended in him, yet would not he be offended. It was a great Article of our Saviour's Business in the World, to bring us to a Sense of our Inability, without God's Assistance, to do any thing great or good; he therefore told *Peter*, who thought so well of his Courage and Fidelity, that they would both fail him, and even he should deny him Thrice that very Night.

But what Heart can conceive, what Tongue utter the Sequel? Who is that yonder buffeted, mock'd, and spurn'd? Whom do they drag like a Felon? Whither do they carry my Lord, my King, my Saviour, and my God? And will he die to Expiate those very Injuries? See where they have nailed the Lord and Giver of Life! How his Wounds blacken, his Body writhes, and Heart heaves with Pity and with Agony! Oh Almighty Sufferer, look down, look down from thy triumphant Infamy: Lo he inclines his Head to his sacred Bosom! Hark, he Groans! see, he Expires! The Earth trembles, the Temple rends, the Rocks burst, the Dead Arise: Which are the Quick? Which are the Dead? Sure Nature, all Nature is departing with her Creator. T.

[1] —'Throne of David? Such were the unpleasant Forms that ran in the 'Thoughts of the then Powerful in *Jerusalem*, upon the most Truly Glori-'ous Entry that ever Prince made; for there was not one that followed him 'who was not in his Interest; their Proud—' *Christian Hero.*

[2] —'Putrified with the—' *Christian Hero.*

No. 357.] *Saturday, April* 19, 1712. [*Addison.*

[———*Quis talia fando*
Temperet à lachrymis?——— Virg.[1]]

THE Tenth Book of *Paradise Lost* has a greater variety of Persons in it than any other in the whole Poem. The Author upon the winding up of his Action introduces all those who had any Concern in it, and shews with great Beauty the Influence which it had upon each of them. It is like the last Act of a well-written Tragedy, in which all who had a part in it are generally drawn up before the Audience, and represented under those Circumstances in which the Determination of the Action places them.

I shall therefore consider this Book under four Heads, in relation to the Celestial, the Infernal, the Human, and the Imaginary Persons, who have their respective Parts allotted in it.

To begin with the Celestial Persons: The Guardian Angels of *Paradise* are described as returning to Heaven upon the Fall of Man, in order to approve their Vigilance; their Arrival, their Manner of Reception, with the Sorrow which appear'd in themselves, and in those Spirits who are said to Rejoice at the Conversion of a Sinner, are very finely laid together in the following Lines.

Up into Heav'n from Paradise in haste
Th' Angelick Guards ascended, mute and sad
For Man; for of his State by this they knew:
Much wond'ring how the subtle Fiend had stol'n
Entrance unseen. Soon as th' unwelcome News
From Earth arriv'd at Heaven-Gate, displeas'd
All were who heard: dim Sadness did not spare
That time Celestial Visages; yet mixt
With Pity, violated not their Bliss.
About the new-arriv'd, in multitudes
Th' Ethereal People ran, to hear and know
How all befel: They tow'rds the Throne supreme
Accountable made haste to make appear
With righteous Plea, their utmost vigilance,
And easily approv'd; when the Most High
Eternal Father, from his secret cloud,
Amidst in thunder utter'd thus his voice.

The same Divine Person, who in the foregoing Parts of this Poem interceded for our first Parents before their Fall, overthrew the Rebel Angels, and created the World, is now repre-

[1] [*Reddere personæ scit convenientia cuique.*—Hor.]

sented as descending to *Paradise*, and pronouncing Sentence upon the three Offenders. The Cool of the Evening, being a Circumstance with which Holy Writ introduces this great Scene, it is poetically described by our Author, who has also kept religiously to the Form of Words, in which the three several Sentences were passed upon *Adam*, *Eve*, and the Serpent. He has rather chosen to neglect the Numerousness of his Verse, than to deviate from those Speeches which are recorded on this great occasion. The Guilt and Confusion of our first Parents standing naked before their Judge, is touched with great Beauty. Upon the Arrival of *Sin* and *Death* into the Works of the Creation, the Almighty is again introduced as speaking to his Angels that surrounded him.

See! with what heat these Dogs of Hell advance,
To waste and havock yonder World, which I
So fair and good created; &c.

The following Passage is formed upon that glorious Image in Holy Writ, which compares the Voice of an innumerable Host of Angels, uttering Hallelujahs, to the Voice of mighty Thunderings, or of many Waters.

He ended, and the Heavenly Audience loud
Sung Hallelujah, as the sound of Seas,
Through Multitude that sung: Just are thy Ways,
Righteous are thy Decrees in all thy Works,
Who can extenuate thee?——

Tho' the Author in the whole Course of his Poem, and particularly in the Book we are now examining, has infinite Allusions to Places of Scripture, I have only taken notice in my Remarks of such as are of a Poetical Nature, and which are woven with great Beauty into the Body of this Fable. Of this kind is that Passage in the present Book, where describing *Sin* and *Death* as marching thro' the Works of Nature he adds,

————Behind her Death
Close following pace for pace, not mounted yet
On his pale Horse————

Which alludes to that Passage in Scripture, so wonderfully poetical, and terrifying to the Imagination. *And I look'd, and behold a pale Horse, and his Name that sat on him was* Death, *and* Hell *followed with him: and Power was given unto them over the fourth Part of the Earth, to kill with Sword, and with Hunger, and with Sickness, and with the Beasts of the Earth.*[1] Under this first Head of Celestial Persons we must likewise take notice of the Command which the Angels receiv'd, to produce

[1] Revelation vi. 8.

the several Changes in Nature, and sully the Beauty of the Creation. Accordingly they are represented as infecting the Stars and Planets with malignant Influences, weakning the Light of the Sun, bringing down the Winter into the milder Regions of Nature, planting Winds and Storms in several Quarters of the Sky, storing the Clouds with Thunder, and in short, perverting the whole Frame of the Universe to the Condition of its criminal Inhabitants. As this is a noble Incident in the Poem, the following Lines, in which we see the Angels heaving up the Earth, and placing it in a different Posture to the Sun from what it had before the Fall of Man, is conceived with that sublime Imagination which was so peculiar to this great Author.

Some say he bid his Angels turn ascanse
The Poles of Earth twice ten Degrees and more
From the Sun's Axle ; they with Labour push'd
Oblique the Centrick Globe———

We are in the second place to consider the Infernal Agents under the view which *Milton* has given us of them in this Book. It is observed by those who would set forth the Greatness of *Virgil's* Plan, that he conducts his Reader thro' all the Parts of the Earth which were discover'd in his time. *Asia*, *Africk*, and *Europe* are the several Scenes of his Fable. The Plan of *Milton's* Poem is of an infinitely greater Extent, and fills the Mind with many more astonishing Circumstances. *Satan*, having surrounded the Earth seven times, departs at length from *Paradise*. We then see him steering his Course among the Constellations, and after having traversed the whole Creation, pursuing his Voyage thro' the *Chaos*, and entring into his own Infernal Dominions.

His first appearance in the Assembly of fallen Angels, is work'd up with Circumstances which give a delightful Surprize to the Reader; but there is no Incident in the whole Poem which does this more than the Transformation of the whole Audience, that follows the Account their Leader gives them of his Expedition. The gradual Change of *Satan* himself is describ'd after *Ovid's* manner, and may vie with any of those celebrated Transformations which are look'd upon as the most beautiful Parts in that Poet's Works. *Milton* never fails of improving his own Hints, and bestowing the last finishing Touches to every Incident which is admitted into his Poem. The unexpected Hiss which rises in this Episode, the Dimensions and Bulk of *Satan* so much superior to those of the Infernal Spirits who lay under the same Transformation, with the annual Change which they are supposed to suffer, are

Instances of this kind. The Beauty of the Diction is very remarkable in this whole Episode, as I have observed in the sixth Paper of these Remarks the great Judgment with which it was contrived.

The Parts of *Adam* and *Eve*, or the human Persons, come next under our Consideration. *Milton's* Art is no where more shewn than in his conducting the Parts of these our first Parents. The Representation he gives of them, without falsifying the Story, is wonderfully contriv'd to influence the Reader with Pity and Compassion towards them. Tho' *Adam* involves the whole Species in Misery, his Crime proceeds from a Weakness which every Man is inclined to pardon and commiserate, as it seems rather the Frailty of Human Nature, than of the Person who offended. Every one is apt to excuse a Fault which he himself might have fallen into. It was the Excess of Love for *Eve*, that ruin'd *Adam*, and his Posterity. I need not add, that the Author is justify'd in this Particular by many of the Fathers, and the most orthodox Writers. *Milton* has by this means filled a great part of his Poem with that kind of Writing which the *French* Criticks call the *Tender*, and which is in a particular manner engaging to all sorts of Readers.

Adam and *Eve*, in the Book we are now considering, are likewise drawn with such Sentiments as do not only interest the Reader in their Afflictions, but raise in him the most melting Passions of Humanity and Commiseration. When *Adam* sees the several Changes in Nature produced about him, he appears in a Disorder of Mind suitable to one who had forfeited both his Innocence and his Happiness; he is filled with Horrour, Remorse, Despair; in the Anguish of his Heart he expostulates with his Creator for having given him an unasked Existence.

Did I request thee, Maker, from my Clay
To mould me Man? did I sollicite thee
From Darkness to promote me? or here place
In this delicious Garden? As my Will
Concurr'd not to my Being, 'twere but right
And equal to reduce me to my Dust,
Desirous to resign, and render back
All I receiv'd———

He immediately after recovers from his Presumption, owns his Doom to be just, and begs that the Death which is threatned him may be inflicted on him.

————Why delays
His Hand to execute, what his Decree
Fix'd on this day? Why do I overlive?

Why am I mock'd with Death, and lengthen'd out
To deathless Pain? how gladly would I meet
Mortality my Sentence, and be Earth
Insensible! how glad would lay me down,
As in my Mother's Lap? there should I rest
And sleep secure; his dreadful Voice no more
Would thunder in my Ears: no fear of worse
To me and to my Offspring, would torment me
With cruel Expectation——

This whole Speech is full of the like Emotion, and varied with all those Sentiments which we may suppose natural to a Mind so broken and disturb'd. I must not omit that generous Concern which our first Father shews in it for his Posterity, and which is so proper to affect the Reader.

————————Hide me from the Face
Of God, whom to behold was then my heighth
Of Happiness! yet well, if here would end
The Misery, I deserv'd it, and would bear
My own Deservings; but this will not serve;
All that I eat, or drink, or shall beget
Is propagated Curse. O Voice once heard
Delightfully, Increase *and* Multiply;
Now Death to hear!————————
————————In me all
Posterity stands curst! Fair Patrimony,
That I must leave ye, Sons! O were I able
To waste it all my self, and leave you none!
So disinherited, how would you bless
Me, now your Curse! Ah, why should all Mankind,
For one Man's Fault, thus guiltless be condemn'd,
If guiltless? But from me what can proceed
But all corrupt————

Who can afterwards behold the Father of Mankind extended upon the Earth, uttering his midnight Complaints, bewailing his Existence, and wishing for Death, without sympathizing with him in his Distress?

Thus Adam *to himself lamented loud,*
Thro' the still Night; not now, (as ere Man fell)
Wholesome, and cool, and mild, but with black Air
Accompanied, with Damps and dreadful Gloom;
Which to his evil Conscience represented
All things with double Terror. On the Ground
Outstretch'd he lay; on the cold Ground! and oft
Curs'd his Creation; Death as oft accus'd
Of tardy Execution————

The Part of *Eve* in this Book is no less passionate, and apt to sway the Reader in her Favour. She is represented with great Tenderness as approaching *Adam*, but is spurn'd from him with a Spirit of Upbraiding and Indignation, conformable

to the Nature of Man, whose Passions had now gained the Dominion over him. The following Passage, wherein she is described as renewing her Addresses to him, with the whole Speech that follows it, have something in them exquisitely moving and pathetick.

He added not, and from her turn'd: But Eve
Not so repulst, with Tears that ceas'd not flowing,
And Tresses all disorder'd, at his feet
Fell humble; and embracing them, besought
His Peace, and thus proceeding in her Plaint.
Forsake me not thus, Adam! *Witness Heav'n*
What Love sincere, and Reverence in my Heart
I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,
Unhappily deceiv'd! Thy Suppliant
I beg, and clasp thy Knees; bereave me not
(Whereon I live!) thy gentle Looks, thy Aid,
Thy Counsel, in this uttermost Distress,
My only Strength, and Stay! Forlorn of thee,
Whither shall I betake me, where subsist?
While yet we live, (scarce one short Hour perhaps)
Between us two let there be Peace, &c.

Adam's Reconcilement to her is work'd up in the same Spirit of Tenderness. *Eve* afterwards proposes to her Husband, in the Blindness of her Despair, that to prevent their Guilt from descending upon Posterity they should resolve to live Childless; or, if that could not be done, they should seek their own Deaths by violent Methods. As those Sentiments naturally engage the Reader to regard the Mother of Mankind with more than ordinary Commiseration, they likewise contain a very fine Moral. The Resolution of dying to end our Miseries, does not shew such a degree of Magnanimity as a Resolution to bear them, and submit to the Dispensations of Providence. Our Author has therefore, with great Delicacy, represented *Eve* as entertaining this Thought, and *Adam* as disapproving it.

We are, in the last place, to consider the Imaginary Persons, or [*Death* and *Sin*,[1]] who act a large Part in this Book. Such beautiful extended Allegories are certainly some of the finest Compositions of Genius: but, as I have before observed, are not agreeable to the Nature of an Heroick Poem. This of *Sin* and *Death* is very exquisite in its Kind, if not considered as a Part of such a Work. The Truths contained in it are so clear and open, that I shall not lose time in explaining them; but shall only observe, that a Reader who knows the Strength of the *English* Tongue, will be amazed to think how the Poet could find such apt Words and Phrases to describe the

[1] [*Sin* and *Death*]

Action[s] of those two imaginary Persons, and particularly in that Part where *Death* is exhibited as forming a Bridge over the *Chaos;* a Work suitable to the Genius of *Milton.*

Since the Subject I am upon, gives me an Opportunity of speaking more at large of such Shadowy and Imaginary Persons as may be introduced into Heroick Poems, I shall beg leave to explain my self in a Matter which is curious in its Kind, and which none of the Criticks have treated of. It is certain *Homer* and *Virgil* are full of imaginary Persons, who are very beautiful in Poetry when they are just shewn, without being engaged in any Series of Action. *Homer* indeed represents *Sleep* as a Person, and ascribes a short Part to him in his *Iliad*,[1] but we must consider that tho' we now regard such a Person as entirely shadowy and unsubstantial, the Heathens made Statues of him, placed him in their Temples, and looked upon him as a real Deity. When *Homer* makes use of other such Allegorical Persons, it is only in short Expressions, which convey an ordinary Thought to the Mind in the most pleasing manner, and may rather be looked upon as Poetical Phrases than Allegorical Descriptions. Instead of telling us, that Men naturally fly when they are terrified, he introduces the Persons of *Flight* and *Fear*, who, he tells us, are inseparable Companions. Instead of saying that the time was come when *Apollo* ought to have received his Recompence, he tells us, that the *Hours* brought him his Reward. Instead of describing the Effects which *Minerva's Ægis* produced in Battel, he tells us, that the Brims of it were encompassed by *Terror*, *Rout*, *Discord*, *Fury*, *Pursuit*, *Massacre*, and *Death*. In the same Figure of speaking, he represents *Victory* as following *Diomedes; Discord* as the Mother of Funerals and Mourning; *Venus* as dressed by the *Graces; Bellona* as wearing *Terror* and *Consternation* like a Garment. I might give several other Instances out of *Homer*, as well as a great many out of *Virgil*. *Milton* has likewise very often made use of the same way of Speaking, as where he tells us, that *Victory* sat on the right Hand of the Messiah when he marched forth against the Rebel Angels; that at the rising of the Sun

[1] In the fourteenth Book, where Heré visits the home of Sleep, the brother of Death, and offers him the bribe of a gold chain if he will shut the eyes of Zeus, Sleep does not think it can be done. Heré then doubles her bribe, and offers Sleep a wife, the youngest of the Graces. Sleep makes her swear by Styx that she will hold to her word, and when she has done so flies off in her company, sits in the shape of a night-hawk in a pine tree upon the peak of Ida, whence when Zeus was subdued by love and sleep, Sleep went down to the ships to tell Poseidon that now was his time to help the Greeks.

the *Hours* unbarr'd the Gates of Light ; that *Discord* was the Daughter of *Sin*. Of the same nature are those Expressions, where describing the singing of the Nightingale, he adds, *Silence was pleased ;* and upon the Messiah's bidding Peace to the *Chaos*, *Confusion heard his Voice.* I might add innumerable Instances of our Poet's writing in this beautiful Figure. It is plain that these I have mentioned, in which Persons of an imaginary Nature are introduced, are such short Allegories as are not designed to be taken in the literal Sense, but only to convey particular Circumstances to the Reader after an unusual and entertaining Manner. But when such Persons are introduced as principal Actors, and engaged in a Series of Adventures, they take too much upon them, and are by no means proper for an Heroick Poem, which ought to appear credible in its principal Parts. I cannot forbear therefore thinking that *Sin* and *Death* are as improper Agents in a Work of this nature, as *Strength* and *Necessity* in one of the Tragedies of *Eschylus*, who represented those two Persons nailing down *Prometheus* to a Rock,[1] for which he has been justly censured by the greatest Criticks. I do not know any imaginary Person made use of in a more sublime manner of thinking than that in one of the Prophets, who describing God as descending from Heaven, and visiting the Sins of Mankind, adds that dreadful Circumstance, *Before him went the Pestilence.*[2] It is certain this imaginary Person might have been described in all her purple Spots. The *Fever* might have marched before her, *Pain* might have stood at her right Hand, *Phrenzy* on her Left, and

[1] In the *Prometheus Bound* of Æschylus, the binding of Prometheus by pitiless Strength, who mocks at compassion in the god Hephaistos, charged to serve him in this office, opens the sublimest of the ancient dramas. Addison is wrong in saying that there is a personification here of Strength and Necessity ; Hephaistos does indeed say that he obeys Necessity, but his personified companions are Strength and Force, and of these Force appears only as the dumb attendant of Strength. Addison's 'greatest critics' had something to learn when they were blind to the significance of the contrast between Visible Strength at the opening of this poem, and the close with sublime prophecy of an unseen Power of the Future that disturbs Zeus on his throne, and gathers his thunders about the undaunted Prometheus.

Now let the shrivelling flame at me be driven,
Let him, with flaky snowstorms and the crash
Of subterraneous thunders, into ruins
And wild confusion hurl and mingle all :
For nought of these will bend me that I speak
Who is foredoomed to cast him from his throne.
(Mrs. Webster's translation.)

[2] Habakkuk iii. 5.

Death in her Rear. She might have been introduced as gliding down from the Tail of a Comet, or darted upon the Earth in a Flash of Lightning: She might have tainted the Atmosphere with her Breath; the very glaring of her Eyes might have scattered Infection. But I believe every Reader will think, that in such sublime Writings the mentioning of her as it is done in Scripture, has something in it more just, as well as great, than all that the most fanciful Poet could have bestowed upon her in the Richness of his Imagination. L.

No. 358.] *Monday, April* 21, 1702. [*Steele.*

Desipere in loco.—Hor.

CHARLES LILLIE attended me the other day, and made me a Present of a large Sheet of Paper, on which is delineated a Pavement of Mosaick Work, lately discovered at *Stunsfield* near *Woodstock*.[1] A Person who has so much the Gift of Speech as Mr. *Lillie*, and can carry on a Discourse without Reply, had great Opportunity on that Occasion to expatiate upon so fine a Piece of Antiquity. Among other things, I remember, he gave me his Opinion, which he drew from the Ornaments of the Work, That this was the Floor of a Room dedicated to Mirth and Concord. Viewing this Work, made my Fancy run over the many gay Expressions I had read in ancient Authors, which contained Invitations to lay aside Care and Anxiety, and give a Loose to that pleasing Forgetful-

[1] In No. 353 and some following numbers of the *Spectator* appeared an advertisement of this plate, which was engraved by Vertue. 'Whereas 'about nine weeks since there was accidentally discovered by an Husband-'man, at Stunsfield, near Woodstock, in Oxfordshire, (a large Pavement of 'rich Mosaick Work of the Ancient Romans, which is adorn'd with several 'Figures alluding to Mirth and Concord, in particular that of Bacchus 'seated on a Panther.) This is to give Notice the Exact Delineation of the 'same is Engraven and Imprinted on a large Elephant sheet of Paper, which 'are to be sold at Mr. Charles Lillie's, Perfumer, at the corner of Beauford 'Buildings, in the Strand, at 1*s*. N.B. There are to be had, at the same 'Place, at one Guinea each, on superfine Atlas Paper, some painted with 'the same variety of Colours that the said Pavement is beautified with; 'this piece of Antiquity is esteemed by the Learned to be the most con-'siderable ever found in Britain.' The fine pavement discovered at Stonesfield in 1711 measures 35 feet by 60, and although by this time groundworks of more than a hundred Roman villas have been laid open in this country, the Stonesfield mosaic is still one of the most considerable of its kind.

ness wherein Men put off their Characters of Business, and enjoy their very Selves. These Hours were usually passed in Rooms adorned for that purpose, and set out in such a manner, as the Objects all around the Company gladdened their Hearts; which, joined to the cheerful Looks of well-chosen and agreeable Friends, gave new Vigour to the Airy, produced the latent Fire of the Modest, and gave Grace to the slow Humour of the Reserved. A judicious Mixture of such Company, crowned with Chaplets of Flowers, and the whole Apartment glittering with gay Lights, cheared with a Profusion of Roses, artificial Falls of Water, and Intervals of soft Notes to Songs of Love and Wine, suspended the Cares of human Life, and made a Festival of mutual Kindness. Such Parties of Pleasure as these, and the Reports of the agreeable Passages in their Jollities, have in all Ages awakened the dull Part of Mankind to pretend to Mirth and Good-Humour, without Capacity for such Entertainments; for if I may be allowed to say so, there are an hundred Men fit for any Employment, to one who is capable of passing a Night in the Company of the first Taste, without shocking any Member of the Society, over-rating his own Part of the Conversation, but equally receiving and contributing to the Pleasure of the whole Company. When one considers such Collections of Companions in past Times, and such as one might name in the present Age, with how much Spleen must a Man needs reflect upon the aukward Gayety of those who affect the Frolick with an ill Grace? I have a Letter from a Correspondent of mine, who desires me to admonish all loud, mischievous, airy, dull Companions, that they are mistaken in what they call a Frolick. Irregularity in its self is not what creates Pleasure and Mirth; but to see a Man who knows what Rule and Decency are, descend from them agreeably in our Company, is what denominates him a pleasant Companion. Instead of that, you find many whose Mirth consists only in doing Things which do not become them, with a secret Consciousness that all the World know they know better: To this is always added something mischievous to themselves or others. I have heard of some very merry Fellows, among whom the Frolick was started, and passed by a great Majority, that every Man should immediately draw a Tooth; after which they have gone in a Body and smoaked a Cobler. The same Company, at another Night, has each Man burned his Cravat; and one perhaps, whose Estate would bear it, has thrown a long Wigg and laced Hat into the same Fire.[1] Thus they have jested

[1] Said to have been one of the frolics of Sir Charles Sedley.

themselves stark naked, and ran into the Streets, and frighted Women very successfully. There is no Inhabitant of any standing in *Covent-Garden*, but can tell you a hundred good Humours, where People have come off with little Blood-shed, and yet scowered all the witty Hours of the Night. I know a Gentleman that has several Wounds in the Head by Watch Poles, and has been thrice run through the Body to carry on a good Jest: He is very old for a Man of so much Good-Humour; but to this day he is seldom merry, but he has occasion to be valiant at the same time. But by the Favour of these Gentlemen, I am humbly of Opinion, that a Man may be a very witty Man, and never offend one Statute of this Kingdom, not excepting even that of Stabbing.

The Writers of Plays have what they call Unity of Time and Place to give a Justness to their Representation; and it would not be amiss if all who pretend to be Companions, would confine their Action to the Place of Meeting: For a Frolick carried farther may be better performed by other Animals than Men. It is not to rid much Ground, or do much Mischief, that should denominate a pleasant Fellow; but that is truly Frolick which is the Play of the Mind, and consists of various and unforced Sallies of Imagination. Festivity of Spirit is a very uncommon Talent, and must proceed from an Assemblage of agreeable Qualities in the same Person: There are some few whom I think peculiarly happy in it; but it is a Talent one cannot name in a Man, especially when one considers that it is never very graceful but where it is regarded by him who possesses it in the second Place. The best Man that I know of for heightening the Revel-Gayety of a Company, is *Estcourt*,[1] whose Jovial Humour diffuses itself from the highest Person at an Entertainment to the meanest Waiter. Merry Tales, accompanied with apt Gestures and lively Representations of Circumstances and Persons, beguile the gravest Mind into a Consent to be as humourous as himself. Add to this, that when a Man is in his good Grace, he has a Mimickry that does not debase the Person he represents; but which, taking from the Gravity of the Character, adds to the Agreeableness of it. This pleasant Fellow gives one some Idea of the ancient *Pantomime*, who is said to have given the Audience, in Dumb-show, an exact Idea of any Character or Passion, or an intelligible Relation of any publick Occurrence, with no other Expression than that of his

[1] See note on p. 204, *ante*. Congreve's *Love for Love* was to be acted at Drury Lane on Tuesday night 'At the desire of several Ladies of Quality. For 'the Benefit of Mr. Estcourt.'

Looks and Gestures. If all who have been obliged to these Talents in *Estcourt*, will be at *Love for Love* to-morrow Night, they will but pay him what they owe him, at so easy a Rate as being present at a Play which no body would omit seeing, that had, or had not ever seen it before.

No. 359.] *Tuesday, April* 22, 1712. [*Budgell.*

Torva leæna lupum sequitur, lupus ipse capellam ;
Florentem cytisum sequitur lusciva capella.—Virg.

AS we were at the Club last Night, I observ'd that my Friend Sir ROGER, contrary to his usual Custom, sat very silent, and instead of minding what was said by the Company, was whistling to himself in a very thoughtful Mood, and playing with a Cork. I jogg'd Sir ANDREW FREEPORT who sat between us ; and as we were both observing him, we saw the Knight shake his Head, and heard him say to himself, *A foolish Woman! I can't believe it.* Sir ANDREW gave him a gentle Pat upon the Shoulder, and offered to lay him a Bottle of Wine that he was thinking of the Widow. My old Friend started, and recovering out of his brown Study, told Sir ANDREW that once in his Life he had been in the right. In short, after some little Hesitation, Sir ROGER told us in the fulness of his Heart that he had just received a Letter from his Steward, which acquainted him that his old Rival and Antagonist in the County, Sir *David Dundrum*, had been making a Visit to the Widow. However, says Sir ROGER, I can never think that she'll have a Man that's half a Year older than I am, and a noted Republican into the Bargain.

WILL. HONEYCOMB, who looks upon Love as his particular Province, interrupting our Friend with a janty Laugh ; I thought, Knight, says he, thou hadst lived long enough in the World, not to pin thy Happiness upon one that is a Woman and a Widow. I think that without Vanity I may pretend to know as much of the Female World as any Man in *Great-Britain*, tho' the chief of my Knowledge consists in this, that they are not to be known. WILL. immediately, with his usual Fluency, rambled into an Account of his own Amours. I am now, says he, upon the Verge of Fifty, (tho' by the way we all knew he was turned of Threescore.) You may easily guess, continued WILL., that I have not lived so long in the World

without having had some thoughts of *settling* in it, as the Phrase is. To tell you truly, I have several times tried my Fortune that way, though I can't much boast of my Success.

I made my first Addresses to a young Lady in the Country; but when I thought things were pretty well drawing to a Conclusion, her Father happening to hear that I had formerly boarded with a Surgeon, the old Put forbid me his House, and within a Fortnight after married his Daughter to a Fox-hunter in the Neighbourhood.

I made my next Applications to a Widow, and attacked her so briskly, that I thought myself within a Fortnight of her. As I waited upon her one Morning, she told me that she intended to keep her Ready-Money and Jointure in her own Hand, and desired me to call upon her Attorney in *Lyons-Inn*, who would adjust with me what it was proper for me to add to it. I was so rebuffed by this Overture, that I never enquired either for her or her Attorney afterwards.

A few Months after I addressed my self to a young Lady, who was an only Daughter, and of a good Family. I danced with her at several Balls, squeez'd her by the Hand, said soft things to her, and, in short, made no doubt of her Heart; and though my Fortune was not equal to hers, I was in hopes that her fond Father would not deny her the Man she had fixed her Affections upon. But as I went one day to the House in order to break the matter to him, I found the whole Family in Confusion, and heard to my unspeakable Surprize, that Miss *Jenny* was that very Morning run away with the Butler.

I then courted a second Widow, and am at a Loss to this day how I came to miss her, for she had often commended my Person and Behaviour. Her Maid indeed told me one Day, that her Mistress had said she never saw a Gentleman with such a Spindle Pair of Legs as Mr. HONEYCOMB.

After this I laid Siege to four Heiresses successively, and being a handsome young Dog in those Days, quickly made a Breach in their Hearts; but I don't know how it came to pass, tho' I seldom failed of getting the Daughters Consent, I could never in my Life get the old People on my side.

I could give you an Account of a thousand other unsuccessful Attempts, particularly of one which I made some Years since upon an old Woman, whom I had certainly borne away with flying Colours, if her Relations had not come pouring in to her Assistance from all Parts of *England;* nay, I believe I should have got her at last, had not she been carried off by an hard Frost.

As WILL.'s Transitions are extremely quick, he turn'd from Sir ROGER, and applying himself to me, told me there was a Passage in the Book I had considered last *Saturday*, which deserved to be writ in Letters of Gold; and taking out a Pocket-*Milton* read the following Lines, which are Part of one of *Adam's* Speeches to *Eve* after the Fall.

———O! why did our
Creator wise! that peopled highest Heav'n
With Spirits masculine, create at last
This Novelty on Earth, this fair Defect
Of Nature? and not fill the World at once
With Men, as Angels, without Feminine?
Or find some other way to generate
Mankind? This Mischief had not then befall'n,
And more that shall befall; innumerable
Disturbances on Earth through Female Snares,
And strait Conjunction with this Sex: for either
He never shall find out fit Mate, but such
As some misfortune brings him, or mistake;
Or, whom he wishes most, shall seldom gain
Through her perverseness; but shall see her gain'd
By a far worse; or if she love, with-held
By Parents; or his happiest Choice too late
Shall meet already link'd, and Wedlock bound
To a fell Adversary, his Hate or Shame;
Which infinite Calamity shall cause
To human Life, and Household Peace confound.[1]

Sir ROGER listened to this Passage with great Attention, and desiring Mr. HONEYCOMB to fold down a Leaf at the Place, and lend him his Book, the Knight put it up in his Pocket, and told us that he would read over those Verses again before he went to Bed. X.

No. 360.] *Wednesday, April* 23, 1712. [*Steele.*

———De paupertate tacentes
Plus poscente ferent.—Hor.

I HAVE nothing to do with the Business of this Day, any further than affixing the piece of *Latin* on the Head of my Paper; which I think a Motto not unsuitable, since if Silence of our Poverty is a Recommendation, still more commendable is his Modesty who conceals it by a decent Dress.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'There is an Evil under the Sun which has not yet come

[1] Paradise Lost, Bk x., ll 898—908.

'within your Speculation; and is, the Censure, Disesteem, and 'Contempt which some young Fellows meet with from particular 'Persons, for the reasonable Methods they take to avoid them 'in general. This is by appearing in a better Dress, than may 'seem to a Relation regularly consistent with a small Fortune; 'and therefore may occasion a Judgment of a suitable Extra-'vagance in other Particulars: But the Disadvantage with 'which the Man of narrow Circumstances acts and speaks, is 'so feelingly set forth in a little Book called the *Christian 'Hero*,[1] that the appearing to be otherwise is not only pardon-'able but necessary. Every one knows the hurry of Conclu-'sions that are made in contempt of a Person that appears to 'be calamitous, which makes it very excusable to prepare 'one's self for the Company of those that are of a superior 'Quality and Fortune, by appearing to be in a better Condition 'than one is, so far as such Appearance shall not make us 'really of worse.

'It is a Justice due to the Character of one who suffers hard 'Reflections from any particular Person upon this Account, 'that such Persons would enquire into his manner of spending 'his Time; of which, tho' no further Information can be had 'than that he remains so many Hours in his Chamber, yet if 'this is cleared, to imagine that a reasonable Creature wrung 'with a narrow Fortune does not make the best use of this 'Retirement, would be a Conclusion extremely uncharitable. 'From what has, or will be said, I hope no Consequence can 'be extorted, implying, that I would have any young Fellow 'spend more Time than the common Leisure which his Studies 'require, or more Money than his Fortune or Allowance may 'admit of, in the pursuit of an Acquaintance with his Betters: 'For as to his Time, the gross of that ought to be sacred to 'more substantial Acquisitions; for each irrevocable Moment 'of which he ought to believe he stands religiously Accountable. 'And as to his Dress, I shall engage myself no further than 'in the modest Defence of two plain Suits a Year: For being 'perfectly satisfied in *Eutrapelus's* Contrivance of making a '*Mohock* of a Man, by presenting him with lac'd and em-'broider'd Suits, I would by no means be thought to controvert 'that Conceit, by insinuating the Advantages of Foppery. It 'is an Assertion which admits of much Proof, that a Stranger 'of tolerable Sense dress'd like a Gentleman, will be better

[1] The passage is nearly at the beginning of Steele's third chapter, 'It is 'in every body's observation with what disadvantage a Poor Man enters 'upon the most ordinary affairs,' &c.

'received by those of Quality above him, than one of much better 'Parts, whose Dress is regulated by the rigid Notions of Frugality. 'A Man's Appearance falls within the Censure of every one that 'sees him; his Parts and Learning very few are Judges of; and 'even upon these few, they can't at first be well intruded; for 'Policy and good Breeding will counsel him to be reserv'd 'among Strangers, and to support himself only by the common 'Spirit of Conversation. Indeed among the Injudicious, the 'Words Delicacy, Idiom, fine Images, Structure of Periods, 'Genius, Fire, and the rest, made use of with a frugal and 'comely Gravity, will maintain the Figure of immense Reading, 'and Depth of Criticism.

'All Gentlemen of Fortune, at least the young and middle-'aged, are apt to pride themselves a little too much upon their 'Dress, and consequently to value others in some measure 'upon the same Consideration. With what Confusion is a 'Man of Figure obliged to return the Civilities of the Hat to a 'Person whose Air and Attire hardly entitle him to it? For 'whom nevertheless the other has a particular Esteem, tho' he 'is ashamed to have it challenged in so publick a Manner. It 'must be allowed, that any young Fellow that affects to dress 'and appear genteelly, might with artificial Management save ten 'Pound a Year; as instead of fine Holland he might mourn in 'Sackcloth, and in other Particulars be proportionably shabby: 'But of what great Service would this Sum be to avert any 'Misfortune, whilst it would leave him deserted by the little 'good Acquaintance he has, and prevent his gaining any other? 'As the Appearance of an easy Fortune is necessary towards 'making one, I don't know but it might be of advantage some-'times to throw into ones Discourse certain Exclamations about '*Bank-Stock*, and to shew a marvellous Surprize upon its Fall, 'as well as the most affected Triumph upon its Rise. The 'Veneration and Respect which the Practice of all Ages has 'preserved to Appearances, without doubt suggested to our 'Tradesmen that wise and Politick Custom, to apply and re-'commend themselves to the publick by all those Decorations 'upon their Sign-posts and Houses, which the most eminent 'Hands in the Neighbourhood can furnish them with. What 'can be more attractive to a Man of Letters, than that immense 'Erudition of all Ages and Languages which a skilful Book-'seller, in conjunction with a Painter, shall image upon his 'Column and the Extremities of his Shop? The same Spirit 'of maintaining a handsome Appearance reigns among the 'grave and solid Apprentices of the Law (here I could be

'particularly dull in [proving[1]] the Word Apprentice to be 'significant of a Barrister) and you may easily distinguish who 'has most lately made his Pretensions to Business, by the 'whitest and most ornamental Frame of his Window: If indeed 'the Chamber is a Ground-Room, and has Rails before it, the 'Finery is of Necessity more extended, and the Pomp of 'Business better maintain'd. And what can be a greater 'Indication of the Dignity of Dress, than that burdensome 'Finery which is the regular Habit of our Judges, Nobles, and 'Bishops, with which upon certain Days we see them incum-'bered? And though it may be said this is awful, and neces-'sary for the Dignity of the State, yet the wisest of them have 'been remarkable, before they arrived at their present Stations, 'for being *very well dressed Persons.* As to my own Part, I 'am near Thirty; and since I left School have not been idle, 'which is a modern Phrase for having studied hard. I brought 'off a clean System of Moral Philosophy, and a tolerable Jargon 'of Metaphysicks from the University; since that, I have 'been engaged in the clearing Part of the perplex'd Style and 'Matter of the Law, which so hereditarily descends to all its 'Professors: To all which severe Studies I have thrown in, at 'proper Interims, the pretty Learning of the Classicks. Not-'withstanding which, I am what *Shakespear* calls *A Fellow of 'no Mark or Likelihood;*[2] which makes me understand the 'more fully, that since the regular Methods of making Friends 'and a Fortune by the mere Force of a Profession is so very 'slow and uncertain, a Man should take all reasonable Oppor-'tunities, by enlarging a good Acquaintance, to court that 'Time and Chance which is said to happen to every Man. T.

No. 361.] *Thursday, April* 24, 1712. [*Addison.*

Tartaream intendit vocem, quâ protinus omnis
Contremuit domus———— Virg.

I HAVE lately received the following Letter from a Country Gentleman.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'The Night before I left *London* I went to see a Play, called '*The Humorous Lieutenant.*[3] Upon the Rising of the Curtain

[1] [clearing]

[2] Henry IV. Pt. I. Act iii. sc. 2. [3] By Beaumont and Fletcher.

'I was very much surprized with the great Consort of Cat-calls 'which was exhibited that Evening, and began to think with 'myself that I had made a Mistake, and gone to a Musick-'Meeting, instead of the Play-house. It appeared indeed a little 'odd to me to see so many Persons of Quality of both Sexes 'assembled together at a kind of Catterwawling; for I cannot 'look upon that Performance to have been any thing better, 'whatever the Musicians themselves might think of it. As I 'had no Acquaintance in the House to ask Questions of, and 'was forced to go out of Town early the next Morning, I could 'not learn the Secret of this Matter. What I would therefore 'desire of you, is, to give some account of this strange 'Instrument, which I found the Company called a Cat-call; 'and particularly to let me know whether it be a piece of 'Musick lately come from *Italy*. For my own part, to be free 'with you, I would rather hear an *English* Fiddle; though I 'durst not shew my Dislike whilst I was in the Play-House, it 'being my Chance to sit the very next Man to one of the 'Performers.

I am, SIR,
Your most affectionate Friend
and Servant,
John Shallow, *Esq.*

In compliance with 'Squire *Shallow's* Request, I design this Paper as a Dissertation upon the Cat-call. In order to make myself a Master of the Subject, I purchased one the Beginning of last Week, though not without great difficulty, being inform'd at two or three Toyshops that the Players had lately bought them all up. I have since consulted many learned Antiquaries in relation to its Original, and find them very much divided among themselves upon that Particular. A Fellow of the Royal Society, who is my good Friend, and a great Proficient in the Mathematical Part of Musick, concludes from the Simplicity of its Make, and the Uniformity of its Sound, that the Cat-call is older than any of the Inventions of *Jubal*. He observes very well, that Musical Instruments took their first Rise from the Notes of Birds, and other melodious Animals; and what, says he, was more natural than for the first Ages of Mankind to imitate the Voice of a Cat that lived under the same Roof with them? He added, that the Cat had contributed more to Harmony than any other Animal; as we are not only beholden to her for this Wind-Instrument, but for our String Musick in general.

Another Virtuoso of my Acquaintance will not allow the Cat-call to be older than *Thespis*, and is apt to think it ap-

peared in the World soon after the antient Comedy; for which reason it has still a place in our Dramatick Entertainments: Nor must I here omit what a very curious Gentleman, who is lately return'd from his Travels, has more than once assured me, namely that there was lately dug up at *Rome* the Statue of *Momus*, who holds an Instrument in his Right-Hand very much resembling our Modern Cat-call.

There are others who ascribe this Invention to *Orpheus*, and look upon the Cat-call to be one of those Instruments which that famous Musician made use of to draw the Beasts about him. It is certain, that the Roasting of a Cat does not call together a greater Audience of that Species than this Instrument, if dexterously play'd upon in proper Time and Place.

But notwithstanding these various and learned Conjectures, I cannot forbear thinking that the Cat-call is originally a Piece of *English* Musick. Its Resemblance to the Voice of some of our *British* Songsters, as well as the Use of it, which is peculiar to our Nation, confirms me in this Opinion. It has at least received great Improvements among us, whether we consider the Instrument it self, or those several Quavers and Graces which are thrown into the playing of it. Every one might be sensible of this, who heard that remarkable overgrown Cat-call which was placed in the Center of the Pit, and presided over all the rest at [the [1]] celebrated Performance lately exhibited in *Drury-Lane*.

Having said thus much concerning the Original of the Cat-call, we are in the next place to consider the Use of it. The Cat-call exerts it self to most advantage in the *British* Theatre: It very much Improves the Sound of Nonsense, and often goes along with the Voice of the Actor who pronounces it, as the Violin or Harpsichord accompanies the *Italian* Recitativo.

It has often supplied the Place of the antient *Chorus*, in the Works of Mr. *** In short, a bad Poet has as great an Antipathy to a Cat-call, as many People have to a real Cat.

Mr. *Collier*, in his ingenious Essay upon Musick [2] has the following Passage:

I believe 'tis possible to invent an Instrument *that shall have a*

[1] [that]

[2] Essays upon several Moral Subjects, by Jeremy Collier, Part II. p. 30 (ed. 1732). Jeremy Collier published the first volume of these Essays in 1697, after he was safe from the danger brought on himself by attending Sir John Friend and Sir William Perkins when they were executed for the "assassination plot." The other two volumes appeared successively in 1705 and 1709. It was in 1698 that Collier published his famous "Short 'View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage."

quite contrary Effect to those Martial ones now in use: An Instrument *that shall sink the Spirits, and shake the Nerves, and curdle the Blood, and inspire Despair, and Cowardice and Consternation, at a surprizing rate. 'Tis probable the Roaring of Lions, the Warbling of Cats and Scritch-Owls, together with a Mixture of the Howling of Dogs, judiciously imitated and compounded, might go a great way in this Invention. Whether such Anti-Musick as this might not be of Service in a Camp, I shall leave to the Military Men to consider.*

What this learned Gentleman supposes in Speculation, I have known actually verified in Practice. The Cat-call has struck a Damp into Generals, and frighted Heroes off the Stage. At the first sound of it I have seen a Crowned Head tremble, and a Princess fall into Fits. The *Humorous Lieutenant* himself could not stand it; nay, I am told that even *Almanzor* looked like a Mouse, and trembled at the Voice of this terrifying Instrument.

As it is of a Dramatick Nature, and peculiarly appropriated to the Stage, I can by no means approve the Thought of that angry Lover, who, after an unsuccessful Pursuit of some Years, took leave of his Mistress in a Serenade of Cat-calls.

I must conclude this Paper with the Account I have lately received of an ingenious Artist, who has long studied this Instrument, and is very well versed in all the Rules of the Drama. He teaches to play on it by Book, and to express by it the whole Art of Criticism. He has his Base and his Treble Cat-call; the former for Tragedy, the latter for Comedy; only in Tragy-Comedies they may both play together in Consort. He has a particular Squeak to denote the Violation of each of the Unities, and has different Sounds to shew whether he aims at the Poet or the Player. In short he teaches the Smut-note, the Fustian-note, the Stupid-note, and has composed a kind of Air that may serve as an Act-tune to an incorrigible Play, and which takes in the whole Compass of the Cat-call. [L.[1]]

[1] [* * * *Not being yet determined with whose Name to fill up the Gap in this Dissertation which is marked with Asterisks, I shall defer it till this Paper appears with others in a Volume.* L.]

No. 362.] *Friday, April* 25, 1712. [*Steele.*

Laudibus arguitur Vini vinosus—— Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Temple, Apr.* 24.

'SEVERAL of my Friends were this Morning got together over a Dish of Tea in very good Health, though we had 'celebrated Yesterday with more Glasses than we could have 'dispensed with, had we not been beholden to *Brooke* and '*Hillier*. In Gratitude therefore to those good Citizens, I 'am, in the Name of the Company, to accuse you of great 'Negligence in overlooking their Merit, who have imported 'true and generous Wine, and taken care that it should not be 'adulterated by the Retailers before it comes to the Tables of 'private Families, or the Clubs of honest Fellows. I cannot 'imagine how a SPECTATOR can be supposed to do his Duty, 'without frequent Resumption of such Subjects as concern our 'Health, the first thing to be regarded, if we have a mind to 'relish any thing else. It would therefore very well become 'your Spectatorial Vigilance, to give it in Orders to your Officer 'for inspecting Signs, that in his March he would look into the 'Itinerants who deal in Provisions, and enquire where they buy 'their several Wares. Ever since the Decease of [*Cully*[1]]-'*Mully-Puff*[2] of agreeable and noisy Memory, I cannot say I 'have observed any thing sold in Carts, or carried by Horse or 'Ass, or in fine, in any moving Market, which is not perished 'or putrified; witness the Wheel-barrows of rotten Raisins, 'Almonds, Figs, and Currants, which you see vended by a 'Merchant dressed in a second-hand Suit of a Foot Soldier. 'You should consider that a Child may be poisoned for the 'Worth of a Farthing; but except his poor Parents send to 'one certain Doctor in Town,[3] they can have no advice for 'him under a Guinea. When Poisons are thus cheap, and 'Medicines thus dear, how can you be negligent in inspecting 'what we eat and drink, or take no Notice of such as the 'above-mentioned Citizens, who have been so serviceable to us 'of late in that particular? It was a Custom among the old

[1] [*Mully*]

[2] See No. 251. He was a little man just able to bear on his head his basket of pastry, and who was named from his cry. There is a half-sheet print of him in the set of London Cries in Granger's Biographical History of England.

[3] Who advertised that he attended patients at charges ranging from a shilling to half-a-crown, according to their distance from his house.

'*Romans*, to do him particular Honours who had saved the 'Life of a Citizen, how much more does the World owe to 'those who prevent the Death of Multitudes? As these Men 'deserve well of your Office, so such as act to the Detriment 'of our Health, you ought to represent to themselves and their 'Fellow-Subjects in the Colours which they deserve to wear. 'I think it would be for the publick Good, that all who vend 'Wines should be under oaths in that behalf. The Chairman 'at a Quarter Sessions should inform the Country, that the 'Vintner who mixes Wine to his Customers, shall (upon proof 'that the Drinker thereof died within a Year and a Day after 'taking it) be deemed guilty of Wilful Murder: and the Jury 'shall be instructed to enquire and present such Delinquents 'accordingly. It is no Mitigation of the Crime, nor will it be 'conceived that it can be brought in Chance-Medley or Man-'Slaughter, upon Proof that it shall appear Wine joined to 'Wine, or right *Herefordshire* poured into *Port O Port;* but 'his selling it for one thing, knowing it to be another, must 'justly bear the foresaid Guilt of wilful Murder: For that he, 'the said Vintner, did an unlawful Act willingly in the false 'Mixture; and is therefore with Equity liable to all the Pains 'to which a Man would be, if it were proved he designed only 'to run a Man through the Arm, whom he whipped through 'the Lungs. This is my third Year at the *Temple*, and this is 'or should be Law. An ill Intention well proved should meet 'with no Alleviation, because it [out-ran[1]] it self. There 'cannot be too great Severity used against the Injustice as well 'as Cruelty of those who play with Men's Lives, by preparing 'Liquors, whose Nature, for ought they know, may be noxious 'when mixed, tho' innocent when apart: And *Brooke* and *Hil-'lier*,[2] who have ensured our Safety at our Meals, and driven

[1] [out-run]

[2] Estcourt, it may be remembered, connected the advertisement of his Bumper tavern with the recommendation of himself as one ignorant of the wine trade who relied on Brooke and Hellier, and so ensured his Customers good wine. Among the advertisers in the *Spectator* Brooke and Hellier often appeared. One of their advertisements is preceded by the following, evidently a contrivance of their own, which shows that the art of puffing was not then in its infancy: 'This is to give Notice, That Brooke and Hellier 'have not all the New Port Wines this Year, nor above one half, the 'Vintners having bought 130 Pipes of Mr. Thomas Barlow and others, which 'are all natural, and shall remain Genuine, on which all Gentlemen and 'others may depend. *Note.*—Altho' Brooke and Hellier have asserted in 'several Papers that they had 140 Pipes of New Oporto Wines coming 'from Bristol, it now appears, since their landing, that they have only 133 'Pipes, 1 Hhd. of the said Wines, which shews plainly how little what they 'say is to be credited,'

'Jealousy from our Cups in Conversation, deserve the Custom 'and Thanks of the whole Town; and it is your Duty to 'remind them of the Obligation. *I am, SIR,*

Your Humble Servant,
Tom. Pottle.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AM a Person who was long immured in a College, read 'much, saw little; so that I knew no more of the World than 'what a Lecture or a View of the Map taught me. By this 'means I improved in my Study, but became unpleasant in 'Conversation. By conversing generally with the Dead, I 'grew almost unfit for the Society of the Living; so by a long 'Confinement I contracted an ungainly Aversion to Con-'versation, and ever discoursed with Pain to my self, and little 'Entertainment to others. At last I was in some measure 'made sensible of my failing, and the Mortification of never 'being spoke to, or speaking, unless the Discourse ran upon 'Books, put me upon forcing my self amongst Men. I im-'mediately affected the politest Company, by the frequent use 'of which I hoped to wear off the Rust I had contracted; but 'by an uncouth Imitation of Men used to act in publick, I got 'no further than to discover I had a Mind to appear a finer 'thing than I really was.

'Such I was, and such was my Condition, when I became 'an ardent Lover, and passionate Admirer of the beauteous '*Belinda:* Then it was that I really began to improve. This 'Passion changed all my Fears and Diffidences in my general 'Behaviour, to the sole Concern of pleasing her. I had not now 'to study the Action of a Gentleman, but Love possessing all 'my Thoughts, made me truly be the thing I had a Mind 'to appear. My Thoughts grew free and generous, and the 'Ambition to be agreeable to her I admired, produced in my 'Carriage a faint Similitude of that disengaged Manner of my '*Belinda.* The way we are in at present is, that she sees my 'Passion, and sees I at present forbear speaking of it through 'prudential Regards. This Respect to her she returns with 'much Civility, and makes my Value for her as little a Mis-'fortune to me, as is consistent with Discretion. She sings very 'charmingly, and is readier to do so at my Request, because 'she knows I love her: She will dance with me rather than

Then follows their long advertisement, which ends with a note that 'Their 'New Ports, just landed, being the only New Ports in Merchants Hands, 'and above One Half of all that is in London, will begin to be sold at the 'old prices the 12th inst. (April) at all their Taverns and Cellars.'

'another, for the same Reason. My Fortune must alter from 'what it is, before I can speak my Heart to her; and her 'Circumstances are not considerable enough to make up for 'the Narrowness of mine. But I write to you now, only to give 'you the Character of *Belinda*, as a Woman that has Address 'enough to demonstrate a Gratitude to her Lover, without 'giving him Hopes of Success in his Passion. *Belinda* has 'from a great Wit, governed by as great Prudence, and both 'adorned with Innocence, the Happiness of always being ready 'to discover her real Thoughts. She has many of us, who now 'are her Admirers; but her Treatment of us is so just and 'proportioned to our Merit towards her, and what we are in 'our selves, that I protest to you I have neither Jealousy nor 'Hatred toward my Rivals. Such is her Goodness, and the 'Acknowledgment of every Man who admires her, that he 'thinks he ought to believe she will take him who best deserves 'her. I will not say that this Peace among us is not owing 'to Self-love, which prompts each to think himself the best 'Deserver: I think there is something uncommon and worthy 'of Imitation in this Lady's Character. If you will please to 'Print my Letter, you will oblige the little Fraternity of happy 'Rivals, and in a more particular Manner,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

T. Will. Cymon.

No. 363.] *Saturday, April* 26, 1712. [*Addison.*

———*Crudelis ubique*
Luctus, ubique pavor, et plurima Mortis
Imago.—Virg.

MILTON has shewn a wonderful Art in describing that variety of Passions which arise in our first Parents upon the Breach of the Commandment that had been given them. We see them gradually passing from the Triumph of their Guilt thro' Remorse, Shame, Despair, Contrition, Prayer, and Hope, to a perfect and compleat Repentance. At the end of the tenth Book they are represented as prostrating themselves upon the Ground, and watering the Earth with their Tears: To which the Poet joins this beautiful Circumstance, that they offer'd up their penitential Prayers, on the very Place where their Judge appeared to them when he pronounced their Sentence.

——They forthwith to the place
Repairing where he judg'd them, prostrate fell
Before him Reverent, and both confess'd
Humbly their Faults, and Pardon begg'd, with Tears
Watering the Ground——

[There is a Beauty of the same kind in a Tragedy of *Sophocles*, where *Oedipus*, after having put out his own Eyes, instead of breaking his Neck from the Palace-Battlements (which furnishes so elegant an Entertainment for our *English* Audience) desires that he may be conducted to Mount *Cithæron*, in order to end his Life in that very Place where he was exposed in his Infancy, and where he should then have died, had the Will of his Parents been executed.]

As the Author never fails to give a poetical Turn to his Sentiments, he describes in the Beginning of this Book the Acceptance which these their Prayers met with, in a short Allegory, form'd upon that beautiful Passage in holy Writ: *And another Angel came and stood at the Altar, having a golden Censer; and there was given unto him much Incense, that he should offer it with the Prayers of all Saints upon the Golden Altar, which was before the Throne: And the Smoak of the Incense which came with the Prayers of the Saints, ascended up before God.*

——To Heav'n their Prayers
Flew up, nor miss'd the Way, by envious Winds
Blown vagabond or frustrate: in they pass'd
Dimensionless through heav'nly Doors, then clad
With Incense, where the Golden Altar fumed,
By their great Intercessor, came in sight
Before the Father's Throne——

We have the same Thought expressed a second time in the Intercession of the Messiah, which is conceived in very Emphatick Sentiments and Expressions.

Among the Poetical Parts of Scripture, which *Milton* has so finely wrought into this Part of his Narration, I must not omit that wherein *Ezekiel* speaking of the Angels who appeared to him in a Vision, adds, that *every one had four Faces*, and that *their whole Bodies, and their Backs, and their Hands, and their Wings, were full of Eyes round about.*

——The Cohort bright
Of watchful Cherubims, four Faces each
Had like a double Janus, *all their Shape*
Spangled with Eyes——

The Assembling of all the Angels of Heaven to hear the solemn Decree passed upon Man, is represented in very lively

Ideas. The Almighty is here describ'd as remembring Mercy in the midst of Judgment, and commanding *Michael* to deliver his Message in the mildest Terms, lest the Spirit of Man, which was already broken with the Sense of his Guilt and Misery, should fail before him.

——— Yet lest they faint
At the sad Sentence rigorously urg'd,
For I behold them softned, and with Tears
Bewailing their Excess, all Terror hide.

The Conference of *Adam* and *Eve* is full of moving Sentiments. Upon their going abroad after the melancholy Night which they had passed together, they discover the Lion and the Eagle pursuing each of them their Prey towards the Eastern Gates of *Paradise*. There is a double Beauty in this Incident, not only as it presents great and just Omens, which are always agreeable in Poetry, but as it expresses that Enmity which was now produced in the Animal Creation. The Poet to shew the like Changes in Nature, as well as to grace his Fable with a noble Prodigy, represents the Sun in an Eclipse. This particular Incident has likewise a fine Effect upon the Imagination of the Reader, in regard to what follows ; for at the same time that the Sun is under an Eclipse, a bright Cloud descends in the Western Quarter of the Heavens, filled with an Host of Angels, and more luminous than the Sun it self. The whole Theatre of Nature is darkned, that this glorious Machine may appear in all its Lustre and Magnificence.

——— Why in the East
Darkness ere Day's mid-course, and morning Light
More orient in that Western Cloud that draws
O'er the blue Firmament a radiant White,
And slow descends, with something Heav'nly fraught ?
He err'd not, for by this the heav'nly Bands
Down from a Sky of Jasper lighted now
In Paradise, and on a Hill made halt ;
A glorious Apparition———

I need not observe how properly this Author, who always suits his Parts to the Actors whom he introduces, has employed *Michael* in the Expulsion of our first Parents from *Paradise*. The Archangel on this Occasion neither appears in his proper Shape, nor in that familiar Manner with which *Raphael* the sociable Spirit entertained the Father of Mankind before the Fall. His Person, his Port, and Behaviour, are suitable to a Spirit of the highest Rank, and exquisitely describ'd in the following Passage.

——Th' Archangel soon drew nigh,
Not in his Shape Celestial; but as Man
Clad to meet Man: over his lucid Arms
A Military Vest of Purple flow'd,
Livelier than Meliboean, *or the Grain*
Of Sarra, *worn by Kings and Heroes old,*
In time of Truce: Iris *had dipt the Woof:*
His starry Helm, unbuckled, shew'd him prime
In Manhood where Youth ended; by his side,
As in a glistring Zodiack, hung the Sword,
Satan's *dire dread, and in his Hand the Spear.*
Adam *bow'd low, he Kingly from his State*
Inclined not, but his coming thus declared.

Eve's Complaint upon hearing that she was to be removed from the Garden of *Paradise*, is wonderfully beautiful: The Sentiments are not only proper to the Subject, but have something in them particularly soft and womanish.

Must I then leave thee, Paradise? Thus leave
Thee, native Soil, these happy Walks and Shades,
Fit haunt of Gods? Where I had hope to spend
Quiet, though sad, the respite of that Day
That must be mortal to us both. O Flow'rs,
That never will in other Climate grow,
My early Visitation, and my last
At Even, which I bred up with tender Hand
From the first opening Bud, and gave you Names;
Who now shall rear you to the Sun, or rank
Your Tribes, and water from th' ambrosial Fount?
Thee, lastly, nuptial Bower, by me adorn'd
With what to Sight or Smell was sweet; from thee
How shall I part, and whither wander down
Into a lower World, to this obscure
And wild? how shall we breathe in other Air
Less pure, accustom'd to immortal Fruits?

Adam's Speech abounds with Thoughts which are equally moving, but of a more masculine and elevated Turn. Nothing can be conceived more Sublime and Poetical than the following Passage in it.

This most afflicts me, that departing hence
As from his Face I shall be hid, deprived
His blessed Count'nance; here I could frequent,
With Worship, place by place where he vouchsaf'd
Presence Divine; and to my Sons relate,
On this Mount he appear'd, under this Tree
Stood visible, among these Pines his Voice
I heard, here with him at this Fountain talk'd;
So many grateful Altars I would rear
Of grassy Turf, and pile up every Stone
Of lustre from the Brook, in memory
Or monument to Ages, and thereon
Offer sweet-smelling Gums and Fruits and Flowers.

In yonder nether World where shall I seek
His bright Appearances, or Footsteps trace?
For though I fled him angry, yet recall'd
To Life prolong'd and promised Race, I now
Gladly behold though but his utmost Skirts
Of Glory, and far off his Steps adore.

The Angel afterwards leads *Adam* to the highest Mount of *Paradise*, and lays before him a whole Hemisphere, as a proper Stage for those Visions which were to be represented on it. I have before observed how the Plan of *Milton's* Poem is in many Particulars greater than that of the *Iliad* or *Æneid*. *Virgil's* Hero, in the last of these Poems, is entertained with a Sight of all those who are to descend from him; but though that Episode is justly admired as one of the noblest Designs in the whole *Æneid*, every one must allow that this of *Milton* is of a much higher Nature. *Adam's* Vision is not confined to any particular Tribe of Mankind, but extends to the whole Species.

In this great Review which *Adam* takes of all his Sons and Daughters, the first Objects he is presented with exhibit to him the Story of *Cain* and *Abel*, which is drawn together with much Closeness and Propriety of Expression. That Curiosity and natural Horror which arises in *Adam* at the Sight of the first dying Man, is touched with great Beauty.

But have I now seen Death? is this the way
I must return to native Dust? O Sight
Of Terror foul, and ugly to behold,
Horrid to think, how horrible to feel!

The second Vision sets before him the Image of Death in a great Variety of Appearances. The Angel, to give him a general Idea of those Effects which his Guilt had brought upon his Posterity, places before him a large Hospital or Lazar-House, fill'd with Persons lying under all kinds of mortal Diseases. How finely has the Poet told us that the sick Persons languished under lingering and incurable Distempers, by an apt and judicious use of such Imaginary Beings as those I mentioned in my last *Saturday's* Paper.

Dire was the tossing, deep the Groans. Despair
Tended the Sick, busy from Couch to Couch;
And over them triumphant Death *his Dart*
Shook, but delay'd to strike, though oft invoked
With Vows, as their chief Good and final Hope.

The Passion which likewise rises in *Adam* on this Occasion, is very natural.

Sight so deform, what Heart of Rock could long
Dry-eyed behold? Adam *could not, but wept,*

Tho' not of Woman born; Compassion quell'd
His best of Man, and gave him up to Tears.

The Discourse between the Angel and *Adam*, which follows, abounds with noble Morals.

As there is nothing more delightful in Poetry than a Contrast and Opposition of Incidents, the Author, after this melancholy Prospect of Death and Sickness, raises up a Scene of Mirth, Love, and Jollity. The secret Pleasure that steals into *Adam's* Heart as he is intent upon this Vision, is imagined with great Delicacy. I must not omit the Description of the loose female Troop, who seduced the Sons of God, as they are called in Scripture.

For that fair female Troop thou saw'st, that seem'd
Of Goddesses, so Blithe, so Smooth, so Gay,
Yet empty of all Good wherein consists
Woman's domestick Honour and chief Praise;
Bred only and compleated to the taste
Of lustful Appetence, to sing, to dance,
To dress, and troule the Tongue, and roll the Eye:
To these that sober Race of Men, whose Lives
Religious titled them the Sons of God,
Shall yield up all their Virtue, all their Fame
Ignobly, to the Trains and to the Smiles
Of those fair Atheists———

The next Vision is of a quite contrary Nature, and filled with the Horrors of War. *Adam* at the Sight of it melts into Tears, and breaks out in that passionate Speech,

———————O what are these!
Death's Ministers, not Men, who thus deal Death
Inhumanly to Men, and multiply
Ten Thousandfold the Sin of him who slew
His Brother: for of whom such Massacre
Make they but of their Brethren, Men of Men?

Milton, to keep up an agreeable Variety in his Visions, after having raised in the Mind of his Reader the several Ideas of Terror which are conformable to the Description of War, passes on to those softer Images of Triumphs and Festivals, in that Vision of Lewdness and Luxury which ushers in the Flood.

As it is visible that the Poet had his Eye upon *Ovid's* Account of the universal Deluge, the Reader may observe with how much Judgment he has avoided every thing that is redundant or puerile in the *Latin* Poet. We do not here see the Wolf swimming among the Sheep, nor any of those wanton Imaginations, which *Seneca* found fault with,[1] as unbecoming [the [2]] great Catastrophe of Nature. If our Poet has imitated that

[1] Nat. Quæst. Bk. III. § 27.

[2] [this]

Verse in which *Ovid* tells us that there was nothing but Sea, and that this Sea had no Shore to it, he has not set the Thought in such a Light as to incur the Censure which Criticks have passed upon it. The latter part of that Verse in *Ovid* is idle and superfluous, but just and beautiful in *Milton*.

Jamque mare et tellus nullum discrimen habebant,
Nil nisi pontus erat, deerant quoque littora ponto.—Ovid.

———Sea cover'd Sea,
Sea without Shore——— Milton.

In *Milton* the former Part of the Description does not forestall the latter. How much more great and solemn on this Occasion is that which follows in our *English* Poet,

———And in their Palaces
Where Luxury late reign'd, Sea-Monsters whelp'd
And stabled———

than that in *Ovid*, where we are told that the Sea-Calfs lay in those Places where the Goats were used to browze? The Reader may find several other parallel Passages in the *Latin* and *English* Description of the Deluge, wherein our Poet has visibly the Advantage. The Sky's being overcharged with Clouds, the descending of the Rains, the rising of the Seas, and the Appearance of the Rainbow, are such Descriptions as every one must take notice of. The Circumstance relating to *Paradise* is so finely imagined, and suitable to the Opinions of many learned Authors, that I cannot forbear giving it a Place in this Paper.

———Then shall this Mount
Of Paradise by might of Waves be mov'd
Out of his Place, push'd by the horned Flood
With all his Verdure spoil'd, and Trees adrift
Down the great River to the op'ning Gulf,
And there take root, an Island salt and bare,
The haunt of Seals and Orcs and Sea-Mews clang.

The Transition which the Poet makes from the Vision of the Deluge, to the Concern it occasioned in *Adam*, is exquisitely graceful, and copied after *Virgil*, though the first Thought it introduces is rather in the Spirit of *Ovid*.

How didst thou grieve then, Adam, *to behold*
The End of all thy Offspring, End so sad,
Depopulation! thee another Flood
Of Tears and Sorrow, a Flood thee also drown'd,
And sunk thee as thy Sons; till gently rear'd
By th' Angel, on thy Feet thou stood'st at last,
Tho' comfortless, as when a Father mourns
His Children, all in view destroy'd at once.

I have been the more particular in my Quotations out of the eleventh Book of *Paradise Lost*, because it is not generally reckoned among the most shining Books of this Poem; for which Reason the Reader might be apt to overlook those many Passages in it which deserve our Admiration. The eleventh and twelfth are indeed built upon that single Circumstance of the Removal of our first Parents from *Paradise;* but tho' this is not in it self so great a Subject as that in most of the foregoing Books, it is extended and diversified with so many surprising Incidents and pleasing Episodes, that these two last Books can by no means be looked upon as unequal Parts of this Divine Poem. I must further add, that had not *Milton* represented our first Parents as driven out of *Paradise*, his Fall of Man would not have been compleat, and consequently his Action would have been imperfect. L.

No. 364.] *Monday, April* 28, 1712. [*Steele.*

[————*Navibus*][1] *atque*
Quadrigis petimus bene vivere.—Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,[2]

'A Lady of my Acquaintance, for whom I have too much 'Respect to be easy while she is doing an indiscreet 'Action, has given occasion to this Trouble: She is a Widow, 'to whom the Indulgence of a tender Husband has entrusted 'the Management of a very great Fortune, and a Son about 'sixteen, both which she is extremely fond of. The Boy has 'Parts of the middle Size, neither shining nor despicable, and 'has passed the common Exercises of his Years with tolerable 'Advantage; but is withal what you would call a forward Youth: 'By the Help of this last Qualification, which serves as a Varnish 'to all the rest, he is enabled to make the best Use of his 'Learning, and display it at full length upon all Occasions. 'Last Summer he distinguished himself two or three times very 'remarkably, by puzzling the Vicar before an Assembly of most 'of the Ladies in the Neighbourhood; and from such weighty 'Considerations as these, as it too often unfortunately falls out,

[1] [*Strenua nos exercet inertia: Navibus.*]

[2] Dr. Thomas Birch, in a letter dated June 15, 1764, says that this letter was by Mr. Philip Yorke, afterwards Earl of Hardwicke, who was author also of another piece in the *Spectator*, but his son could not remember what that was.

'the Mother is become invincibly persuaded that her Son is a 'great Scholar; and that to chain him down to the ordinary 'Methods of Education with others of his Age, would be to 'cramp his Faculties, and do an irreparable Injury to his 'wonderful Capacity.

'I happened to visit at the House last Week, and missing 'the young Gentleman at the Tea-Table, where he seldom fails 'to officiate, could not upon so extraordinary a Circumstance 'avoid inquiring after him. My Lady told me, he was gone 'out with her Woman, in order to make some Preparations for 'their Equipage; for that she intended very speedily to carry 'him to travel. The Oddness of the Expression shock'd me a 'little; however, I soon recovered my self enough to let her 'know, that all I was willing to understand by it was, that she 'designed this Summer to shew her Son his Estate in a distant 'County, in which he has never yet been: But she soon took 'care to rob me of that agreeable Mistake, and let me into the 'whole Affair. She enlarged upon young Master's prodigious 'Improvements, and his comprehensive Knowledge of all Book-'Learning; concluding, that it was now high time he should be 'made acquainted with Men and Things; that she had resolved 'he should make the Tour of *France* and *Italy*, but could not 'bear to have him out of her Sight, and therefore intended to 'go along with him.

'I was going to rally her for so extravagant a Resolution, but 'found my self not in fit Humour to meddle with a Subject 'that demanded the most soft and delicate Touch imaginable. 'I was afraid of dropping something that might seem to bear 'hard either upon the Son's Abilities, or the Mother's Dis-'cretion; being sensible that in both these Cases, tho' supported 'with all the Powers of Reason, I should, instead of gaining her 'Ladyship over to my Opinion, only expose my self to her 'Disesteem: I therefore immediately determined to refer the 'whole Matter to the SPECTATOR.

'When I came to reflect at Night, as my Custom is, upon the 'Occurrences of the Day, I could not but believe that this 'Humour of carrying a Boy to travel in his Mother's Lap, and 'that upon pretence of learning Men and Things, is a Case of 'an extraordinary Nature, and carries on it a particular Stamp 'of Folly. I did not remember to have met with its Parallel 'within the Compass of my Observation, tho' I could call to 'mind some not extremely unlike it. From hence my Thoughts 'took Occasion to ramble into the general Notion of Travelling, 'as it is now made a Part of Education. Nothing is more

'frequent than to take a Lad from Grammar and Taw, and 'under the Tuition of some poor Scholar, who is willing to be 'banished for thirty Pounds a Year, and a little Victuals, send 'him crying and snivelling into foreign Countries. Thus he 'spends his time as Children do at Puppet-Shows, and with 'much the same Advantage, in staring and gaping at an amazing 'Variety of strange things: strange indeed to one who is not 'prepared to comprehend the Reasons and Meaning of them; 'whilst he should be laying the solid Foundations of Know-'ledge in his Mind, and furnishing it with just Rules to direct 'his future Progress in Life under some skilful Master of the 'Art of Instruction.

'Can there be a more astonishing Thought in Nature, than to 'consider how Men should fall into so palpable a Mistake? It 'is a large Field, and may very well exercise a sprightly Genius; 'but I don't remember you have yet taken a Turn in it. I 'wish, Sir, you would make People understand, that *Travel* is 'really the last Step to be taken in the Institution of Youth; 'and to set out with it, is to begin where they should end.

'Certainly the true End of visiting Foreign Parts, is to look 'into their Customs and Policies, and observe in what Par-'ticulars they excel or come short of our own; to unlearn some 'odd Peculiarities in our Manners, and wear off such awkward 'Stiffnesses and Affectations in our Behaviour, as may possibly 'have been contracted from constantly associating with one 'Nation of Men, by a more free, general, and mixed Conversa-'tion. But how can any of these Advantages be attained by 'one who is a mere Stranger to the Customs and Policies of his 'native Country, and has not yet fixed in his Mind the first 'Principles of Manners and Behaviour? To endeavour it, is to 'build a gawdy Structure without any Foundation; or, if I may 'be allow'd the Expression, to work a rich Embroidery upon a 'Cobweb.

'Another End of travelling which deserves to be consider'd, 'is the Improving our Taste of the best Authors of Antiquity, 'by seeing the Places where they lived, and of which they 'wrote; to compare the natural Face of the Country with the 'Descriptions they have given us, and observe how well the 'Picture agrees with the Original. This must certainly be a 'most charming Exercise to the Mind that is rightly turned for 'it; besides that it may in a good measure be made subservient 'to Morality, if the Person is capable of drawing just Conclusions 'concerning the Uncertainty of human things, from the ruinous 'Alterations Time and Barbarity have brought upon so many

'Palaces, Cities and whole Countries, which make the most 'illustrious Figures in History. And this Hint may be not a 'little improved by examining every Spot of Ground that we 'find celebrated as the Scene of some famous Action, or retain-'ing any Footsteps of a *Cato*, *Cicero* or *Brutus*, or some such 'great virtuous Man. A nearer View of any such Particular, tho' 'really little and trifling in it self, may serve the more powerfully 'to warm a generous Mind to an Emulation of their Virtues, 'and a greater Ardency of Ambition to imitate their bright 'Examples, if it comes duly temper'd and prepar'd for the 'Impression. But this I believe you'll hardly think those to be, 'who are so far from entring into the Sense and Spirit of the 'Ancients, that they don't yet understand their Language with 'any [Exactness.[1]]

'But I have wander'd from my Purpose, which was only to 'desire you to save, if possible, a fond *English* Mother, and 'Mother's *own* Son, from being shewn a ridiculous Spectacle 'thro' the most polite Part of *Europe*. Pray tell them, that 'though to be Sea-sick, or jumbled in an outlandish Stage-'Coach, may perhaps be healthful for the Constitution of the 'Body, yet it is apt to cause such a Dizziness in young empty 'Heads, as too often lasts their Life-time.

I am, SIR,
Your most Humble Servant,
Philip Homebred.

Birchan-Lane.

SIR,

'I was marry'd on *Sunday* last, and went peaceably to bed; 'but, to my Surprize, was awaken'd the next Morning by the 'Thunder of a Set of Drums. These warlike Sounds (methinks) 'are very improper in a Marriage-Consort, and give great 'Offence; they seem to insinuate, that the Joys of this State are

[1] [Exactness.
I can't quit this head without paying my Acknowledgments to one of the most entertaining Pieces this Age has produc'd, for the Pleasure it gave me. You will easily guess, that the Book I have in my head is *Mr. A——'s Remarks upon Italy*. That Ingenious gentleman has with so much Art and Judgment applied his exact Knowledge of all the Parts of Classical Learning to illustrate the several occurrences of his Travels, that his Work alone is a pregnant Proof of what I have said. No Body that has a Taste this way, can read him going from *Rome* to *Naples*, and making *Horace* and *Silius Italicus* his Chart, but he must feel some Uneasiness in himself to Reflect that he was not in his Retinue. I am sure I wish'd it Ten Times in every Page, and that not without a secret Vanity to think in what State I should have Travelled the *Appian* Road with *Horace* for a Guide, and in company with a Countryman of my own, who of all Men living knows best how to follow his Steps.]

'short, and that Jars and Discord soon ensue. I fear they 'have been ominous to many Matches, and sometimes proved 'a Prelude to a Battel in the Honey-Moon. A Nod from you 'may hush them; therefore pray, Sir, let them be silenced, that 'for the future none but soft Airs may usher in the Morning of 'a Bridal Night, which will be a Favour not only to those who 'come after, but to me, who can still subscribe my self,

Your most humble
and most obedient Servant,
Robin Bridegroom.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AM one of that sort of Women whom the gayer Part of 'our Sex are apt to call a Prude. But to shew them that I have 'very little Regard to their Raillery, I shall be glad to see them 'all at *The Amorous Widow, or the wanton Wife*, which is to 'be acted, for the Benefit of Mrs. *Porter*, on *Monday* the 28th 'Instant. I assure you I can laugh at an Amorous Widow, or 'Wanton Wife, with as little Temptation to imitate them, as I 'could at any other vicious Character. Mrs. *Porter* obliged me 'so very much in the exquisite Sense she seemed to have of the 'honourable Sentiments and noble Passions in the Character of '*Hermione*, that I shall appear in her behalf at a Comedy, tho' 'I have not great Relish for any Entertainments where the 'Mirth is not season'd with a certain Severity, which ought to 'recommend it to People who pretend to keep Reason and 'Authority over all their Actions.

I am, SIR,
Your frequent Reader,
T. Altamira.

No. 365.] *Tuesday, April* 29, 1712. [*Budgell.*

Vere magis, quia vere calor redit ossibus—— Virg.

THE Author of the *Menagiana* acquaints us, that discoursing one Day with several Ladies of Quality about the Effects of the Month of *May*, which infuses a kindly Warmth into the Earth, and all its Inhabitants; the Marchioness of S————, who was one of the Company, told him, *That though she would promise to be chaste in every Month besides, she could not engage for her self in* May. As the beginning therefore of this Month is now very near, I design this Paper for a Caveat to the Fair Sex, and publish it before *April* is quite out, that if any of them

should be caught tripping, they may not pretend they had not timely Notice.

I am induced to this, being persuaded the above-mentioned Observation is as well calculated for our Climate as for that of *France*, and that some of our *British* Ladies are of the same Constitution with the *French* Marchioness.

I shall leave it among Physicians to determine what may be the Cause of such an Anniversary Inclination; whether or no it is that the Spirits after having been as it were frozen and congealed by Winter, are now turned loose, and set a rambling; or that the gay Prospects of Fields and Meadows, with the Courtship of the Birds in every Bush, naturally unbend the Mind, and soften it to Pleasure; or that, as some have imagined, a Woman is prompted by a kind of Instinct to throw herself on a Bed of Flowers, and not to let those beautiful Couches which Nature has provided lie useless. However it be, the Effects of this Month on the lower part of the Sex, who act without Disguise, [are [1]] very visible. It is at this time that we see the young Wenches in a Country Parish dancing round a *May-Pole*, which one of our learned Antiquaries supposes to be a Relique of a certain Pagan Worship that I do not think fit to mention.

It is likewise on the first Day of this Month that we see the ruddy Milk-Maid exerting her self in a most sprightly manner under a Pyramid of Silver-Tankards, and, like the Virgin *Tarpeia*, oppress'd by the costly Ornaments which her Benefactors lay upon her.

I need not mention the Ceremony of the Green Gown, which is also peculiar to this gay Season.

The same periodical Love-Fit spreads through the whole Sex, as Mr. *Dryden* well observes in his Description of this merry Month:

> *For thee, sweet Month, the Groves green Liv'ries wear,*
> *If not the first, the fairest of the Year;*
> *For thee the Graces lead the dancing Hours,*
> *And Nature's ready Pencil paints the Flow'rs.*
> *The sprightly* May *commands our Youth to keep*
> *The Vigils of her Night, and breaks their Sleep;*
> *Each gentle Breast with kindly Warmth she moves,*
> *Inspires new Flames, revives extinguish'd Loves.*[2]

Accordingly among the Works of the great Masters in Painting, who have drawn this genial Season of the Year, we often

[1] [is] and in first Reprint.

[2] This quotation is made up of two passages in Dryden's version of Chaucer's Knight's Tale, 'Palamon and Arcite.' The first four lines are from Bk. ii. ll. 663—666, the other four lines are from Bk. i. ll. 176—179.

observe *Cupids* confused with *Zephirs* flying up and down promiscuously in several Parts of the Picture. I cannot but add from my own Experience, that about this Time of the Year Love-Letters come up to me in great Numbers from all Quarters of the Nation.

I receiv'd an Epistle in particular by the last Post from a *Yorkshire* Gentleman, who makes heavy Complaints of one *Zelinda*, whom it seems he has courted unsuccessfully these three Years past. He tells me that he designs to try her this *May*, and if he does not carry his Point, he will never think of her more.

Having thus fairly admonished the female Sex, and laid before them the Dangers they are exposed to in this critical Month, I shall in the next place lay down some Rules and Directions for their better avoiding those Calentures which are so very frequent in this Season.

In the first place, I would advise them never to venture abroad in the Fields, but in the Company of a Parent, a Guardian, or some other sober discreet Person. I have before shewn how apt they are to trip in a flow'ry Meadow, and shall further observe to them, that *Proserpine* was out a *Maying*, when she met with that fatal Adventure to which *Milton* alludes when he mentions

> —*That fair Field*
> *Of* Enna, *where* Proserpine *gathering Flowers,*
> *Herself a fairer Flower, by gloomy* Dis
> *Was gather'd*—[1]

Since I am got into Quotations, I shall conclude this Head with *Virgil's* Advice to young People, while they are gathering wild Strawberries and Nosegays, that they should have a care of the *Snake in the Grass*.

In the second place, I cannot but approve those Prescriptions, which our Astrological Physicians give in their Almanacks for this Month; such as are *a spare and simple Diet, with the moderate Use of Phlebotomy*.

Under this Head of Abstinence I shall also advise my fair Readers to be in a particular manner careful how they meddle with Romances, Chocolate, Novels, and the like Inflamers, which I look upon as very dangerous to be made use of during this great Carnival of Nature.

As I have often declared, that I have nothing more at heart than the Honour of my dear Country-Women, I would beg them to consider, whenever their Resolutions begin to fail

[1] Paradise Lost, Bk. iv. ll. 268—271.

them, that there are but one and thirty Days of this soft Season, and that if they can but weather out this one Month, the rest of the Year will be easy to them. As for that Part of the Fair-Sex who stay in Town, I would advise them to be particularly cautious how they give themselves up to their most innocent Entertainments. If they cannot forbear the Play-house, I would recommend *Tragedy* to them, rather than *Comedy;* and should think the *Puppet-show* much safer for them than the *Opera,* all the while the Sun is in *Gemini.*

The Reader will observe, that this Paper is written for the use of those Ladies who think it worth while to war against Nature in the Cause of Honour. As for that abandon'd Crew, who do not think Virtue worth contending for, but give up their Reputation at the first Summons, such Warnings and Premonitions are thrown away upon them. A Prostitute is the same easy Creature in all Months of the Year, and makes no difference between *May* and *December.* X.

No. 366.] *Wednesday, April* 30, 1712. [*Steele.*

Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor æstiva recreatur aura,
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.—Hor.

THERE are such wild Inconsistencies in the Thoughts of a Man in love, that I have often reflected there can be no reason for allowing him more Liberty than others possessed with Frenzy, but that his Distemper has no Malevolence in it to any Mortal. That Devotion to his Mistress kindles in his Mind a general Tenderness, which exerts it self towards every Object as well as his Fair-one. When this Passion is represented by Writers, it is common with them to endeavour at certain Quaintnesses and Turns of Imagination, which are apparently the Work of a Mind at ease; but the Men of true Taste can easily distinguish the Exertion of a Mind which overflows with tender Sentiments, and the Labour of one which is only describing Distress. In Performances of this kind, the most absurd of all things is to be witty; every Sentiment must grow out of the Occasion, and be suitable to the Circumstances of the Character. Where this Rule is transgressed, the humble Servant, in all the fine things he says, is but shewing his Mistress how well he can dress, instead of saying how well he

loves. Lace and Drapery is as much a Man, as Wit and Turn is Passion.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'The following Verses are a Translation of a *Lapland* Love-'Song, which I met with in *Scheffer's* History of that Country.[1] 'I was agreeably surprized to find a Spirit of Tenderness and 'Poetry in a Region which I never suspected for Delicacy. In 'hotter Climates, tho' altogether uncivilized, I had not wonder'd 'if I had found some sweet wild Notes among the Natives, 'where they live in Groves of Oranges, and hear the Melody 'of Birds about them: But a *Lapland* Lyric, breathing Senti-'ments of Love and Poetry, not unworthy old *Greece* or *Rome;* 'a regular Ode from a Climate pinched with Frost, and cursed 'with Darkness so great a Part of the Year; where 'tis amazing 'that the poor Natives should get Food, or be tempted to pro-'pagate their Species: this, I confess, seemed a greater Miracle 'to me, than the famous Stories of their Drums, their Winds 'and Inchantments.

[1] John Scheffer, born in 1621, at Strasburg, was at the age of 27 so well-known for his learning, that he was invited to Sweden, where he received a liberal pension from Queen Christina as her librarian, and was also a Professor of Law and Rhetoric in the University of Upsala. He died in 1679. He was the author of 27 works, among which is his 'Lapponia,' a Latin description of Lapland, published in 1673, of which an English version appeared at Oxford in folio, in 1674. The song is there given in the original Lapp, and in a rendering of Scheffer's Latin less conventionally polished than that published by the *Spectator*, which is Ambrose Philips's translation of a translation. In the Oxford translation there were six stanzas of this kind:

With brightest beams let the Sun shine
On Orra Moor.
Could I be sure
That from the top o' th' lofty Pine
I Orra Moor might see,
I to his highest Bough would climb,
And with industrious Labour try
Thence to descry
My Mistress if that there she be.

Could I but know amidst what Flowers
Or in what Shade she stays,
The gaudy Bowers,
With all their verdant Pride,
Their Blossoms and their Sprays,
Which make my Mistress disappear;
And her in envious Darkness hide,
I from the Roots and Beds of Earth would tear.

In the same chapter another song is given of which there is a version in No. 406 of the *Spectator*.

'I am the bolder in commending this Northern Song, be-
'cause I have faithfully kept to the Sentiments, without adding
'or diminishing; and pretend to no greater Praise from my
'Translation, than they who smooth and clean the Furs of that
'Country which have suffered by Carriage. The Numbers in
'the Original are as loose and unequal, as those in which the
'*British* Ladies sport their *Pindaricks;* and perhaps the fairest
'of them might not think it a disagreeable Present from a
'Lover: But I have ventured to bind it in stricter Measures,
'as being more proper for our Tongue, tho' perhaps wilder
'Graces may better suit the Genius of the *Laponian* Language.

'It will be necessary to imagine, that the Author of this
'Song, not having the Liberty of visiting his Mistress at her
'Father's House, was in hopes of spying her at a Distance in
'the Fields.

I.

Thou rising Sun, whose gladsome Ray
Invites my Fair to Rural Play,
Dispel the Mist, and clear the Skies,
And bring my Orra *to my Eyes.*

II.

Oh! were I sure my Dear to view,
I'd climb that Pine-Tree's topmost Bough,
Aloft in Air that quivering plays,
And round and round for ever gaze.

III.

My Orra Moor, *where art thou laid?*
What Wood conceals my sleeping Maid?
Fast by the Roots enrag'd I'll tear
The Trees that hide my promis'd Fair.

IV.

Oh! I cou'd ride the Clouds and Skies,
Or on the Raven's Pinions rise:
Ye Storks, ye Swans, a moment stay,
And waft a Lover on his Way.

V.

My Bliss too long my Bride denies,
Apace the wasting Summer flies:
Nor yet the wintry Blasts I fear,
Not Storms or Night shall keep me here.

VI.

What may for Strength with Steel compare?
Oh! Love has Fetters stronger far:
By Bolts of Steel are Limbs confin'd,
But cruel Love enchains the Mind.

VII.

No longer then perplex thy Breast,
When Thoughts torment, the first are best;
'Tis mad to go, 'tis Death to stay,
Away to Orra, *haste away.*

Mr. SPECTATOR, *April the* 10*th.*

'I am one of those despicable Creatures called a Chamber-'Maid, and have lived with a Mistress for some time, whom 'I love as my Life, which has made my Duty and Pleasure 'inseparable. My greatest Delight has been in being imploy'd 'about her Person; and indeed she is very seldom out of 'Humour for a Woman of her Quality: But here lies my Com-'plaint, Sir; To bear with me is all the Encouragement she is 'pleased to bestow upon me; for she gives her cast-off Cloaths 'from me to others: some she is pleased to bestow in the 'House to those that neither wants nor wears them, and some 'to Hangers-on, that frequents the House daily, who comes 'dressed out in them. This, Sir, is a very mortifying Sight to 'me, who am a little necessitous for Cloaths, and loves to appear 'what I am, and causes an Uneasiness, so that I can't serve 'with that Chearfulness as formerly; which my Mistress takes 'notice of, and calls Envy and Ill-Temper at seeing others pre-'ferred before me. My Mistress has a younger Sister lives in the 'House with her, that is some Thousands below her in Estate, 'who is continually heaping her Favours on her Maid; so that 'she can appear every *Sunday*, for the first Quarter, in a fresh 'Suit of Cloaths of her Mistress's giving, with all other things 'suitable: All this I see without envying, but not without 'wishing my Mistress would a little consider what a Discourage-'ment it is to me to have my Perquisites divided between 'Fawners and Jobbers, which others enjoy intire to themselves. 'I have spoke to my Mistress, but to little Purpose; I have 'desired to be discharged (for indeed I fret my self to nothing) 'but that she answers with Silence. I beg, Sir, your Direction 'what to do, for I am fully resolved to follow your Counsel; 'who am *Your Admirer and humble Servant,*

Constantia Comb-brush.

'I beg that you would put it in a better Dress, and let it 'come abroad; that my Mistress, who is an Admirer of your 'Speculations, may see it. T.

No. 367.] *Thursday, May* 1, 1712. [*Addison.*

———*Perituræ parcite chartæ.*—Juv.

I HAVE often pleased my self with considering the two kinds of Benefits which accrue to the Publick from these my Speculations, and which, were I to speak after the manner of Logicians, I would distinguish into the *Material* and the *Formal*. By the latter I understand those Advantages which my Readers receive, as their Minds are either improv'd or delighted by these my daily Labours; but having already several times descanted on my Endeavours in this Light, I shall at present wholly confine my self to the Consideration of the former. By the Word *Material* I mean those Benefits which arise to the Publick from these my Speculations, as they consume a considerable quantity of our Paper Manufacture, employ our Artisans in Printing, and find Business for great Numbers of Indigent Persons.

Our Paper Manufacture takes into it several mean Materials which could be put to no other use, and affords Work for several Hands in the collecting of them, which are incapable of any other Employment. Those poor Retailers, whom we see so busy in every Street, deliver in their respective Gleanings to the Merchant. The Merchant carries them in Loads to the Paper-Mill, where they pass thro' a fresh Set of Hands, and give life to another Trade. Those who have Mills on their Estates, by this means considerably raise their Rents, and the whole Nation is in a great measure supply'd with a Manufacture, for which formerly she was obliged to her Neighbours.

The Materials are no sooner wrought into Paper, but they are distributed among the Presses, where they again set innumerable Artists at Work, and furnish Business to another Mystery. From hence, accordingly as they are stain'd with News or Politicks, they fly thro' the Town in *Post-Men*, *Post-Boys*, *Daily-Courants*, *Reviews*, *Medleys*, and *Examiners*. Men, Women, and Children contend who shall be the first Bearers of them, and get their daily Sustenance by spreading them. In short, when I trace in my Mind a Bundle of Rags to a Quire of *Spectators*, I find so many Hands employ'd in every Step they take thro' their whole Progress, that while I am writing a *Spectator*, I fancy my self providing Bread for a Multitude.

If I do not take care to obviate some of my witty Readers,

they will be apt to tell me, that my Paper, after it is thus printed and published, is still beneficial to the Publick on several Occasions. I must confess I have lighted my Pipe with my own Works for this Twelve-month past: My Landlady often sends up her little Daughter to desire some of my old *Spectators*, and has frequently told me, that the Paper they are printed on is the best in the World to wrap Spice in. They likewise make a good Foundation for a Mutton pye, as I have more than once experienced, and were very much sought for, last *Christmas*, by the whole Neighbourhood.

It is pleasant enough to consider the Changes that a Linnen Fragment undergoes, by passing thro' the several Hands above mentioned. The finest pieces of Holland, when worn to Tatters, assume a new Whiteness more beautiful than their first, and often return in the shape of Letters to their Native Country. A Lady's Shift may be metamorphosed into Billet[s]-doux, and come into her Possession a second time. A Beau may peruse his Cravat after it is worn out, with greater Pleasure and Advantage than ever he did in a Glass. In a word, a Piece of Cloth, after having officiated for some Years as a Towel or a Napkin, may by this means be raised from a Dung-hill, and become the most valuable Piece of Furniture in a Prince's Cabinet.

The politest Nations of *Europe* have endeavoured to vie with one another for the Reputation of the finest Printing: Absolute Governments, as well as Republicks, have encouraged an Art which seems to be the noblest and most beneficial that was ever invented among the Sons of Men. The present King of *France*, in his Pursuits after Glory, has particularly distinguished himself by the promoting of this useful Art, insomuch that several Books have been printed in the *Louvre* at his own Expence, upon which he sets so great a value, that he considers them as the noblest Presents he can make to foreign Princes and Ambassadors. If we look into the Commonwealths of *Holland* and *Venice*, we shall find that in this Particular they have made themselves the Envy of the greatest Monarchies. *Elziver* and *Aldus* are more frequently mentioned than any Pensioner of the one or Doge of the other.

The several Presses which are now in *England*, and the great Encouragement which has been given to Learning for some Years last past, has made our own Nation as glorious upon this Account, as for its late Triumphs and Conquests. The new Edition which is given us of *Cæsar's* Commentaries, has already been taken notice of in foreign *Gazettes*, and is a

Work that does honour to the *English* Press.[1] It is no wonder that an Edition should be very correct, which has passed thro' the Hands of one of the most accurate, learned and judicious Writers this Age has produced. The Beauty of the Paper, of the Character, and of the several Cuts with which this noble Work is illustrated, makes it the finest Book that I have ever seen; and is a true Instance of the *English* Genius, which, tho' it does not come the first into any Art, generally carries it to greater Heights than any other Country in the World. I am particularly glad that this Author comes from a *British* Printing-house in so great a Magnificence, as he is the first who has given us any tolerable Account of our Country.

My Illiterate Readers, if any such there are, will be surprized to hear me talk of Learning as the Glory of a Nation, and of Printing as an Art that gains a Reputation to a People among whom it flourishes. When Mens Thoughts are taken up with Avarice and Ambition, they cannot look upon any thing as great or valuable, which does not bring with it an extraordinary Power or Interest to the Person who is concerned in it. But as I shall never sink this Paper so far as to engage with *Goths* and *Vandals*, I shall only regard such kind of Reasoners with that Pity which is due to so Deplorable a Degree of Stupidity and Ignorance. L.

No. 368.] *Friday, May* 2, 1712. [*Steele.*

Nos decebat
Lugere ubi esset aliquis in lucem editus
Humanæ vitæ varia reputantes mala;
At qui labores morte finisset graves
Omnes amices laude et lætitia exequi.—Eurip. apud Tull.

AS the *Spectator* is in a Kind a Paper of News from the natural World, as others are from the busy and politick Part of Mankind, I shall translate the following Letter written

[1] Just published, 1712, by Dr. Samuel Clarke, then 37 years old. He had been for 12 years chaplain to the Bishop of Norwich, and Boyle Lecturer in 1704-5, when he took for his subject the Being and Attributes of God and the Evidences of Natural and Revealed Religion. He had also translated Newton's Optics, and was become chaplain to the Queen, Rector of St. James's, Westminster, and D.D. of Cambridge. The accusations of heterodoxy that followed him through his after life date from this year, 1712, in which, besides the edition of Cæsar, he published a book on the Scripture Doctrine of the Trinity.

to an eminent *French* Gentleman in this Town from *Paris*, which gives us the Exit of an Heroine who is a Pattern of Patience and Generosity.

SIR, *Paris, April* 18, 1712.

'It is so many Years since you left your native Country, that 'I am to tell you the Characters of your nearest Relations as 'much as if you were an utter Stranger to them. The Occasion 'of this is to give you an account of the Death of Madam '*de Villacerfe*, whose Departure out of this Life I know not 'whether a Man of your Philosophy will call unfortunate or 'not, since it was attended with some Circumstances as much 'to be desired as to be lamented. She was her whole Life 'happy in an uninterrupted Health, and was always honoured 'for an Evenness of Temper and Greatness of Mind. On the '10th instant that Lady was taken with an Indisposition which 'confined her to her Chamber, but was such as was too slight to 'make her take a sick Bed, and yet too grievous to admit of any 'Satisfaction in being out of it. It is notoriously known, that 'some Years ago Monsieur *Festeau*, one of the most considerable 'Surgeons in *Paris*, was desperately in love with this Lady: 'Her Quality placed her above any Application to her on the 'account of his Passion; but as a Woman always has some 'regard to the Person whom she believes to be her real 'Admirer, she now took it in her head (upon Advice of her 'Physicians to lose some of her Blood) to send for Monsieur '*Festeau* on that occasion. I happened to be there at that 'time, and my near Relation gave me the Privilege to be 'present. As soon as her Arm was stripped bare, and he began 'to press it in order to raise the Vein, his Colour changed, and 'I observed him seized with a sudden Tremor, which made me 'take the liberty to speak of it to my Cousin with some Appre-'hension: She smiled, and said she knew Mr. *Festeau* had no 'Inclination to do her Injury. He seemed to recover himself, 'and smiling also proceeded in his Work. Immediately after 'the Operation he cried out, that he was the most unfortunate 'of all Men, for that he had open'd an Artery instead of a Vein. 'It is as impossible to express the Artist's Distraction as the 'Patient's Composure. I will not dwell on little Circumstances, 'but go on to inform you, that within three days time it was 'thought necessary to take off her Arm. She was so far from 'using *Festeau* as it would be natural to one of a lower Spirit to 'treat him, that she would not let him be absent from any 'Consultation about her present Condition, and on every 'occasion asked whether he was satisfy'd in the Measures

'[that] were taken about her. Before this last Operation she 'ordered her Will to be drawn, and after having been about a 'quarter of an hour alone, she bid the Surgeons, of whom poor '*Festeau* was one, go on in their Work. I know not how to 'give you the Terms of Art, but there appeared such Symptoms after the Amputation of her Arm, that it was visible she could 'not live four and twenty hours. Her Behaviour was so mag- 'nanimous throughout this whole Affair, that I was particularly 'curious in taking Notice of what passed as her Fate approached 'nearer and nearer, and took Notes of what she said to all 'about her, particularly Word for Word what she spoke to Mr. '*Festeau*, which was as follows.

"Sir, you give me inexpressible Sorrow for the Anguish with "which I see you overwhelmed. I am removed to all Intents "and Purposes from the Interests of human Life, therefore I "am to begin to think like one wholly unconcerned in it. I do "not consider you as one by whose Error I have lost my Life; "no, you are my Benefactor, as you have hasten'd my Entrance "into a happy Immortality. This is my Sense of this Acci- "dent; but the World in which you live may have Thoughts "of it to your Disadvantage, I have therefore taken Care to "provide for you in my Will, and have placed you above what "you have to fear from their Ill-Nature."

'While this excellent Woman spoke these Words, *Festeau* 'looked as if he received a Condemnation to die, instead of a 'Pension for his Life. Madam *de Villacerfe* lived till Eight of '[the] Clock the next Night; and tho' she must have laboured 'under the most exquisite Torments, she possessed her Mind 'with so wonderful a Patience, that one may rather say she 'ceased to breathe than she died at that hour. You who had 'not the happiness to be personally known to this Lady, have 'nothing but to rejoyce in the Honour you had of being related 'to so great Merit; but we who have lost her Conversation, 'cannot so easily resign our own Happiness by Reflection 'upon hers.

I am,

SIR,

Your affectionate Kinsman,

and most obedient humble Servant,

Paul Regnaud.

There hardly can be a greater Instance of an Heroick Mind, than the unprejudiced Manner in which this Lady weighed this Misfortune. The regard of Life it self could not make her overlook the Contrition of the unhappy Man, whose more than

Ordinary Concern for her was all his Guilt. It would certainly be of singular Use to human Society to have an exact Account of this Lady's ordinary Conduct, which was Crowned by so uncommon Magnanimity. Such Greatness was not to be acquired in her last Article, nor is it to be doubted but it was a constant Practice of all that is praise-worthy, which made her capable of beholding Death, not as the Dissolution, but Consummation of her Life. T.

No. 369.] *Saturday, May* 3, 1712. [*Addison.*

Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus—— Hor.

MILTON, after having represented in Vision the History of Mankind to the first great Period of Nature, dispatches the remaining part of it in Narration. He has devised a very handsome Reason for the Angel's proceeding with *Adam* after this manner; though doubtless the true Reason was the Difficulty which the Poet would have found to have shadowed out so mixed and complicated a Story in visible Objects. I could wish, however, that the Author had done it, whatever Pains it might have cost him. To give my Opinion freely, I think that the exhibiting part of the History of Mankind in Vision, and part in Narrative, is as if an History-Painter should put in Colours one half of his Subject, and write down the remaining part of it. If *Milton's* Poem flags any where, it is in this Narration, where in some places the Author has been so attentive to his Divinity, that he has neglected his Poetry. The Narration, however, rises very happily on several Occasions, where the Subject is capable of Poetical Ornaments, as particularly in the Confusion which he describes among the Builders of *Babel*, and in his short Sketch of the Plagues of *Egypt*. The Storm of Hail and Fire, with the Darkness that overspread the Land for three Days, are described with great Strength. The beautiful Passage which follows, is raised upon noble Hints in Scripture:

——————*Thus with ten Wounds*
The River-Dragon tamed at length submits
To let his Sojourners depart, and oft
Humbles his stubborn Heart; but still as Ice
More harden'd after Thaw, till in his Rage
Pursuing whom he late dismiss'd, the Sea

Swallows him with his Host, but them lets pass
As on dry Land between two Chrystal Walls,
Aw'd by the Rod of Moses *so to stand*
Divided———

The *River-Dragon* is an Allusion to the Crocodile, which inhabits the *Nile*, from whence *Egypt* derives her Plenty. This Allusion is taken from that Sublime Passage in *Ezekiel*, *Thus saith the Lord God, behold I am against thee*, Pharaoh *King of* Egypt, *the great Dragon that lieth in the midst of his Rivers, which hath said, my River is mine own, and I have made it for my self.* *Milton* has given us another very noble and poetical Image in the same Description, which is copied almost Word for Word out of the History of *Moses*.

All Night he will pursue, but his Approach
Darkness defends between till morning Watch;
Then through the fiery Pillar and the Cloud
God looking forth, will trouble all his Host,
And craze their Chariot Wheels: *when by command*
Moses *once more his potent Rod extends*
Over the Sea: the Sea his Rod obeys:
On their embattell'd Ranks the Waves return
And overwhelm their War———

As the principal Design of this *Episode* was to give *Adam* an Idea of the Holy Person, who was to reinstate human Nature in that Happiness and Perfection from which it had fallen, the Poet confines himself to the Line of *Abraham*, from whence the *Messiah* was to Descend. The Angel is described as seeing the Patriarch actually travelling towards the *Land of Promise*, which gives a particular Liveliness to this part of the Narration.

I see him, but thou canst not, with what Faith
He leaves his Gods, his Friends, his Native Soil,
Ur *of* Chaldæa, *passing now the Ford*
To Haran, *after him a cumbrous Train*
Of Herds and Flocks, and numerous Servitude;
Not wand'ring poor, but trusting all his Wealth
With God, who call'd him, in a Land unknown.
Canaan *he now attains, I see his Tents*
Pitch'd about Sechem, *and the neighbouring Plain*
Of Moreh, *there by Promise he receives*
Gifts to his Progeny of all that Land,
From Hamath *Northward to the Desart South.*
(*Things by their Names I call, though yet unnamed.*)

As *Virgil's* Vision in the sixth *Æneid* probably gave *Milton* the Hint of this whole *Episode*, the last Line is a Translation of that Verse, where *Anchises* mentions the Names of Places, which they were to bear hereafter.

Hæc tum nomina erunt, nunc sunt sine nomine terræ.

The Poet has very finely represented the Joy and Gladness of Heart which rises in *Adam* upon his discovery of the Messiah. As he sees his Day at a distance through Types and Shadows, he rejoices in it: but when he finds the Redemption of Man compleated, and *Paradise* again renewed, he breaks forth in Rapture and Transport;

O Goodness infinite, Goodness immense!
That all this Good of Evil shall produce, &c.

I have hinted in my sixth Paper on *Milton*, that an Heroick Poem, according to the Opinion of the best Criticks, ought to end happily, and leave the Mind of the Reader, after having conducted it through many Doubts and Fears, Sorrows and Disquietudes, in a State of Tranquility and Satisfaction. *Milton's* Fable, which had so many other Qualifications to recommend it, was deficient in this Particular. It is here therefore, that the Poet has shewn a most exquisite Judgment, as well as the finest Invention, by finding out a Method to supply this natural Defect in his Subject. Accordingly he leaves the Adversary of Mankind, in the last View which he gives us of him, under the lowest State of Mortification and Disappointment. We see him chewing Ashes, grovelling in the Dust, and loaden with supernumerary Pains and Torments. On the contrary, our two first Parents are comforted by Dreams and Visions, cheared with Promises of Salvation, and, in a manner, raised to a greater Happiness than that which they had forfeited: In short, *Satan* is represented miserable in the height of his Triumphs, and *Adam* triumphant in the height of Misery.

Milton's Poem ends very nobly. The last Speeches of *Adam* and the Arch-Angel are full of Moral and Instructive Sentiments. The Sleep that fell upon *Eve*, and the Effects it had in quieting the Disorders of her Mind, produces the same kind of Consolation in the Reader, who cannot peruse the last beautiful Speech which is ascribed to the Mother of Mankind, without a secret Pleasure and Satisfaction.

Whence thou return'st, and whither went'st, I know;
For God is also in Sleep, and Dreams advise,
Which he hath sent propitious, some great Good
Presaging, since with Sorrow and Heart's Distress
Wearied I fell asleep: but now lead on;
In me is no delay: with thee to go,
Is to stay here; without thee here to stay,
Is to go hence unwilling: thou to me
Art all things under Heav'n, all Places thou,
Who for my wilful Crime art banish'd hence.

This farther Consolation yet secure
I carry hence; though all by me is lost,
Such Favour, I unworthy, am vouchsafed,
By me the promised Seed shall all restore.

The following Lines, which conclude the Poem, rise in a most glorious Blaze of Poetical Images and Expressions.

Heliodorus in his *Æthiopicks* acquaints us, that the Motion of the Gods differs from that of Mortals, as the former do not stir their Feet, nor proceed Step by Step, but slide o'er the Surface of the Earth by an uniform Swimming of the whole Body. The Reader may observe with how Poetical a Description *Milton* has attributed the same kind of Motion to the Angels who were to take Possession of *Paradise.*

So spake our Mother Eve, *and* Adam *heard*
Well pleas'd, but answer'd not; for now too nigh
Th' Archangel stood, and from the other Hill
To their fix'd Station, all in bright Array
The Cherubim descended; on the Ground
Gliding meteorous, as evening Mist
Ris'n from a River, o'er the Marish glides,
And gathers ground fast at the Lab'rer's Heel
Homeward returning. High in Front advanc'd,
The brandish'd Sword of God before them blaz'd
Fierce as a Comet————

The Author helped his Invention in the following Passage, by reflecting on the Behaviour of the Angel, who, in Holy Writ, has the Conduct of *Lot* and his Family. The Circumstances drawn from that Relation are very gracefully made use of on this Occasion.

In either Hand the hastning Angel caught
Our lingring Parents, and to th' Eastern Gate
Led them direct; and down the Cliff as fast
To the subjected Plain; then disappear'd.
They looking back, &c.

The [Scene[1]] which our first Parents are surprized with, upon their looking back on *Paradise*, wonderfully strikes the Reader's Imagination, as nothing can be more natural than the Tears they shed on that Occasion.

They looking back, all th' Eastern side beheld
Of Paradise, *so late their happy Seat,*
Wav'd over by that flaming Brand, the Gate
With dreadful Faces throng'd and fiery Arms:
Some natural Tears they dropp'd, but wiped them soon;
The World was all before them, where to chuse
Their Place of Rest, and Providence their Guide.

If I might presume to offer at the smallest Alteration in

[1] [Prospect]

this divine Work, I should think the Poem would end better with the Passage here quoted, than with the two Verses which follow:

They hand in hand, with wandering Steps and slow,
Through Eden *took their solitary Way.*

These two Verses, though they have their Beauty, fall very much below the foregoing Passage, and renew in the Mind of the Reader that Anguish which was pretty well laid by that Consideration,

The world was all before them, where to chuse
Their Place of Rest, and Providence their Guide.

The Number of Books in *Paradise Lost* is equal to those of the *Æneid.* Our Author in his first Edition had divided his Poem into ten Books, but afterwards broke the seventh and the eleventh each of them into two different Books, by the help of some small Additions. This second Division was made with great Judgment, as any one may see who will be at the pains of examining it. It was not done for the sake of such a Chimerical Beauty as that of resembling *Virgil* in this particular, but for the more just and regular Disposition of this great Work.

Those who have read *Bossu*, and many of the Criticks who have written since his Time, will not pardon me if I do not find out the particular Moral which is inculcated in *Paradise Lost.* Though I can by no means think, with the last mentioned *French* Author, that an Epick Writer first of all pitches upon a certain Moral, as the Ground-Work and Foundation of his Poem, and afterwards finds out a Story to it: I am, however, of opinion, that no just Heroick Poem ever was or can be made, from whence one great Moral may not be deduced. That which reigns in *Milton*, is the most universal and most useful that can be imagined; it is in short this, *That Obedience to the Will of God makes Men happy, and that Disobedience makes them miserable.* This is visibly the Moral of the principal Fable, which turns upon *Adam* and *Eve*, who continued in *Paradise*, while they kept the command that was given them, and were driven out of it as soon as they had transgressed. This is likewise the Moral of the principal Episode, which shews us how an innumerable Multitude of Angels fell from their State of Bliss, and were cast into Hell upon their Disobedience. Besides this great Moral, which may be looked upon as the Soul of the Fable, there are an Infinity of Under-Morals which are to be drawn from the several parts of the

Poem, and which makes this Work more useful and Instructive than any other Poem in any Language.

Those who have criticized on the *Odyssey*, the *Iliad*, and *Æneid*, have taken a great deal of Pains to fix the Number of Months and Days contained in the Action of each of those Poems. If any one thinks it worth his while to examine this Particular in *Milton*, he will find that from *Adam's* first Appearance in the fourth Book, to his Expulsion from *Paradise* in the twelfth, the Author reckons ten Days. As for that part of the Action which is described in the three first Books, as it does not pass within the Regions of Nature, I have before observed that it is not subject to any Calculations of Time.

I have now finished my Observations on a Work which does an Honour to the *English* Nation. I have taken a general View of it under these four Heads, the Fable, the Characters, the Sentiments, and the Language, and made each of them the Subject of a particular Paper. I have in the next Place spoken of the Censures which our Author may incur under each of these Heads, which I have confined to two Papers, though I might have enlarged the Number, if I had been disposed to dwell on so ungrateful a Subject. I believe, however, that the severest Reader will not find any little Fault in Heroick Poetry, which this Author has fallen into, that does not come under one of those Heads among which I have distributed his several Blemishes. After having thus treated at large of *Paradise Lost*, I could not think it sufficient to have celebrated this Poem in the whole, without descending to Particulars. I have therefore bestowed a Paper upon each Book, and endeavoured not only to [prove [1]] that the Poem is beautiful in general, but to point out its Particular Beauties, and to determine wherein they consist. I have endeavoured to shew how some Passages are beautiful by being Sublime, others by being Soft, others by being Natural; which of them are recommended by the Passion, which by the Moral, which by the Sentiment, and which by the Expression. I have likewise endeavoured to shew how the Genius of the Poet shines by a happy Invention, a distant Allusion, or a judicious Imitation; how he has copied or improved *Homer* or *Virgil*, and raised his own Imaginations by the Use which he has made of several Poetical Passages in Scripture. I might have inserted also several Passages of *Tasso*, which our Author [has [2]] imitated; but as I do not look upon *Tasso* to be a sufficient Voucher, I would not perplex my Reader with such Quotations,

[1] [shew]

[2] [has likewise]

as might do more Honour to the *Italian* than the *English* Poet. In short, I have endeavoured to particularize those innumerable kinds of Beauty, which it would be tedious to recapitulate, but which are essential to Poetry, and which may be met with in the Works of this great Author. Had I thought, at my first engaging in this design, that it would have led me to so great a length, I believe I should never have entered upon it; but the kind Reception which it has met with among those whose Judgments I have a value for, as well as the uncommon Demands which my Bookseller tells me have been made for these particular Discourses, give me no reason to repent of the Pains I have been at in composing them. L.

No. 370.] *Monday, May* 5, 1712. [*Steele.*

Totus Mundus agit Histrionem.

MANY of my fair Readers, as well as very gay and well-received Persons of the other Sex, are extremely perplexed at the *Latin* Sentences at the Head of my Speculations; I do not know whether I ought not to indulge them with Translations of each of them: However, I have to-day taken down from the Top of the Stage in *Drury-Lane* a bit of *Latin* which often stands in their View, and signifies that *the whole World acts the Player.* It is certain that if we look all round us, and behold the different Employments of Mankind, you hardly see one who is not, as the Player is, in an assumed Character. The Lawyer, who is vehement and loud in a Cause wherein he knows he has not the Truth of the Question on his Side, is a Player as to the personated Part, but incomparably meaner than he as to the Prostitution of himself for Hire; because the Pleader's Falshood introduces Injustice, the Player feigns for no other end but to divert or instruct you. The Divine, whose Passions transport him to say any thing with any View but promoting the Interests of true Piety and Religion, is a Player with a still greater Imputation of Guilt, in proportion to his depreciating a Character more sacred. Consider all the different Pursuits and Employments of Men, and you will find half their Actions tend to nothing else but Disguise and Imposture; and all that is done which proceeds not from a Man's very self, is the Action of a Player. For this Reason it is that I make so frequent mention of the Stage: It is, with

me, a Matter of the highest Consideration what Parts are well or ill performed, what Passions or Sentiments are indulged or cultivated, and consequently what Manners and Customs are transfused from the Stage to the World, which reciprocally imitate each other. As the Writers of Epick Poems introduce shadowy Persons, and represent Vices and Virtues under the Characters of Men and Women; so I, who am a SPECTATOR in the World, may perhaps sometimes make use of the Names of the Actors on the Stage, to represent or admonish those who transact Affairs in the World. When I am commending *Wilks* for representing the Tenderness of a Husband and a Father in *Mackbeth*, the Contrition of a reformed Prodigal in *Harry* the Fourth, the winning Emptiness of a young Man of Good-nature and Wealth in *the Trip to the Jubilee*,[1] the Officiousness of an artful Servant in the *Fox*:[2] when thus I celebrate *Wilks*, I talk to all the World who are engaged in any of those Circumstances. If I were to speak of Merit neglected, misapplied, or misunderstood, might not I say *Estcourt* has a great Capacity? But it is not the Interest of others who bear a Figure on the Stage that his Talents were understood; it is their Business to impose upon him what cannot become him, or keep out of his hands any thing in which he would Shine. Were one to raise a Suspicion of himself in a Man who passes upon the World for a fine Thing, in order to alarm him, one might say, if Lord *Foppington*[3] were not on the Stage, (*Cibber* acts the false Pretensions to a genteel Behaviour so very justly), he would have in the generality of Mankind more that would admire than deride him. When we come to Characters directly Comical, it is not to be imagin'd what Effect a well-regulated Stage would have upon Men's Manners. The Craft of an Usurer, the Absurdity of a rich Fool, the awkward Roughness of a Fellow of half Courage, the ungraceful Mirth of a Creature of half Wit, might be for ever put out of Countenance by proper Parts for *Dogget*. *Johnson* by acting *Corbacchio*[4] the other Night, must have given all who saw him a thorough Detestation of aged Avarice. The Petulancy of a peevish old Fellow, who loves and hates he knows not why, is very excellently performed by the Ingenious Mr. *William Penkethman* in *the Fop's Fortune*;[5] where, in the Character of *Don Cholerick Snap Shorto*

[1] Farquhar's *Constant Couple*, or *A Trip to the Jubilee*.
[2] Ben Jonson's *Volpone*.
[3] In Colley Cibber's *Careless Husband*.
[4] In Ben Jonson's *Volpone*.
[5] Cibber's *Love makes a Man*, or *The Fop's Fortune*.

de Testy, he answers no Questions but to those whom he likes, and wants no account of any thing from those he approves. Mr. *Penkethman* is also Master of as many Faces in the Dumb-Scene as can be expected from a Man in the Circumstances of being ready to perish out of Fear and Hunger: He wonders throughout the whole Scene very masterly, without neglecting his Victuals. If it be, as I have heard it sometimes mentioned, a great Qualification for the World to follow Business and Pleasure too, what is it in the Ingenious Mr. *Penkethman* to represent a Sense of Pleasure and Pain at the same time; as you may see him do this Evening?[1]

As it is certain that a Stage ought to be wholly suppressed, or judiciously encouraged, while there is one in the Nation, Men turned for regular Pleasure cannot employ their Thoughts more usefully, for the Diversion of Mankind, than by convincing them that it is in themselves to raise this Entertainment to the greatest Height. It would be a great Improvement, as well as Embellishment to the Theatre, if Dancing were more regarded, and taught to all the Actors. One who has the Advantage of such an agreeable girlish Person as Mrs. *Bicknell*, joined with her Capacity of Imitation, could in proper Gesture and Motion represent all the decent Characters of Female Life. An amiable Modesty in one Aspect of a Dancer, an assumed Confidence in another, a sudden Joy in another, a falling off with an Impatience of being beheld, a Return towards the Audience with an unsteady Resolution to approach them, and a well-acted Sollicitude to please, would revive in the Company all the fine Touches of Mind raised in observing all the Objects of Affection or Passion they had before beheld. Such elegant Entertainments as these, would polish the Town into Judgment in their Gratifications; and Delicacy in Pleasure is the first step People of Condition take in Reformation from Vice. Mrs.

[1] For the Benefit of Mr. Penkethman. At the Desire of Several Ladies of Quality. By Her Majesty's Company of Comedians. At the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane, this present Monday, being the 5th of May, will be presented a Comedy called Love makes a Man, or The Fop's Fortune. The Part of Don Lewis, *alias* Don Choleric Snap Shorto de Testy, by Mr. Penkethman; Carlos, Mr. Wilks; Clodio, *alias* Don Dismallo Thick-Scullo de Half Witto, Mr. Cibber; and all the other Parts to the best Advantage. With a new Epilogue, spoken by Mr. Penkethman, riding on an Ass. By her Majesty's Command no Persons are to be admitted behind the Scenes. And To-Morrow, being Tuesday, will be presented, A Comedy call'd The Constant Couple, or A Trip to the Jubilee. *For the Benefit of Mrs. Bicknell.* To do as kind a service to Mrs. Bicknell as to Mr. Penkethman on the occasion of their benefits is the purpose of the next paragraph of Steele's Essay.

Bicknell has the only Capacity for this sort of Dancing of any on the Stage; and I dare say all who see her Performance to-morrow Night, when sure the Romp will do her best for her own Benefit, will be of my Mind. T.

No. 371.] *Tuesday, May* 6, 1712. [*Addison.*

Jamne igitur laudas quod se sapientibus unus
Ridebat? — Juv.

I SHALL communicate to my Reader the following Letter for the Entertainment of this Day.

SIR,

'You know very well that our Nation is more famous for that 'sort of Men who are called *Whims* and *Humourists*, than any 'other Country in the World; for which reason it is observed 'that our *English* Comedy excells that of all other Nations in 'the Novelty and Variety of its Characters.

'Among those innumerable Setts of *Whims* which our 'Country produces, there are none whom I have regarded with 'more Curiosity than those who have invented any particular 'kind of Diversion for the Entertainment of themselves or their 'Friends. My Letter shall single out those who take delight 'in sorting a Company that has something of Burlesque and 'Ridicule in its Appearance. I shall make my self understood 'by the following Example. One of the Wits of the last Age, 'who was a Man of a good Estate,[1] thought he never laid out 'his Money better than in a Jest. As he was one Year at the '*Bath*, observing that in the great Confluence of fine People, 'there were several among them with long Chins, a part of the 'Visage by which he himself was very much distinguished, he 'invited to dinner half a Score of these remarkable Persons 'who had their Mouths in the Middle of their Faces. They 'had no sooner placed themselves about the Table, but they 'began to stare upon one another, not being able to imagine 'what had brought them together. Our *English* Proverb says,

'Tis merry in the Hall,
When Beards wag all.

'It proved so in the Assembly I am now speaking of, who 'seeing so many Peaks of Faces agitated with Eating, Drink-

[1] George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, Dryden's Zimri, and the author of the *Rehearsal*.

'ing, and Discourse, and observing all the Chins that were 'present meeting together very often over the Center of the 'Table, every one grew sensible of the Jest, and came into it 'with so much Good-Humour, that they lived in strict Friend-'ship and Alliance from that Day forward.

'The same Gentleman some time after packed together a 'Set of Oglers, as he called them, consisting of such as had an 'unlucky Cast in their Eyes. His Diversion on this Occasion 'was to see the cross Bows, mistaken Signs, and wrong Con-'nivances that passed amidst so many broken and refracted 'Rays of Sight.

'The third Feast which this merry Gentleman exhibited was 'to the Stammerers, whom he got together in a sufficient Body 'to fill his Table. He had ordered one of his Servants, who 'was placed behind a Skreen, to write down their Table-Talk, 'which was very easie to be done without the help of Short-'hand. It appears by the Notes which were taken, that tho' 'their Conversation never fell, there were not above twenty 'Words spoken during the first Course; that upon serving up 'the second, one of the Company was a quarter of an Hour in 'telling them, that the Ducklins and [Asparagus[1]] were very 'good; and that another took up the same time in declaring 'himself of the same Opinion. This Jest did not, however, go 'off so well as the former; for one of the Guests being a brave 'Man, and fuller of Resentment than he knew how to express, 'went out of the Room, and sent the facetious Inviter a Chal-'lenge in Writing, which though it was afterwards dropp'd by 'the Interposition of Friends, put a Stop to these ludicrous 'Entertainments.

'Now, Sir, I dare say you will agree with me, that as there 'is no Moral in these Jests, they ought to be discouraged, and 'looked upon rather as pieces of Unluckiness than Wit. How-'ever, as it is natural for one Man to refine upon the Thought 'of another, and impossible for any single Person, how great 'soever his Parts may be, to invent an Art, and bring it to its 'utmost Perfection; I shall here give you an account of an 'honest Gentleman of my Acquaintance who upon hearing the 'Character of the Wit above mentioned, has himself assumed 'it, and endeavoured to convert it to the Benefit of Mankind. 'He invited half a dozen of his Friends one day to Dinner, 'who were each of them famous for inserting several redundant 'Phrases in their Discourse, as *d'y' hear me, d'y'e see, that is, 'and so Sir.* Each of the Guests making frequent use of his

[1] [Sparrow-grass] and in first Reprint.

'particular Elegance, appeared so ridiculous to his Neighbour, 'that he could not but reflect upon himself as appearing equally 'ridiculous to the rest of the Company: By this means, before 'they had sat long together, every one talking with the greatest 'Circumspection, and carefully avoiding his favourite Expletive, 'the Conversation was cleared of its Redundancies, and had a 'greater Quantity of Sense, tho' less of Sound in it.

'The same well-meaning Gentleman took occasion, at 'another time, to bring together such of his Friends as were 'addicted to a foolish habitual Custom of Swearing. In order 'to shew the Absurdity of the Practice, he had recourse to the 'Invention above mentioned, having placed an *Amanuensis* in 'a private part of the Room. After the second Bottle, when 'Men open their Minds without Reserve, my honest Friend 'began to take notice of the many sonorous but unnecessary 'Words that had passed in his House since their sitting down 'at Table, and how much good Conversation they had lost by 'giving way to such superfluous Phrases. What a Tax, says 'he, would they have raised for the Poor, had we put the Laws 'in Execution upon one another? Every one of them took 'this gentle Reproof in good part: Upon which he told them, 'that knowing their Conversation would have no Secrets in it, 'he had ordered it to be taken down in Writing, and for the 'humour sake would read it to them, if they pleased. There 'were ten Sheets of it, which might have been reduced to two, 'had there not been those abominable Interpolations I have 'before mentioned. Upon the reading of it in cold Blood, it 'looked rather like a Conference of Fiends than of Men. In 'short, every one trembled at himself upon hearing calmly 'what he had pronounced amidst the Heat and Inadvertency 'of Discourse.

'I shall only mention another Occasion wherein he made 'use of the same Invention to cure a different kind of Men, 'who are the Pests of all polite Conversation, and murder 'Time as much as either of the two former, though they do it 'more innocently; I mean that dull Generation of Story-tellers. 'My Friend got together about half a dozen of his Acquaint-'ance, who were infected with this strange Malady. The first 'Day one of them sitting down, entered upon the Siege of '*Namur*, which lasted till four a-clock, their time of parting. 'The second Day a *North-Britain* took possession of the 'Discourse, which it was impossible to get out of his Hands 'so long as the Company staid together. The third Day was 'engrossed after the same manner by a Story of the same

'length. They at last began to reflect upon this barbarous 'way of treating one another, and by this means awakened out 'of that Lethargy with which each of them had been seized for 'several Years.

'As you have somewhere declared, that extraordinary and 'uncommon Characters of Mankind are the Game which you 'delight in, and as I look upon you to be the greatest Sports-'man, or, if you please, the *Nimrod* among this Species of 'Writers, I thought this Discovery would not be unacceptable 'to you.

I am,
I. *SIR*, &c.

No. 372.] *Wednesday, May* 7, 1712. [*Steele.*

——————*Pudet hæc opprobria nobis*
[*Et dici potuisse et non potuisse refelli.*]—Ovid.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *May* 6, 1712.

'I AM Sexton of the Parish of *Covent-Garden*, and com-'plained to you some time ago, that as I was tolling in to 'Prayers at Eleven in the Morning, Crowds of People of 'Quality hastened to assemble at a Puppet-Show on the other 'Side of the Garden. I had at the same time a very great 'Disesteem for Mr. *Powell* and his little thoughtless Common-'wealth, as if they had enticed the Gentry into those Wand-'rings: But let that be as it will, I now am convinced of the 'honest Intentions of the said Mr. *Powell* and Company; and 'send this to acquaint you, that he has given all the Profits 'which shall arise to-morrow Night by his Play to the use of 'the poor Charity-Children of this Parish. I have been in-'formed, Sir, that in *Holland* all Persons who set up any Show, 'or act any Stage-Play, be the Actors either of Wood and Wire, 'or Flesh and Blood, are obliged to pay out of their Gain such 'a Proportion to the honest and industrious Poor in the Neigh-'bourhood: By this means they make Diversion and Pleasure 'pay a Tax to Labour and Industry. I have been told also, 'that all the time of *Lent*, in Roman Catholick Countries, 'the Persons of Condition administred to the Necessities of 'the Poor, and attended the Beds of Lazars and diseased 'Persons. Our Protestant Ladies and Gentlemen are so much 'to seek for proper ways of passing Time, that they are obliged 'to *Punchinello* for knowing what to do with themselves. 'Since the Case is so, I desire only you would intreat our

'People of Quality, who are not to be interrupted in their 'Pleasure to think of the Practice of any moral Duty, that they 'would at least fine for their Sins, and give something to these 'poor Children; a little out of their Luxury and Superfluity, 'would attone, in some measure, for the wanton Use of the 'rest of their Fortunes. It would not, methinks, be amiss, if 'the Ladies who haunt the Cloysters and Passages of the Play-'house, were upon every Offence obliged to pay to this excel-'lent Institution of Schools of Charity: This Method would 'make Offenders themselves do Service to the Publick. But 'in the mean time I desire you would publish this voluntary 'Reparation which Mr. *Powell* does our Parish, for the Noise 'he has made in it by the constant rattling of Coaches, Drums, 'Trumpets, Triumphs, and Battels. The Destruction of *Troy* 'adorned with Highland Dances, are to make up the Enter-'tainment of all who are so well disposed as not to forbear a 'light Entertainment, for no other Reason but that it is to do a 'good Action.

I am, SIR,
Your most humble Servant,
Ralph Bellfry.

'I am credibly informed, that all the Insinuations which a 'certain Writer made against Mr. *Powell* at the *Bath*, are false 'and groundless.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'My Employment, which is that of a Broker, leading me 'often into Taverns about the *Exchange*, has given me occasion 'to observe a certain Enormity, which I shall here submit to 'your Animadversion. In three or four of these Taverns, I 'have, at different times, taken notice of a precise Set of 'People with grave Countenances, short Wiggs, black Cloaths, 'or dark Camlet trimm'd with Black, and mourning Gloves 'and Hatbands, who meet on certain Days at each Tavern 'successively, and keep a sort of moving Club. Having often 'met with their Faces, and observed a certain slinking Way in 'their dropping in one after another, I had the Curiosity to 'enquire into their Characters, being the rather moved to it by 'their agreeing in the Singularity of their Dress; and I find 'upon due Examination they are a Knot of Parish-Clarks, who 'have taken a fancy to one another, and perhaps settle the 'Bills of Mortality over their Half-pints. I have so great a 'Value and Veneration for any who have but even an assenting '*Amen* in the Service of Religion, that I am afraid lest these

'Persons should incur some Scandal by this Practice; and 'would therefore have them, without Raillery, advised to send 'the Florence and Pullets home to their own Houses, and not 'pretend to live as well as the Overseers of the Poor.

I am, SIR,
Your most humble Servant,
Humphry Transfer.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *May* 6.

'I was last *Wednesday* Night at a Tavern in the City, among 'a Set of Men who call themselves the *Lawyers Club*. You 'must know, Sir, this Club consists only of Attorneys; and at 'this Meeting every one proposes the Cause he has then in 'hand to the Board, upon which each Member gives his Judg- 'ment according to the Experience he has met with. If it 'happens that any one puts a Case of which they have had no 'Precedent, it is noted down by their Clerk *Will. Goosequill*, '(who registers all their Proceedings) that one of them may 'go the next Day with it to a Counsel. This indeed is com- 'mendable, and ought to be the principal End of their Meet- 'ing; but had you been there to have heard them relate their 'Methods of managing a Cause, their Manner of drawing out 'their Bills, and, in short, their Arguments upon the several 'ways of abusing their Clients, with the Applause that is given 'to him who has done it most artfully, you would before now 'have given your Remarks on them. They are so conscious 'that their Discourses ought to be kept secret, that they are 'very cautious of admitting any Person who is not of their 'Profession. When any who are not of the Law are let in, 'the Person who introduces him, says, he is a very honest 'Gentleman, and he is taken in, as their Cant is, to pay Costs. 'I am admitted upon the Recommendation of one of their 'Principals, as *a very honest good-natured Fellow* that will never 'be in a Plot, and only desires to drink his Bottle and smoke 'his Pipe. You have formerly remarked upon several Sorts 'of Clubs; and as the Tendency of this is only to increase 'Fraud and Deceit, I hope you will please to take Notice of it.

I am (*with Respect*)
Your humble Servant,
T. H. R.

No. 373.] *Thursday, May* 8, 1712. [*Budgell.*

[*Fallit enim Vitium specie virtutis et umbra.*—Juv.[1]]

MR. *LOCKE*, in his Treatise of Human Understanding, has spent two Chapters upon the Abuse of Words.[2] The first and most palpable Abuse of Words, he says, is, when they are used without clear and distinct Ideas: The second, when we are so inconstant and unsteady in the Application of them, that we sometimes use them to signify one Idea, sometimes another. He adds, that the Result of our Contemplations and Reasonings, while we have no precise Ideas fixed to our Words, must needs be very confused and absurd. To avoid this Inconvenience, more especially in moral Discourses, where the same Word should constantly be used in the same Sense, he earnestly recommends the use of Definitions. *A Definition*, says he, *is the only way whereby the precise Meaning of Moral Words can be known.* He therefore accuses those of great Negligence, who Discourse of Moral things with the least Obscurity in the Terms they make use of, since upon the forementioned ground he does not scruple to say, that he thinks *Morality is capable of Demonstration as well as the Mathematicks.*

I know no two Words that have been more abused by the different and wrong Interpretations which are put upon them, than those two, *Modesty* and *Assurance.* To say such an one is *a modest Man*, sometimes indeed passes for a good Character; but at present is very often used to signify a sheepish awkard Fellow, who has neither Good-breeding, Politeness, nor any Knowledge of the World.

Again, *A Man of Assurance*, tho' at first it only denoted a Person of a free and open Carriage, is now very usually applied to a profligate Wretch, who can break through all the Rules of Decency and Morality without a Blush.

I shall endeavour therefore in this Essay to restore these Words to their true Meaning, to prevent the Idea of *Modesty*

[1] [—— *Strabonem*
Appellat pætum pater; et pullum, male parvus
Si cui filius est; ut abortivus fuit olim
Sisyphus: hunc varum, distortis cruribus; illum
Balbutit scaurum, pravis fultum malè talis.—Hor.]

[2] Book III., Chapters 10, 11. Words are the subject of this book; ch. 10 is on the Abuse of Words; ch. 11 of the Remedies of the foregoing imperfections and abuses.

from being confounded with that of *Sheepishness*, and to hinder *Impudence* from passing for *Assurance*.

If I was put to define *Modesty*, I would call it *The Reflection of an Ingenuous Mind, either when a Man has committed an Action for which he censures himself, or fancies that he is exposed to the Censure of others.*

For this Reason a Man truly Modest is as much so when he is alone as in Company, and as subject to a Blush in his Closet, as when the Eyes of Multitudes are upon him.

I do not remember to have met with any Instance of Modesty with which I am so well pleased, as that celebrated one of the young Prince, whose Father being a tributary King to the *Romans*, had several Complaints laid against him before the Senate, as a Tyrant and Oppressor of his Subjects. The Prince went to *Rome* to defend his Father; but coming into the Senate, and hearing a Multitude of Crimes proved upon him, was so oppressed when it came to his turn to speak, that he was unable to utter a Word. The Story tells us, that the Fathers were more moved at this Instance of Modesty and Ingenuity, than they could have been by the most Pathetick Oration; and, in short, pardoned the guilty Father for this early Promise of Virtue in the Son.

I take *Assurance* to be *the Faculty of possessing a Man's self*, or *of saying and doing indifferent things without any Uneasiness or Emotion in the Mind.* That which generally gives a Man Assurance is a moderate Knowledge of the World, but above all a Mind fixed and determined in it self to do nothing against the Rules of Honour and Decency. An open and assured Behaviour is the natural Consequence of such a Resolution. A Man thus armed, if his Words or Actions are at any time misinterpreted, retires within himself, and from the Consciousness of his own Integrity, assumes Force enough to despise the little Censures of Ignorance or Malice.

Every one ought to cherish and encourage in himself the Modesty and Assurance I have here mentioned.

A Man without Assurance is liable to be made uneasy by the Folly or Ill-nature of every one he converses with. A Man without Modesty is lost to all Sense of Honour and Virtue.

It is more than probable, that the Prince above-mentioned possessed both these Qualifications in a very eminent degree. Without Assurance he would never have undertaken to speak before the most august Assembly in the World; without Modesty he would have pleaded the Cause he had taken upon him, tho' it had appeared ever so Scandalous.

From what has been said, it is plain, that Modesty and Assurance are both amiable, and may very well meet in the same Person. When they are thus mixed and blended together, they compose what we endeavour to express when we say *a modest Assurance;* by which we understand the just Mean between Bashfulness and Impudence.

I shall conclude with observing, that as the same Man may be both Modest and Assured, so it is also possible for the same Person to be both Impudent and Bashful.

We have frequent Instances of this odd kind of Mixture in People of depraved Minds and mean Education; who tho' they are not able to meet a Man's Eyes, or pronounce a Sentence without Confusion, can Voluntarily commit the greatest Villanies, or most indecent Actions.

Such a Person seems to have made a Resolution to do Ill even in spite of himself, and in defiance of all those Checks and Restraints his Temper and Complection seem to have laid in his way.

Upon the whole, I would endeavour to establish this Maxim, That the Practice of *Virtue* is the most proper Method to give a Man a becoming Assurance in his Words and Actions. *Guilt* always seeks to shelter it self in one of the Extreams, and is sometimes attended with both. X.

No. 374.] *Friday, May* 9, 1712. [*Steele.*

Nil actum reputans si quid superesset agendum.—Luc.

THERE is a Fault, which, tho' common, wants a Name. It is the very contrary to Procrastination: As we lose the present Hour by delaying from Day to Day to execute what we ought to do immediately; so most of us take Occasion to sit still and throw away the Time in our Possession, by Retrospect on what is past, imagining we have already acquitted our selves, and established our Characters in the sight of Mankind. But when we thus put a Value upon our selves for what we have already done, any further than to explain our selves in order to assist our future Conduct, that will give us an over-weening opinion of our Merit to the prejudice of our present Industry. The great Rule, methinks, should be to manage the Instant in which we stand, with Fortitude, Equanimity, and Moderation, according to Mens respective Circumstances. If our past

Actions reproach us, they cannot be attoned for by our own severe Reflections so effectually as by a contrary Behaviour. If they are praiseworthy, the Memory of them is of no use but to act suitably to them. Thus a good present Behaviour is an implicit Repentance for any Miscarriage in what is past; but present Slackness will not make up for past Activity. Time has swallowed up all that we Contemporaries did Yesterday, as irrevocably as it has the Actions of the Antediluvians: But we are again awake, and what shall we do to-Day, to-Day which passes while we are yet speaking? Shall we remember the Folly of last Night, or resolve upon the Exercise of Virtue to-morrow? Last Night is certainly gone, and To-morrow may never arrive: This Instant make use of. Can you oblige any Man of Honour and Virtue? Do it immediately. Can you visit a sick Friend? Will it revive him to see you enter, and suspend your own Ease and Pleasure to comfort his Weakness, and hear the Impertinencies of a Wretch in Pain? Don't stay to take Coach, but be gone. Your Mistress will bring Sorrow, and your Bottle Madness: Go to neither.———Such Virtues and Diversions as these are mentioned because they occur to all Men. But every Man is sufficiently convinced, that to suspend the use of the present Moment, and resolve better for the future only, is an unpardonable Folly: What I attempted to consider, was the Mischief of setting such a Value upon what is past, as to think we have done enough. Let a Man have filled all the Offices of Life with the highest Dignity till Yesterday, and begin to live only to himself to-Day, he must expect he will in the Effects upon his Reputation be considered as the Man who died Yesterday. The Man who distinguishes himself from the rest, stands in a Press of People; those before him intercept his Progress, and those behind him, if he does not urge on, will tread him down. *Cæsar*, of whom it was said, *that he thought nothing done while there was anything left for him to do*, went on in performing the greatest Exploits, without assuming to himself a Privilege of taking Rest upon the Foundation of the Merit of his former Actions. It was the manner of that glorious Captain to write down what Scenes he passed through, but it was rather to keep his Affairs in Method, and capable of a clear Review in case they should be examined by others, than that he built a Renown upon any thing which was past. I shall produce two Fragments of his to demonstrate, that it was his Rule of Life to support himself rather by what he should perform than what he had done already. In the Tablet which he wore about him the same Year, in which he obtained the Battel of *Pharsalia*, there

were found these loose Notes for his own Conduct: It is supposed, by the Circumstances they alluded to, that they might be set down the Evening of the same Night.

'My Part is now but begun, and my Glory must be sustained 'by the Use I make of this Victory; otherwise my Loss will be 'greater than that of *Pompey*. Our personal Reputation will 'rise or fall as we bear our respective Fortunes. All my private 'Enemies among the Prisoners shall be spared. I will forget 'this, in order to obtain such another Day. *Trebutius* is 'ashamed to see me: I will go to his Tent, and be reconciled 'in private. Give all the Men of Honour, who take part with 'me, the Terms I offered before the Battel. Let them owe this 'to their Friends who have been long in my Interests. Power 'is weakened by the full Use of it, but extended by Moderation. '*Galbinius* is proud, and will be servile in his present Fortune; 'let him wait. Send for *Stertinius:* He is modest, and his 'Virtue is worth gaining. I have cooled my Heart with 'Reflection; and am fit to rejoice with the Army to-morrow. 'He is a popular General who can expose himself like a private 'Man during a Battel; but he is more popular who can rejoice 'but like a private Man after a Victory.

What is particularly proper for the Example of all who pretend to Industry in the Pursuit of Honour and Virtue, is, That this Hero was more than ordinarily sollicitous about his Reputation, when a common Mind would have thought it self in Security, and given it self a Loose to Joy and Triumph. But though this is a very great Instance of his Temper, I must confess I am more taken with his Reflections when he retired to his Closet in some Disturbance upon the repeated ill Omens of *Calphurnia's* Dream the Night before his Death. The literal Translation of that Fragment shall conclude this Paper.

'Be it so [then.][1] If I am to die to-Morrow, that is what I 'am to do to-Morrow: It will not be then, because I am willing 'it should be then; nor shall I escape it, because I am unwill-'ing. It is in the Gods when, but in my self how I shall die. 'If *Calphurnia's* Dreams are Fumes of Indigestion, how shall I 'behold the Day after to-morrow? If they are from the Gods, 'their Admonition is not to prepare me to escape from their 'Decree, but to meet it. I have lived to a Fulness of Days and 'of Glory; what is there that *Cæsar* has not done with as much 'Honour as antient Heroes? *Cæsar* has not yet died; *Cæsar* 'is prepared to die. T.

[1] [than].

No. 375.] *Saturday, May* 10, 1712. [*Hughes.*

Non possidentem multa vocaveris
Rectè beatum: rectiùs occupat
Nomen beati, qui Deorum
Muneribus sapienter uti,
Duramque callet Pauperiem pati,
Pejusque Letho flagitium timet.—Hor.

I HAVE more than once had occasion to mention a noble Saying of *Seneca* the Philosopher, That a virtuous Person struggling with Misfortunes, and rising above them, is an Object on which the Gods themselves may look down with Delight.[1] I shall therefore set before my Reader a Scene of this kind of Distress in private Life, for the Speculation of this Day.

An eminent Citizen, who had lived in good Fashion and Credit, was by a Train of Accidents, and by an unavoidable Perplexity in his Affairs, reduced to a low Condition. There is a Modesty usually attending faultless Poverty, which made him rather chuse to reduce his Manner of Living to his present Circumstances, than sollicit his Friends in order to support the Shew of an Estate when the Substance was gone. His Wife, who was a Woman of Sense and Virtue, behaved her self on this Occasion with uncommon Decency, and never appear'd so amiable in his Eyes as now. Instead of upbraiding him with the ample Fortune she had brought, or the many great Offers she had refused for his sake, she redoubled all the Instances of her Affection, while her Husband was continually pouring out his Heart to her in Complaints that he had ruined the best Woman in the World. He sometimes came home at a time when she did not expect him, and surpriz'd her in Tears, which she endeavour'd to conceal, and always put on an Air of Chearfulness to receive him. To lessen their Expence, their eldest Daughter (whom I shall call *Amanda*) was sent into the Country, to the House of an honest Farmer, who had married a Servant of the Family. This young Woman was apprehensive of the Ruin which was approaching, and had privately engaged a Friend in the Neighbourhood to give her an account of what passed from time to time in her Father's Affairs. *Amanda* was in the Bloom of her Youth and Beauty, when the Lord of the Manor, who often called in at the Farmer's House as he follow'd his Country Sports, fell passionately in love with her. He was a Man of great Generosity, but from a loose Education had

[1] See note on p. 148, vol. i.

contracted a hearty Aversion to Marriage. He therefore entertained a Design upon *Amanda's* Virtue, which at present he thought fit to keep private. The innocent Creature, who never suspected his Intentions. was pleased with his Person; and having observed his growing Passion for her, hoped by so advantageous a Match she might quickly be in a capacity of supporting her impoverish'd Relations. One day as he called to see her, he found her in Tears over a Letter she had just receiv'd from her Friend, which gave an Account that her Father had lately been stripped of every thing by an Execution. The Lover, who with some Difficulty found out the Cause of her Grief, took this occasion to make her a Proposal. It is impossible to express *Amanda's* Confusion when she found his Pretensions were not honourable. She was now deserted of all her Hopes, and had no Power to speak; but rushing from him in the utmost Disturbance, locked her self up in her Chamber. He immediately dispatched a Messenger to her Father with the following Letter.

SIR,

'I have heard of your Misfortune, and have offer'd your 'Daughter, if she will live with me, to settle on her Four 'hundred Pounds a year, and to lay down the Sum for which 'you are now distressed. I will be so ingenuous as to tell you 'that I do not intend Marriage: But if you are wise, you will 'use your Authority with her not to be too nice, when she has 'an opportunity of saving you and your Family, and of making 'her self happy.

I am, &c.

This Letter came to the Hands of *Amanda's* Mother; she open'd and read it with great Surprize and Concern. She did not think it proper to explain her self to the Messenger, but desiring him to call again the next Morning, she wrote to her Daughter as follows.

Dearest Child,

'Your Father and I have just now receiv'd a Letter from a 'Gentleman who pretends Love to you, with a Proposal that 'insults our Misfortunes, and would throw us to a lower Degree 'of Misery than any thing which is come upon us. How could 'this barbarous Man think, that the tenderest of Parents would 'be tempted to supply their Wants by giving up the best of 'Children to Infamy and Ruin? It is a mean and cruel Artifice 'to make this Proposal at a time when he thinks our Necessities 'must compel us to any thing; but we will not eat the Bread

'of Shame; and therefore we charge thee not to think of us, 'but to avoid the Snare which is laid for thy Virtue. Beware 'of pitying us: It is not so bad as you have perhaps been told. 'All things will yet be well, and I shall write my Child better 'News.

'I have been interrupted. I know not how I was moved to 'say things would mend. As I was going on I was startled by 'a Noise of one that knocked at the Door, and hath brought us 'an unexpected Supply of a Debt which had long been owing. 'Oh! I will now tell thee all. It is some days I have lived 'almost without Support, having convey'd what little Money I 'could raise to your poor Father—Thou wilt weep to think 'where he is, yet be assured he will be soon at Liberty. That 'cruel Letter would have broke his Heart, but I have concealed 'it from him. I have no Companion at present besides little '*Fanny*, who stands watching my Looks as I write, and is crying 'for her Sister. She says she is sure you are not well, having 'discover'd that my present Trouble is about you. But do not 'think I would thus repeat my Sorrows, to grieve thee: No, it 'is to intreat thee not to make them insupportable, by adding 'what would be worse than all. Let us bear chearfully an 'Affliction, which we have not brought on our selves, and 'remember there is a Power who can better deliver us out of it 'than by the Loss of thy Innocence. Heaven preserve my dear 'Child.

Thy Affectionate Mother ——

The Messenger, notwithstanding he promised to deliver this Letter to *Amanda*, carry'd it first to his Master, who he imagined would be glad to have an Opportunity of giving it into her Hands himself. His Master was impatient to know the Success of his Proposal, and therefore broke open the Letter privately to see the Contents. He was not a little moved at so true a Picture of Virtue in Distress: But at the same time was infinitely surprized to find his Offers rejected. However, he resolved not to suppress the Letter, but carefully sealed it up again, and carried it to *Amanda*. All his Endeavours to see her were in vain, till she was assured he brought a Letter from her Mother. He would not part with it, but upon Condition that she should read it without leaving the Room. While she was perusing it, he fixed his Eyes on her Face with the deepest Attention: Her Concern gave a new Softness to her Beauty, and when she burst into Tears, he could no longer refrain from bearing a Part of her Sorrow, and telling her, that he too had read the Letter and was resolv'd to make Reparation for having

been the Occasion of it. My Reader will not be displeased to see this Second Epistle which he now wrote to *Amanda's* Mother.

MADAM,

'I am full of Shame, and will never forgive my self, if I have 'not your Pardon for what I lately wrote. It was far from my 'Intention to add Trouble to the Afflicted; nor could any 'thing, but my being a Stranger to you, have betray'd me into a 'Fault, for which, if I live, I shall endeavour to make you 'amends, as a Son. You cannot be unhappy while *Amanda* is 'your Daughter: nor shall be, if any thing can prevent it, which 'is in the power of,

MADAM,

Your most obedient

Humble Servant ———

This Letter he sent by his Steward, and soon after went up to Town himself, to compleat the generous Act he had now resolved on. By his Friendship and Assistance *Amanda's* Father was quickly in a condition of retrieving his perplex'd Affairs. To conclude, he Marry'd *Amanda*, and enjoy'd the double Satisfaction of having restored a worthy Family to their former Prosperity, and of making himself happy by an Alliance to their Virtues.

No. 376.] *Monday, May* 12, 1712. [*Steele.*

———*Pavone ex Pythagoreo.*—Persius.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I HAVE observed that the Officer you some time ago 'appointed as Inspector of Signs, has not done his Duty 'so well as to give you an Account of very many strange 'Occurrences in the publick Streets, which are worthy of, but 'have escaped your Notice. Among all the Oddnesses which 'I have ever met with, that which I am now telling you of gave me 'most Delight. You must have observed that all the Criers in 'the Street attract the Attention of the Passengers, and of the 'Inhabitants in the several Parts, by something very particular 'in their Tone it self, in the dwelling upon a Note, or else 'making themselves wholly unintelligible by a Scream. The 'Person I am so delighted with has nothing to sell, but very 'gravely receives the Bounty of the People, for no other Merit 'but the Homage they pay to his Manner of signifying to them

'that he wants a Subsidy. You must, sure, have heard speak 'of an old Man, who walks about the City, and that part of 'the Suburbs which lies beyond the Tower, performing the 'Office of a *Day-Watchman*, followed by a Goose, which bears 'the Bob of his Ditty, and confirms what he says with a Quack, 'Quack. I gave little heed to the mention of this known 'Circumstance, till, being the other day in those Quarters, I 'passed by a decrepit old Fellow with a Pole in his Hand, who 'just then was bawling out, Half an Hour after one a-Clock, 'and immediately a dirty Goose behind him made her Re-'sponse, Quack, Quack. I could not forbear attending this 'grave Procession for the length of half a Street, with no small 'amazement to find the whole Place so familiarly acquainted with 'a melancholy Mid-night Voice at Noon-day, giving them the 'Hour, and exhorting them of the Departure of Time, with a 'Bounce at their Doors. While I was full of this Novelty, I 'went into a Friend's House, and told him how I was diverted 'with their whimsical Monitor and his Equipage. My Friend 'gave me the History; and interrupted my Commendation of 'the Man, by telling me the Livelihood of these two Animals 'is purchased rather by the good Parts of the Goose, than of 'the Leader: For it seems the Peripatetick who walked before 'her was a Watchman in that Neighbourhood; and the Goose 'of her self by frequent hearing his Tone, out of her natural 'Vigilance, not only observed, but answer'd it very regularly 'from Time to Time. The Watchman was so affected with it, 'that he bought her, and has taken her in Partner, only altering 'their Hours of Duty from Night to Day. The Town has 'come into it, and they live very comfortably. This is the 'Matter of Fact: Now I desire you, who are a profound 'Philosopher, to consider this Alliance of Instinct and Reason; 'your Speculation may turn very naturally upon the Force the 'superior Part of Mankind may have upon the Spirits of such 'as, like this Watchman, may be very near the Standard of 'Geese. And you may add to this practical Observation, how 'in all Ages and Times the World has been carry'd away by 'odd unaccountable things, which one would think would pass 'upon no Creature which had Reason; and, under the Symbol 'of this Goose, you may enter into the Manner and Method of 'leading Creatures, with their Eyes open, thro' thick and thin, 'for they know not what, they know not why.

'All which is humbly submitted to your Spectatorial 'Wisdom, by,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

Michael Gander.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I have for several Years had under my Care the Govern-'ment and Education of young Ladies, which Trust I have 'endeavour'd to discharge with due regard to their several 'Capacities and Fortunes: I have left nothing undone to 'imprint in every one of them an humble courteous Mind, 'accompanied with a graceful becoming Mein, and have made 'them pretty much acquainted with the Houshold Part of Family-'Affairs; but still I find there is something very much wanting 'in the Air of my Ladies, different from what I observe in 'those that are esteemed your fine bred Women. Now, Sir, I 'must own to you, I never suffered my Girls to learn to Dance; 'but since I have read your Discourse of Dancing, where you 'have described the Beauty and Spirit there is in regular 'Motion, I own my self your Convert, and resolve for the 'future to give my young Ladies that Accomplishment. But 'upon imparting my Design to their Parents, I have been made 'very uneasy, for some Time, because several of them have 'declared, that if I did not make use of the Master they 'recommended, they would take away their Children. There 'was Colonel *Jumper's* Lady, a Colonel of the Train-Bands, 'that has a great Interest in her Parish; she recommends Mr. '*Trott* for the prettiest Master in Town, that no Man teaches a 'Jigg like him, that she has seen him rise six or seven Capers 'together with the greatest Ease imaginable, and that his 'Scholars twist themselves more ways than the Scholars of any 'Master in Town: besides there is Madam *Prim*, an Alder-'man's Lady, recommends a Master of her own Name, but she 'declares he is not of their Family, yet a very extraordinary 'Man in his way; for besides a very soft Air he has in 'Dancing, he gives them a particular Behaviour at a Tea-Table, 'and in presenting their Snuff-Box, to twirl, flip, or flirt a Fan, 'and how to place Patches to the best advantage, either for 'Fat or Lean, Long or Oval Faces: for my Lady says there is 'more in these Things than the World Imagines. But I must 'confess the major Part of those I am concern'd with leave 'it to me. I desire therefore, according to the inclosed 'Direction, you would send your Correspondent who has writ to 'you on that Subject to my House. If proper Application this 'way can give Innocence new Charms, and make Virtue legible 'in the Countenance, I shall spare no Charge to make my 'Scholars in their very Features and Limbs bear witness how 'careful I have been in the other Parts of their Education.

I am, SIR, Your most humble Servant,

T. Rachael Watchful.

No. 377.] *Tuesday, May* 13, 1712. [*Addison.*

Quid quisque vitet, nunquam homini satis
Cautum est in horas——— Hor.

LOVE was the Mother of Poetry, and still produces, among the most ignorant and barbarous, a thousand imaginary Distresses and Poetical Complaints. It makes a Footman talk like *Oroondates*, and converts a brutal Rustick into a gentle Swain. The most ordinary Plebeian or Mechanick in Love, bleeds and pines away with a certain Elegance and Tenderness of Sentiments which this Passion naturally inspires.

These inward Languishings of a Mind infected with this Softness, have given birth to a Phrase which is made use of by all the melting Tribe, from the highest to the lowest, I mean that of *dying for Love.*

Romances, which owe their very Being to this Passion, are full of these metaphorical Deaths. Heroes and Heroines, Knights, Squires, and Damsels, are all of them in a dying Condition. There is the same kind of Mortality in our Modern Tragedies, where every one gasps, faints, bleeds and dies. Many of the Poets, to describe the Execution which is done by this Passion, represent the Fair Sex as *Basilisks* that destroy with their Eyes; but I think Mr. *Cowley* has with greater Justness of Thought compared a beautiful Woman to a *Porcupine*, that sends an Arrow from every Part.[1]

I have often thought, that there is no way so effectual for the Cure of this general Infirmity, as a Man's reflecting upon the Motives that produce it. When the Passion proceeds from the Sense of any Virtue or Perfection in the Person beloved, I would by no means discourage it; but if a Man considers that all his heavy Complaints of Wounds and Deaths rise from some little Affectations of Coquetry, which are improved into Charms by his own fond Imagination, the very laying before himself the Cause of his Distemper, may be sufficient to effect the Cure of it.

It is in this view that I have looked over the several Bundles of Letters which I have received from Dying People, and composed out of them the following Bill of Mortality, which I shall lay before my Reader without any further Preface, as hoping that it may be useful to him in discovering those several

[1] *They are all weapon, and they dart*
Like Porcupines from every Part.—Anacreontics, iii.

Places where there is most Danger, and those fatal Arts which are made use of to destroy the Heedless and Unwary.

Lysander, slain at a Puppet-show on the third of *September*.

Thirsis, shot from a Casement in *Pickadilly*.

T. S., wounded by *Zelinda's* Scarlet Stocking, as she was stepping out of a Coach.

Will. Simple, smitten at the Opera by the Glance of an Eye that was aimed at one who stood by him.

Tho. Vainlove, lost his Life at a Ball.

Tim. Tattle, kill'd by the Tap of a Fan on his left Shoulder by *Coquetilla*, as he was talking carelessly with her in a Bow-window.

Sir *Simon Softly*, murder'd at the Play-house in *Drury-lane* by a Frown.

Philander, mortally wounded by *Cleora*, as she was adjusting her Tucker.

Ralph Gapely, Esq., hit by a random Shot at the Ring.

F. R., caught his Death upon the Water, *April* the 31st.

W. W., killed by an unknown Hand, that was playing with the Glove off upon the Side of the Front-Box in *Drury-Lane*.

Sir *Christopher Crazy*, Bart., hurt by the Brush of a Whalebone Petticoat.

Sylvius, shot through the Sticks of a Fan at St. *James's* Church.

Damon, struck thro' the Heart by a Diamond Necklace.

Thomas Trusty, *Francis Goosequill*, *William Meanwell*, *Edward Callow*, Esqrs., standing in a Row, fell all four at the same time, by an Ogle of the Widow *Trapland*.

Tom. Rattle, chancing to tread upon a Lady's Tail as he came out of the Play-house, she turned full upon him, and laid him dead upon the Spot.

Dick Tastewell, slain by a Blush from the Queen's Box in the third Act of the *Trip to the Jubilee*.

Samuel Felt, Haberdasher, wounded in his Walk to *Islington* by Mrs. *Susannah Crossstich*, as she was clambering over a Stile.

R. F., *T. W.*, *S. I.*, *M. P.*, *&c.*, put to Death in the last Birth-Day Massacre.

Roger Blinko, cut off in the Twenty-first Year of his Age by a White-wash.

Musidorus, slain by an Arrow that flew out of a Dimple in *Belinda's* Left Cheek.

Ned Courtly presenting *Flavia* with her Glove (which she had dropped on purpose) she receiv'd it, and took away his Life with a Curtsie.

John Gosselin having received a slight Hurt from a Pair of blue Eyes, as he was making his Escape was dispatch'd by a Smile.

Strephon, killed by *Clarinda* as she looked down into the Pit.

Charles Careless, shot flying by a Girl of Fifteen, who unexpectedly popped her Head upon him out of a Coach.

Josiah Wither, aged threescore and three, sent to his long home by *Elizabeth Jet well*, Spinster.

Jack Freelove, murder'd by *Melissa* in her Hair.

William Wiseaker, Gent., drown'd in a Flood of Tears by *Moll Common*.

John Pleadwell, Esq., of the *Middle Temple*, Barrister at Law, assassinated in his Chambers the sixth Instant by *Kitty Sly*, who pretended to come to him for his Advice. I.

No. 378.] *Wednesday, May* 14, 1712. [*Pope.*

Aggredere, O magnos, aderit jam tempus, honores.—Virg.

I WILL make no Apology for entertaining the Reader with the following Poem, which is written by a great Genius, a Friend of mine, in the Country, who is not asham'd to employ his Wit in the Praise of his Maker.[1]

MESSIAH.

A sacred Eclogue, compos'd of several Passages of Isaiah *the Prophet.*

Written in Imitation of Virgil's POLLIO.

YE Nymphs of *Solyma!* begin the Song:
To heav'nly Themes sublimer Strains belong.
The Mossy Fountains, and the Sylvan Shades,
The Dreams of *Pindus* and th' *Aonian* Maids,
Delight no more—— O Thou my Voice inspire,
Who touch'd *Isaiah's* [hallow'd[2]] Lips with Fire!
RAPT into future Times, the Bard begun;
A *Virgin* shall conceive, a *Virgin* bear a Son!
From *Jesse's* Root behold a Branch arise, Isaiæ, Cap. 11. v. 1.
Whose sacred Flow'r with Fragrance fills the Skies.

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[1] Thus far *Steele.*

[2] [hollow'd]

Th' Æthereal Spirit o'er its Leaves shall move,
And on its Top descends the Mystick Dove.
Ye Heav'ns! from high the dewy Nectar pour, Cap. 45. v. 8.
And in soft Silence shed the kindly Show'r!
The Sick and Weak, the healing Plant shall aid, Cap. 25. v. 4.
From Storms a Shelter, and from Heat a Shade.
All Crimes shall cease, and ancient Fraud shall fail;
Returning Justice lift aloft her Scale; Cap. 9. v. 7.
Peace o'er the World her Olive Wand extend,
And white-rob'd Innocence from Heav'n descend.
Swift fly the Years, and rise th' expected Morn!
Oh spring to Light, Auspicious Babe, be born!
See Nature hastes her earliest Wreaths to bring,
With all the Incense of the breathing Spring:
See lofty *Lebanon* his Head advance, Cap. 35. v. 2.
See nodding Forests on the Mountains dance,
See spicy Clouds from lowly *Sharon* rise,
And *Carmel's* flowry Top perfumes the Skies!
Hark! a glad Voice the lonely Desart chears; Cap. 40. v. 3, 4.
Prepare the Way! a God, a God appears:
A God! a God! the vocal Hills reply,
The Rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
Lo Earth receives him from the bending Skies!
Sink down ye Mountains, and ye Vallies rise!
With Heads declin'd, ye Cedars, Homage pay!
Be smooth ye Rocks, ye rapid Floods give way!
The SAVIOUR comes! by ancient Bards foretold;
Hear him, ye Deaf, and all ye Blind behold! Cap. 42. v. 18.
He from thick Films shall purge the visual Ray, Cap. 35. v. 5, 6.
And on the sightless Eye-ball pour the Day.
'Tis he th' obstructed Paths of Sound shall clear,
And bid new Musick charm th' unfolding Ear,
The Dumb shall sing, the Lame his Crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding Roe;
[No Sigh, no Murmur the wide World shall hear,
From ev'ry Face he wipes off ev'ry Tear.
In Adamantine Chains shall Death be bound, Cap. 25. v. 8.
And Hell's grim Tyrant feel th' eternal Wound.[1]]
As the good Shepherd tends his fleecy Care, Cap. 30. v. 11.
Seeks freshest Pastures and the purest Air,

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[1] [Before him Death, the grisly Tyrant, flies;
He wipes the Tears for ever from our Eyes.]

This was an alteration which Steele had suggested, and in which young Pope had acquiesced. Steele wrote: 'I have turned to every verse and 'chapter, and think you have preserved the sublime, heavenly spirit through-'out the whole, especially at "Hark a glad voice," and "The lamb with 'wolves shall graze." There is but one line which I think is below the 'original,—

'*He wipes the tears for ever from our eyes.*

'You have expressed it with a good and pious but not so exalted and 'poetical a spirit as the prophet: *The Lord God shall wipe away tears from 'off all faces.* If you agree with me in this, alter it by way of paraphrase 'or otherwise, that when it comes into a volume it may be amended.'

Explores the lost, the wandring Sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects;
The tender Lambs he raises in his Arms,
Feeds from his Hand, and in his Bosom warms:
Mankind shall thus his Guardian Care engage,
The promis'd Father of the future Age. Cap. 9. v. 6.
No more shall Nation against Nation rise, Cap. 2. v. 4.
No ardent Warriors meet with hateful Eyes,
Nor Fields with gleaming Steel be cover'd o'er,
The Brazen Trumpets kindle Rage no more;
But useless Lances into Scythes shall bend,
And the broad Falchion in a Plow-share end.
Then Palaces shall rise; the joyful Son Cap. 65. v. 21, 22.
Shall finish what his short-liv'd Sire begun;
Their Vines a Shadow to their Race shall yield,
And the same Hand that sow'd shall reap the Field.
The Swain in barren Desarts with Surprize Cap. 35. v. 1, 7.
Sees Lillies spring, and sudden Verdure rise;
And Starts, amidst the thirsty Wilds, to hear,
New Falls of Water murmuring in his Ear:
On rifted Rocks, the Dragon's late Abodes,
The green Reed trembles, and the Bulrush nods.
Waste sandy Vallies, once perplex'd with Thorn, Cap. 41. v. 19. *and*
The spiry Fir and shapely Box adorn: Cap. 55. v. 13.
To leafless Shrubs the flow'ring Palms succeed,
And od'rous Myrtle to the noisome Weed.
The Lambs with Wolves shall graze the verdant Mead, Cap. 11. v. 6, 7, 8.
And Boys in flowry Bands the Tyger lead;
The Steer and Lion at one Crib shall meet,
And harmless Serpents Lick the Pilgrim's Feet.
The smiling Infant in his Hand shall take
The crested Basilisk and speckled Snake;
Pleas'd, the green Lustre of the Scales survey,
And with their forky Tongue and pointless Sting shall play.
Rise, crown'd with Light, imperial *Salem* rise! Cap. 60. v. 1.
Exalt thy tow'ry Head, and lift thy Eyes!
See, a long Race thy spacious Courts adorn; Cap. 60. v. 4.
See future Sons and Daughters yet unborn
In crowding Ranks on ev'ry side arise,
Demanding Life, impatient for the Skies!
See barb'rous Nations at thy Gates attend, Cap. 60. v. 3.
Walk in thy Light, and in thy Temple bend.
See thy bright Altars throng'd with prostrate Kings,
And heap'd with Products of *Sabæan* Springs! Cap. 60. v. 6.
For thee *Idume's* spicy Forests blow;
And seeds of Gold in *Ophir's* Mountains glow.
See Heav'n its sparkling Portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a Flood of Day!
No more the rising *Sun* shall gild the Morn, Cap. 60. v. 19, 20.
Nor Evening *Cynthia* fill her silver Horn,
But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior Rays;
One Tide of Glory, one unclouded Blaze
O'erflow thy Courts: The LIGHT HIMSELF shall shine
Reveal'd; and *God's* eternal Day be thine!

The Seas shall waste, the Skies in Smoke decay; Cap. 51. v. 6. *and* Cap. 64. v. 10.
Rocks fall to Dust, and Mountains melt away;
But fix'd *His* Word, *His* saving Pow'r remains:
Thy *Realm* for ever lasts! thy own *Messiah* reigns. T.

No. 379.] *Thursday, May* 15, 1712. [*Budgell.*

Scire tuum nihil est nisi te scire hoc sciat alter.—Pers.

I HAVE often wondered at that ill-natur'd Position which has been sometimes maintained in the Schools, and is compriz'd in an old *Latin* Verse, namely, that *A Man's Knowledge is worth nothing, if he communicates what he knows to any one besides.*[1] There is certainly no more sensible Pleasure to a good-natur'd Man, than if he can by any means gratify or inform the Mind of another. I might add, that this Virtue naturally carries its own reward along with it, since it is almost impossible it should be exercised without the Improvement of the Person who practices it. The reading of Books, and the daily Occurrences of Life, are continually furnishing us with Matter for Thought and Reflection. It is extremely natural for us to desire to see such our Thoughts put into the Dress of Words, without which indeed we can scarce have a clear and distinct Idea of them our selves: When they are thus clothed in Expressions, nothing so truly shews us whether they are just or false, as those Effects which they produce in the Minds of others.

I am apt to flatter my self, that in the Course of these my Speculations, I have treated of several Subjects, and laid down many such Rules for the Conduct of a Man's Life, which my Readers were either wholly ignorant of before, or which at least those few who were acquainted with them, looked upon as so many Secrets they have found out for the Conduct of themselves, but were resolved never to have made publick.

I am the more confirmed in this Opinion from my having received several Letters, wherein I am censur'd for having prostituted Learning to the Embraces of the Vulgar, and made her, as one of my Correspondents phrases it, a common Strumpet: I am charged by another with laying open the *Arcana*, or Secrets of Prudence, to the Eyes of every Reader.

The narrow Spirit which appears in the Letters of these my Correspondents is the less surprizing, as it has shewn itself in

[1] Nil proprium ducas quod mutarier potest.

all Ages: There is still extant an Epistle written by *Alexander* the Great to his Tutor *Aristotle*, upon that Philosopher's publishing some part of his Writings; in which the Prince complains of his having made known to all the World, those Secrets in Learning which he had before communicated to him in private Lectures; concluding, *That he had rather excel the rest of Mankind in Knowledge than in Power.*[1]

Luisa de Padilla, a Lady of great Learning, and Countess of *Aranda*, was in like manner angry with the famous *Gratian*,[2] upon his publishing his Treatise of the *Discreto*; wherein she fancied that he had laid open those Maxims to common Readers, which ought only to have been reserved for the Knowledge of the Great.

These Objections are thought by many of so much weight, that they often defend the above-mention'd Authors, by affirming they have affected such an Obscurity in their Style and Manner of Writing, that tho' every one may read their Works, there will be but very few who can comprehend their Meaning.

Persius, the *Latin* Satirist, affected Obscurity for another Reason; with which however Mr. *Cowley* is so offended, that writing to one of his Friends, You, says he, tell me, that you do not know whether *Persius* be a good Poet or no, because you cannot understand him; for which very Reason I affirm that he is not so.

However, this Art of *writing unintelligibly* has been very much improved, and follow'd by several of the Moderns, who observing the general Inclination of Mankind to dive into a Secret, and the Reputation many have acquired by concealing their Meaning under obscure Terms and Phrases, resolve, that they may be still more abstruse, to write without any Meaning at all. This Art, as it is at present practised by many eminent Authors, consists in throwing so many Words at a venture into different Periods, and leaving the curious Reader to find out the Meaning of them.

[1] Aulus Gellius. Noct. Att., Bk xx., ch. 5.

[2] Baltazar Gracian's *Discreto* has been mentioned before in the *Spectator*, being well-known in England through a French translation. See note on p. 303, *ante*. Gracian, in Spain, became especially popular as a foremost representative of his time in transferring the humour for conceits—*cultismo*, as it was called -from verse to prose. He began in 1630 with a prose tract, *the Hero*, laboured in short ingenious sentences, which went through six editions. He wrote also an Art of Poetry after the new style. His chief work was the *Criticon*, an allegory of the Spring, Autumn, and Winter of life. The *Discreto* was one of his minor works. All that he wrote was published, not by himself, but by a friend, and in the name of his brother Lorenzo, who was not an ecclesiastic.

The *Egyptians*, who made use of Hieroglyphicks to signify several things, expressed a Man who confined his Knowledge and Discoveries altogether within himself, by the Figure of a Dark-Lanthorn closed on all sides, which, tho' it was illuminated within, afforded no manner of Light or Advantage to such as stood by it. For my own part, as I shall from time to time communicate to the Publick whatever Discoveries I happen to make, I should much rather be compared to an ordinary Lamp, which consumes and wastes it self for the benefit of every Passenger.

I shall conclude this Paper with the Story of *Rosicrucius's* Sepulchre. I suppose I need not inform my Readers that this Man was the Founder of the *Rosicrusian* Sect, and that his Disciples still pretend to new Discoveries, which they are never to communicate to the rest of Mankind.[1]

A certain Person having occasion to dig somewhat deep in the Ground where this Philosopher lay inter'd, met with a small Door having a Wall on each side of it. His Curiosity, and the Hopes of finding some hidden Treasure, soon prompted him to force open the Door. He was immediately surpriz'd by a sudden Blaze of Light, and discover'd a very fair Vault: At the upper end of it was a Statue of a Man in Armour sitting by a Table, and leaning on his Left Arm. He held a Truncheon in his right Hand, and had a Lamp burning before him. The Man had no sooner set one Foot within the Vault, than the Statue erecting it self from its leaning Posture, stood bolt upright; and upon the Fellow's advancing another Step, lifted up the Truncheon in his Right Hand. The Man still ventur'd a third Step, when the Statue with a furious Blow broke the Lamp into a thousand Pieces, and left his Guest in a sudden Darkness.

[1] Rosicrucius had been made fashionable by the Abbé de Villars, who was assassinated in 1675. His *Comte de Gabalis* was a popular little book in the *Spectator's* time. 'I suppose I need not inform my readers' that there never was a 'Rosicrucius' or a 'Rosicrucian sect.' The Rosicrucian pamphlets which appeared in Germany at the beginning of the 17th century, dating from 'the Discovery of the Brotherhood of the Honourable Order of 'the Rosy Cross,' a pamphlet published in 1610, by a Lutheran clergyman, Valentine Andreä, were part of a hoax designed perhaps originally as means of establishing a sort of charitable masonic society of social reformers. Missing that aim, the Rosicrucian story lived to be adorned by superstitious fancy, with ideas of mystery and magic, which in the *Comte de Gabalis* were methodized into a consistent romance. It was from this romance that Pope got what he called the 'Rosicrucian' machinery of his *Rape of the Lock*. The Abbé de Villars, professing to give very full particulars, had told how the Rosicrucians assigned sylphs to the air, gnomes to the earth, nymphs to the water, salamanders to the fire.

Upon the Report of this Adventure, the Country People soon came with Lights to the Sepulchre, and discovered that the Statue, which was made of Brass, was nothing more than a Piece of Clock-work; that the Floor of the Vault was all loose, and underlaid with several Springs, which, upon any Man's entering, naturally produced that which had happen'd.

Rosicrucius, says his Disciples, made use of this Method, to shew the World that he had re-invented the ever-burning Lamps of the Ancients, tho' he was resolv'd no one should reap any Advantage from the Discovery. X.

No. 380.] *Friday, May* 16, 1712. [*Steele.*

Rivalem patienter habe——— Ovid.

SIR, *Thursday, May* 8, 1712.

'THE Character you have in the World of being the Lady's 'Philosopher, and the pretty Advice I have seen you give 'to others in your Papers, make me address my self to you in 'this abrupt Manner, and do desire your Opinion what in this 'Age a Woman may call a Lover. I have lately had a Gentle- 'man that I thought made Pretensions to me, insomuch that 'most of my Friends took Notice of it and thought we were 'really married; which I did not take much Pains to undeceive 'them, and especially a young Gentlewoman of my particular 'Acquaintance which was then in the Country. She coming 'to Town, and seeing our Intimacy so great, she gave her self 'the Liberty of taking me to task concerning it: I ingenuously 'told her we were not married, but I did not know what might 'be the Event. She soon got acquainted with the Gentleman, 'and was pleased to take upon her to examine him about it. 'Now whether a new Face had made a greater Conquest than 'the old, I'll leave you to judge: But I am inform'd that he 'utterly deny'd all Pretensions to Courtship, but withal pro- 'fess'd a sincere Friendship for me; but whether Marriages 'are propos'd by way of Friendship or not, is what I desire to 'know, and what I may really call a Lover. There are so 'many who talk in a Language fit only for that Character, and 'yet guard themselves against speaking in direct Terms to the 'Point, that it is impossible to distinguish between Courtship 'and Conversation. I hope you will do me Justice both upon 'my Lover and my Friend, if they provoke me further: In the

'mean time I carry it with so equal a Behaviour, that the 'Nymph and the Swain too are mighty at a loss; each believes 'I, who know them both well, think my self revenged in their 'Love to one another, which creates an irreconcileable Jealousy. 'If all comes right again, you shall hear further from,

SIR,

Your most obedient Servant,
Mirtilla.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *April* 28, 1712.

'Your Observations on Persons that have behaved them- 'selves irreverently at Church, I doubt not have had a good 'Effect on some that have read them: But there is another 'Fault which has hitherto escaped your Notice, I mean of such 'Persons as are very zealous and punctual to perform an Ejacu- 'lation that is only preparatory to the Service of the Church, 'and yet neglect to join in the Service it self. There is an 'Instance of this in a Friend of WILL. HONEYCOMB'S, who sits 'opposite to me: He seldom comes in till the Prayers are 'about half over, and when he has enter'd his Seat (instead of 'joining with the Congregation) he devoutly holds his Hat 'before his Face for three or four Moments, then bows to all 'his Acquaintance, sits down, takes a Pinch of Snuff, (if it be 'Evening Service perhaps a Nap) and spends the remaining 'Time in surveying the Congregation. Now, Sir, what I would 'desire, is, that you will animadvert a little on this Gentleman's 'Practice. In my Opinion, this Gentleman's Devotion, Cap- 'in-Hand, is only a Compliance to the Custom of the Place, 'and goes no further than a little ecclesiastical Good-Breeding. 'If you will not pretend to tell us the Motives that bring such 'Triflers to solemn Assemblies, yet let me desire that you will 'give this Letter a Place in your Paper, and I shall remain,

SIR,

Your obliged humble Servant,
J. S.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *May the 5th.*

'The Conversation at a Club, of which I am a Member, last 'Night falling upon Vanity and the Desire of being admired, 'put me in mind of relating how agreeably I was entertained 'at my own Door last *Thursday* by a clean fresh-colour'd Girl, 'under the most elegant and the best furnished Milk-Pail I had 'ever observed. I was glad of such an Opportunity of seeing 'the Behaviour of a Coquet in low Life, and how she received 'the extraordinary Notice that was taken of her; which I found

'had affected every Muscle of her Face in the same manner as 'it does the Feature of a first-rate Toast at a Play, or in an 'Assembly. This Hint of mine made the Discourse turn upon 'the Sense of Pleasure; which ended in a general Resolution, 'that the Milk-Maid enjoys her Vanity as exquisitely as the 'Woman of Quality. I think it would not be an improper 'Subject for you to examine this Frailty, and trace it to all 'Conditions of Life; which is recommended to you as an 'Occasion of obliging many of your Readers, among the rest,

Your most humble Servant, T. B.

SIR,

'Coming last Week into a Coffee-house not far from the '*Exchange* with my Basket under my Arm, a *Jew* of con- 'siderable Note, as I am informed, takes half a Dozen Oranges 'of me, and at the same time slides a Guinea into my Hand; 'I made him a Curtsy, and went my Way: He follow'd me, 'and finding I was going about my Business, he came up with 'me, and told me plainly, that he gave me the Guinea with no 'other Intent but to purchase my Person for an Hour. Did 'you so, Sir? says I: You gave it me then to make me be 'wicked, I'll keep it to make me honest. However, not to be 'in the least ungrateful, I promise you I'll lay it out in a couple 'of Rings, and wear them for your Sake. I am so just, Sir, 'besides, as to give every Body that asks how I came by my 'Rings this Account of my Benefactor; but to save me the 'Trouble of telling my Tale over and over again, I humbly beg 'the favour of you so to tell it once for all, and you will 'extremely oblige,

May 12, 1712. *Your humble Servant*, Betty Lemon.

SIR, *St. Brides, May* 15, 1712.

''Tis a great deal of Pleasure to me, and I dare say will 'be no less Satisfaction to you, that I have an Opportunity of 'informing you, that the Gentlemen and others of the Parish 'of St. *Brides*, have raised a Charity-School of fifty Girls, as 'before of fifty Boys. You were so kind to recommend the 'Boys to the charitable World, and the other Sex hope you 'will do them the same Favour in *Friday's Spectator* for *Sunday* 'next, when they are to appear with their humble Airs at the 'Parish Church of St. *Bride's*. Sir, the Mention of this may 'possibly be serviceable to the Children; and sure no one will 'omit a good Action attended with no Expence.

I am, SIR, Your very humble Servant,

T. The Sexton.

No. 381.] *Saturday, May* 17, 1712. [*Addison.*

Æquam memento rebus in arduis,
Servare mentem, non secùs in bonis
Ab insolenti temperatam
Lætitiâ, moriture Deli.—Hor.

I HAVE always preferred Chearfulness to Mirth. The latter, I consider as an Act, the former as an Habit of the Mind. Mirth is short and transient. Chearfulness fixed and permanent. Those are often raised into the greatest Transports of Mirth, who are subject to the greatest Depressions of Melancholy: On the contrary, Chearfulness, tho' it does not give the Mind such an exquisite Gladness, prevents us from falling into any Depths of Sorrow. Mirth is like a Flash of Lightning, that breaks thro' a Gloom of Clouds, and glitters for a Moment; Chearfulness keeps up a kind of Day-light in the Mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual Serenity.

Men of austere Principles look upon Mirth as too wanton and dissolute for a State of Probation, and as filled with a certain Triumph and Insolence of Heart, that is inconsistent with a Life which is every Moment obnoxious to the greatest Dangers. Writers of this Complexion have observed, that the sacred Person who was the great Pattern of Perfection was never seen to Laugh.

Chearfulness of Mind is not liable to any of these Exceptions; it is of a serious and composed Nature, it does not throw the Mind into a Condition improper for the present State of Humanity, and is very conspicuous in the Characters of those who are looked upon as the greatest Philosophers among the Heathens, as well as among those who have been deservedly esteemed as Saints and Holy Men among Christians.

If we consider Chearfulness in three Lights, with regard to our selves, to those we converse with, and to the great Author of our Being, it will not a little recommend it self on each of these Accounts. The Man who is possessed of this excellent Frame of Mind, is not only easy in his Thoughts, but a perfect Master of all the Powers and Faculties of his Soul: His Imagination is always clear, and his Judgment undisturbed: His Temper is even and unruffled, whether in Action or in Solitude. He comes with a Relish to all those Goods which Nature has provided for him, tastes all the Pleasures of the Creation which are poured about him, and does not feel the full Weight of those accidental Evils which may befal him.

If we consider him in relation to the Persons whom he converses with, it naturally produces Love and Good-will towards him. A chearful Mind is not only disposed to be affable and obliging, but raises the same good Humour in those who come within its Influence. A Man finds himself pleased, he does not know why, with the Chearfulness of his Companion: It is like a sudden Sun-shine that awakens a secret Delight in the Mind, without her attending to it. The Heart rejoices of its own accord, and naturally flows out into Friendship and Benevolence towards the Person who has so kindly an Effect upon it.

When I consider this chearful State of Mind in its third Relation, I cannot but look upon it as a constant habitual Gratitude to the great Author of Nature. An inward Chearfulness is an implicit Praise and Thanksgiving to Providence under all its Dispensations. It is a kind of Acquiescence in the State wherein we are placed, and a secret Approbation of the Divine Will in his Conduct towards Man.

There are but two things which, in my Opinion, can reasonably deprive us of this Chearfulness of Heart. The first of these is the Sense of Guilt. A Man who lives in a State of Vice and Impenitence, can have no Title to that Evenness and Tranquillity of Mind which is the Health of the Soul, and the natural Effect of Virtue and Innocence. Chearfulness in an ill Man deserves a harder Name than Language can furnish us with, and is many degrees beyond what we commonly call Folly or Madness.

Atheism, by which I mean a Disbelief of a Supreme Being, and consequently of a future State, under whatsoever Titles it shelters it self, may likewise very reasonably deprive a Man of this Chearfulness of Temper. There is something so particularly gloomy and offensive to human Nature in the Prospect of Non-Existence, that I cannot but wonder, with many excellent Writers, how it is possible for a Man to out-live the Expectation of it. For my own Part, I think the Being of a God is so little to be doubted, that it is almost the only Truth we are sure of, and such a Truth as we meet with in every Object, in every Occurrence, and in every Thought. If we look into the Characters of this Tribe of Infidels, we generally find they are made up of Pride, Spleen, and Cavil: It is indeed no wonder, that Men, who are uneasy to themselves, should be so to the rest of the World; and how is it possible for a Man to be otherwise than uneasy in himself, who is in danger every Moment of losing his entire Existence, and dropping into Nothing?

The vicious Man and Atheist have therefore no Pretence to Chearfulness, and would act very unreasonably, should they endeavour after it. It is impossible for any one to live in Good-Humour, and enjoy his present Existence, who is apprehensive either of Torment or of Annihilation; of being miserable, or of not being at all.

After having mention'd these two great Principles, which are destructive of Chearfulness in their own Nature, as well as in right Reason, I cannot think of any other that ought to banish this happy Temper from a Virtuous Mind. Pain and Sickness, Shame and Reproach, Poverty and old Age, nay Death it self, considering the Shortness of their Duration, and the Advantage we may reap from them, do not deserve the Name of Evils. A good Mind may bear up under them with Fortitude, with Indolence and with Chearfulness of Heart. The tossing of a Tempest does not discompose him, which he is sure will bring him to a Joyful Harbour.

A Man, who uses his best endeavours to live according to the Dictates of Virtue and right Reason, has two perpetual Sources of Chearfulness; in the Consideration of his own Nature, and of that Being on whom he has a Dependance. If he looks into himself, he cannot but rejoice in that Existence, which is so lately bestowed upon him, and which, after Millions of Ages, will be still new, and still in its Beginning. How many Self-Congratulations naturally arise in the Mind, when it reflects on this its Entrance into Eternity, when it takes a View of those improveable Faculties, which in a few Years, and even at its first setting out, have made so considerable a Progress, and which will be still receiving an Increase of Perfection, and consequently an Increase of Happiness? The Consciousness of such a Being spreads a perpetual Diffusion of Joy through the Soul of a virtuous Man, and makes him look upon himself every Moment as more happy than he knows how to conceive.

The second Source of Chearfulness to a good Mind, is its Consideration of that Being on whom we have our Dependance, and in whom, though we behold him as yet but in the first faint Discoveries of his Perfections, we see every thing that we can imagine as great, glorious, or amiable. We find our selves every where upheld by his Goodness, and surrounded with an Immensity of Love and Mercy. In short, we depend upon a Being, whose Power qualifies him to make us happy by an Infinity of Means, whose Goodness and Truth engage him to make those happy who desire it of him, and whose Unchangeableness will secure us in this Happiness to all Eternity.

Such Considerations, which every one should perpetually cherish in his Thoughts, will banish from us all that secret Heaviness of Heart which unthinking Men are subject to when they lie under no real Affliction, all that Anguish which we may feel from any Evil that actually oppresses us, to which I may likewise add those little Cracklings of Mirth and Folly that are apter to betray Virtue than support it; and establish in us such an even and chearful Temper, as makes us pleasing to our selves, to those with whom we converse, and to him whom we were made to please. I.

No. 382.] *Monday, May* 19, 1712. [*Steele.*

Habes confitentem reum.—Tull.

I OUGHT not to have neglected a Request of one of my Correspondents so long as I have; but I dare say I have given him time to add Practice to Profession. He sent me some time ago a Bottle or two of excellent Wine to drink the Health of a Gentleman, who had by the Penny-Post advertised him of an egregious Error in his Conduct. My Correspondent received the Obligation from an unknown Hand with the Candour which is natural to an ingenuous Mind; and promises a contrary Behaviour in that Point for the future: He will offend his Monitor with no more Errors of that kind, but thanks him for his Benevolence. This frank Carriage makes me reflect upon the amiable Atonement a Man makes in an ingenuous Acknowledgment of a Fault: All such Miscarriages as flow from Inadvertency are more than repaid by it; for Reason, though not concerned in the Injury, employs all its Force in the Atonement. He that says, he did not design to disoblige you in such an Action, does as much as if he should tell you, that tho' the Circumstance which displeased was never in his Thoughts, he has that Respect for you, that he is unsatisfied till it is wholly out of yours. It must be confessed, that when an Acknowledgment of Offence is made out of Poorness of Spirit, and not Conviction of Heart, the Circumstance is quite different: But in the Case of my Correspondent, where both the Notice is taken and the Return made in private, the Affair begins and ends with the highest Grace on each Side. To make the Acknowledgment of a Fault in the highest manner graceful, it is lucky when the Circumstances of the Offender

place him above any ill Consequences from the Resentment of the Person offended. A Dauphin of *France*, upon a Review of the Army, and a Command of the King to alter the Posture of it by a March of one of the Wings, gave an improper Order to an Officer at the Head of a Brigade, who told his Highness, he presumed he had not received the last Orders, which were to move a contrary Way. The Prince, instead of taking the Admonition which was delivered in a manner that accounted for his Error with Safety to his Understanding, shaked a Cane at the Officer; and with the return of opprobrious Language, persisted in his own Orders. The whole Matter came necessarily before the King, who commanded his Son, on foot, to lay his right Hand on the Gentleman's Stirrup as he sat on Horseback in sight of the whole Army, and ask his Pardon. When the Prince touched his Stirrup, and was going to speak, the Officer with an incredible Agility, threw himself on the Earth, and kissed his Feet.

The Body is very little concerned in the Pleasures or Sufferings of Souls truly great; and the Reparation, when an Honour was designed this Soldier, appeared as much too great to be borne by his Gratitude, as the Injury was intolerable to his Resentment.

When we turn our Thoughts from these extraordinary Occurrences in common Life, we see an ingenuous kind of Behaviour not only make up for Faults committed, but in a maner expiate them in the very Commission. Thus many things wherein a Man has pressed too far, he implicitly excuses, by owning, *This is a Trespass; you'll pardon my Confidence; I am sensible I have no Pretension to this Favour*, and the like. But commend me to those gay Fellows about Town who are directly impudent, and make up for it no otherwise than by calling themselves such, and exulting in it. But this sort of Carriage, which prompts a Man against Rules to urge what he has a Mind to, is pardonable only when you sue for another. When you are confident in preference of your self to others of equal Merit, every Man that loves Virtue and Modesty ought, in Defence of those Qualities, to oppose you: But, without considering the Morality of the thing, let us at this time behold only the natural Consequence of Candour when we speak of ourselves.

The SPECTATOR writes often in an Elegant, often in an Argumentative, and often in a Sublime Style, with equal Success; but how would it hurt the reputed Author of that Paper to own, that of the most beautiful Pieces under his Title, he is barely the Publisher? There is nothing but what a Man

really performs, can be an Honour to him; what he takes more than he ought in the Eye of the World, he loses in the Conviction of his own Heart; and a Man must lose his Consciousness, that is, his very Self, before he can rejoice in any Falshood without inward Mortification.

Who has not seen a very Criminal at the Bar, when his Counsel and Friends have done all that they could for him in vain, prevail upon the whole Assembly to pity him, and his Judge to recommend his Case to the Mercy of the Throne, without offering any thing new in his Defence, but that he, whom before we wished convicted, became so out of his own Mouth, and took upon himself all the Shame and Sorrow we were just before preparing for him? The great Opposition to this kind of Candour, arises from the unjust Idea People ordinarily have of what we call an high Spirit. It is far from Greatness of Spirit to persist in the Wrong in any thing, nor is it a Diminution of Greatness of Spirit to have been in the Wrong: Perfection is not the Attribute of Man, therefore he is not degraded by the Acknowledgment of an Imperfection: But it is the Work of little Minds to imitate the Fortitude of great Spirits on worthy Occasions, by Obstinacy in the Wrong. This Obstinacy prevails so far upon them, that they make it extend to the Defence of Faults in their very Servants. It would swell this Paper to too great a length, should I insert all the Quarrels and Debates which are now on foot in this Town; where one Party, and in some Cases both, is sensible of being on the faulty Side, and have not Spirit enough to Acknowledge it. Among the Ladies the Case is very common, for there are very few of them who know that it is to maintain a true and high Spirit, to throw away from it all which it self disapproves, and to scorn so pitiful a Shame, as that which disables the Heart from acquiring a Liberality of Affections and Sentiments. The candid Mind, by acknowledging and discarding its Faults, has Reason and Truth for the Foundation of all its Passions and Desires, and consequently is happy and simple; the disingenuous Spirit, by Indulgence of one unacknowledged Error, is intangled with an After-Life of Guilt, Sorrow, and Perplexity. T.

No. 383.] *Tuesday, May* 20, 1712. [*Addison.*

Criminibus debent Hortos—— Hor.

AS I was sitting in my Chamber, and thinking on a Subject for my next *Spectator*, I heard two or three irregular Bounces at my Landlady's Door, and upon the opening of it, a loud chearful Voice enquiring whether the Philosopher was at Home. The Child who went to the Door answered very Innocently, that he did not Lodge there. I immediately recollected that it was my good Friend Sir ROGER's Voice; and that I had promised to go with him on the Water to *Spring-Garden*, in case it proved a good Evening. The Knight put me in mind of my Promise from the Bottom of the Stair-Case, but told me that if I was Speculating he would stay below till I had done. Upon my coming down, I found all the Children of the Family got about my old Friend, and my Landlady herself, who is a notable prating Gossip, engaged in a Conference with him; being mightily pleased with his stroaking her little Boy upon the Head, and bidding him be a good Child and mind his Book.

We were no sooner come to the *Temple* Stairs, but we were surrounded with a Crowd of Watermen, offering us their respective Services. Sir ROGER, after having looked about him very attentively, spied one with a Wooden-Leg, and immediately gave him Orders to get his Boat ready. As we were walking towards it, *You must know*, says Sir ROGER, *I never make use of any body to row me, that has not either lost a Leg or an Arm. I would rather bate him a few Strokes of his Oar, than not employ an honest Man that has been wounded in the Queen's Service. If I was a Lord or a Bishop, and kept a Barge, I would not put a Fellow in my Livery that had not a Wooden-Leg.*

My old Friend, after having seated himself, and trimmed the Boat with his Coachman, who, being a very sober Man, always serves for Ballast on these Occasions, we made the best of our way for *Fox-Hall*. Sir ROGER obliged the Waterman to give us the History of his Right Leg, and hearing that he had left it [at *La Hogue*,[1]] with many Particulars which passed in that

[1] [in Bantry Bay] In Bantry Bay, on May-day, 1689, a French Fleet, bringing succour to the adherents of James II., attacked the English, under Admiral Herbert, and obliged them to retire. The change of name in the text was for one with a more flattering association. In the Battle of La Hogue, May 19, 1692, the English burnt 13 of the enemy's ships, destroyed

glorious Action, the Knight in the Triumph of his Heart made several Reflections on the Greatness of the *British* Nation; as, that one *Englishman* could beat three *Frenchmen;* that we could never be in danger of Popery so long as we took care of our Fleet; that the *Thames* was the noblest River in *Europe;* that *London Bridge* was a greater piece of Work, than any of the seven Wonders of the World; with many other honest Prejudices which naturally cleave to the Heart of a true *Englishman.*

After some short Pause, the old Knight turning about his Head twice or thrice, to take a Survey of this great Metropolis, bid me observe how thick the City was set with Churches, and that there was scarce a single Steeple on this side *Temple-Bar. A most Heathenish Sight!* says Sir ROGER: *There is no Religion at this End of the Town. The fifty new Churches will very much mend the Prospect; but Church-work is slow, Church-work is slow!*

I do not remember I have any where mentioned, in Sir ROGER's Character, his Custom of saluting every Body that passes by him with a Good-morrow or a Good-night. This the old Man does out of the overflowings of his Humanity, though at the same time it renders him so popular among all his Country Neighbours, that it is thought to have gone a good way in making him once or twice Knight of the Shire. He cannot forbear this Exercise of Benevolence even in Town, when he meets with any one in his Morning or Evening Walk. It broke from him to several Boats that passed by us upon the Water; but to the Knight's great Surprize, as he gave the Good-night to two or three young Fellows a little before our Landing, one of them, instead of returning the Civility, asked us what queer old Put we had in the Boat, and whether he was not ashamed to go a Wenching at his Years? with a great deal of the like *Thames*-Ribaldry. Sir ROGER seem'd a little shocked at first, but at length assuming a Face of Magistracy, told us, *That if he were a* Middlesex *Justice, he would make such Vagrants know that Her Majesty's Subjects were no more to be abused by Water than by Land.*

We were now arrived at *Spring-Garden*, which is exquisitely pleasant at this time of Year. When I considered the Fragrancy of the Walks and Bowers, with the Choirs of Birds that sung upon the Trees, and the loose Tribe of People that walked under their Shades, I could not but look upon the Place as a

8, dispersed the rest, and prevented a threatened descent of the French upon England.

kind of *Mahometan* Paradise. Sir ROGER told me it put him in mind of a little Coppice by his House in the Country, which his Chaplain used to call an Aviary of Nightingales. *You must understand*, says the Knight, *there is nothing in the World that pleases a Man in Love so much as your Nightingale. Ah, Mr.* SPECTATOR! *the many Moon-light Nights that I have walked by my self, and thought on the Widow by the Musick of the Nightingales!* He here fetched a deep Sigh, and was falling into a Fit of musing, when a Masque, who came behind him, gave him a gentle Tap upon the Shoulder, and asked him if he would drink a Bottle of Mead with her? But the Knight, being startled at so unexpected a Familiarity, and displeased to be interrupted in his Thoughts of the Widow, told her, *She was a wanton Baggage*, and bid her go about her Business.

We concluded our Walk with a Glass of *Burton*-Ale, and a Slice of Hung-Beef. When we had done eating our selves, the Knight called a Waiter to him, and bid him carry the remainder to the Waterman that had but one Leg. I perceived the Fellow stared upon him at the oddness of the Message, and was going to be saucy; upon which I ratified the Knight's Commands with a Peremptory Look.

As we were going out of the Garden, my old Friend, thinking himself obliged, as a Member of the *Quorum*, to animadvert upon the Morals of the Place, told the Mistress of the House, who sat at the Bar, That he should be a better Customer to her Garden, if there were more Nightingales, and fewer Strumpets.

No. 384.] *Wednesday, May* 21, 1712. [*Steele.*

Hague, May 24. *N. S.* The same Republican Hands, who have so often since the Chevalier *de St. George's* Recovery killed him in our publick Prints, have now reduced the young Dauphin of *France* to that desperate Condition of Weakness, and Death it self, that it is hard to conjecture what Method they will take to bring him to Life again. Mean time we are assured by a very good Hand from *Paris*, That on the 20th Instant, this young Prince was as well as ever he was known to be since the Day of his Birth. As for the other, they are now sending his Ghost, we suppose, (for they never had the Modesty to contradict their Assertions of his Death) to *Commerci* in *Lorrain*, attended only by four Gentlemen, and a few Domesticks of little Consideration. *The Baron* de Bothmar *having delivered in his Credentials to qualify him as an Ambassador to this State*, (an Office *to which his greatest Enemies will acknowledge him to be equal*) *is gone to* Utrecht, *whence he will proceed to* Hanover, *but not stay long at that Court, for fear the Peace should be made during his* lamented *Absence.* Post-Boy, *May* 20.

I SHOULD be thought not able to read, should I overlook some excellent Pieces lately come out. My Lord Bishop of St. Asaph *has just now published some Sermons, the Preface to which seems to me to determine a great Point.*[1] *He has, like a good Man and a good Christian, in opposition to all the Flattery and base Submission of false Friends to Princes, asserted, That Christianity left us where it found us as to our Civil Rights. The present Entertainment shall consist only of a Sentence out of the* Post-Boy, *and the said Preface of the Lord of St.* Asaph. *I should think it a little odd if the Author of the* Post-Boy *should with Impunity call Men Republicans for a Gladness on Report of the Death of the* Pretender; *and treat Baron* Bothmar, *the Minister of* Hanover, *in such a manner as you see in my Motto. I must own, I think every Man in* England *concerned to support the Succession of that Family.*

'The publishing a few Sermons, whilst I live, the latest of 'which was preached about eight Years since, and the first above 'seventeen, will make it very natural for People to enquire into 'the Occasion of doing so; And to such I do very willingly 'assign these following Reasons.

'First, From the Observations I have been able to make, 'for these many Years last past, upon our publick Affairs, and 'from the natural Tendency of several Principles and Practices, 'that have of late been studiously revived, and from what has 'followed thereupon, I could not help both fearing and pre-'saging, that these Nations would some time or other, if ever 'we should have an enterprising Prince upon the Throne, of 'more Ambition than Virtue, Justice, and true Honour, fall 'into the way of all other Nations, and lose their *Liberty*.

'Nor could I help foreseeing to whose Charge a great deal

[1] Dr. William Fleetwood, Bishop of St. Asaph, had published 'Four Sermons.' 1. On the death of Queen Mary, 1694. 2. On the death of the Duke of Gloucester, 1700. 3. On the death of King William, 1701. 4. On the Queen's Accession to the Throne, in 1702, with a Preface. 8vo. London, 1712. The Preface which, says Dr. Johnson, overflowed with Whiggish principles, was ordered to be burnt by the House of Commons. This moved Steele to diffuse it by inserting it in the *Spectator*, which, as its author said in a letter to Burnet, 'conveyed about fourteen thousand copies of the con-'demned preface into people's hands that would otherwise have never seen 'or heard of it.' Moreover, to ensure its delivery into the Queen's hands the publication of this number is said to have been deferred till twelve o'clock, her Majesty's breakfast hour, that no time might be allowed for a decision that it should not be laid, as usual, upon her breakfast table.

Fleetwood was born in 1656; had been chaplain to King William, and in 1706 had been appointed to the Bishopric of St. Asaph without any solicitation. He was translated to Ely in 1714, and died in 1723.

'of this dreadful Mischief, whenever it should happen, would 'be laid, whether justly or unjustly, was not my Business to 'determine; but I resolved for my own particular part, to 'deliver my self, as well as I could, from the Reproaches and 'the Curses of Posterity, by publickly declaring to all the 'World, That although in the constant Course of my Ministry, 'I have never failed, on proper Occasions, to recommend, urge, 'and insist upon the loving, honouring, and the reverencing 'the Prince's Person, and holding it, according to the Laws, 'inviolable and sacred; and paying all Obedience and Sub-'mission to the Laws, though never so hard and inconvenient 'to private People: Yet did I never think my self at liberty, 'or authorized to tell the People, that either *Christ*, St. *Peter*, 'or St. *Paul*, or any other Holy Writer, had by any Doctrine 'delivered by them, subverted the *Laws* and *Constitutions* of 'the Country in which they lived, or put them in a worse 'Condition, with respect to their Civil Liberties, than they 'would have been had they not been Christians. I ever thought 'it a most impious Blasphemy against that holy Religion, to 'father any thing upon it that might encourage Tyranny, 'Oppression, or Injustice in a Prince, or that easily tended to 'make a free and happy People *Slaves* and *Miserable*. No: 'People may make themselves as wretched as they will, but let 'not God be called into that wicked Party. When Force and 'Violence, and hard Necessity have brought the Yoak of Servi-'tude upon a People's Neck, Religion will supply them with a 'patient and submissive Spirit under it till they can innocently 'shake it off; but certainly Religion never puts it on. This 'always was, and this at present is, my Judgment of these 'Matters: And I would be transmitted to Posterity (for the 'little Share of Time such Names as mine can live) under the 'Character of one who lov'd his Country, and would be thought 'a *good Englishman*, as well as a *good Clergyman*.

'This Character I thought would be transmitted by the 'following Sermons, which were made for, and preached in a 'private Audience, when I could think of nothing else but 'doing my Duty on the Occasions that were then offered by 'God's Providence, without any manner of design of making 'them publick: And for that reason I give them now as they 'were then delivered; by which I hope to satisfie those People 'who have objected a Change of Principles to me, as if I were 'not now the same Man I formerly was. I never had but one 'Opinion of these Matters; and that I think is so reasonable 'and well-grounded, that I believe I never can have any other.

'Another Reason of my publishing these Sermons at this 'time, is, that I have a mind to do my self some Honour, by 'doing what Honour I could to the Memory of two most 'excellent Princes, and who have very highly deserved at the 'hands of all the People of these Dominions, who have any 'true Value for the *Protestant Religion*, and the *Constitution* of 'the *English Government*, of which they were the great *Deliverers* 'and *Defenders*. I have lived to see their illustrious Names 'very rudely handled, and the great Benefits they did this 'Nation treated slightly and contemptuously. I have lived to 'see our Deliverance from *Arbitrary Power* and *Popery*, tra- 'duced and vilified by some who formerly thought it was their 'greatest Merit, and made it part of their Boast and Glory, to 'have had a little hand and share in bringing it about; and 'others who, without it, must have liv'd in Exile, Poverty, 'and Misery, meanly disclaiming it, and using ill the *glorious* '*Instruments* thereof. Who could expect such a Requital of 'such Merit? I have, I own it, an Ambition of exempting my 'self from the Number of *unthankful* People: And as I loved 'and honoured those great Princes living, and lamented over 'them when dead, so I would gladly raise them up a Monument 'of Praise as lasting as any thing of mine can be; and I chuse 'to do it at this time, when it is so unfashionable a thing to 'speak honourably of them.

'The Sermon that was preached upon the Duke of *Gloucester's* 'Death was printed quickly after, and is now, because the 'Subject was so suitable, join'd to the others. The Loss of that 'most promising and hopeful Prince was, at that time, I saw, 'unspeakably great; and many Accidents since have convinced 'us, that it could not have been over-valued. That precious 'Life, had it pleased God to have prolonged it the usual Space, 'had saved us many Fears and Jealousies, and dark Distrusts, 'and prevented many Alarms, that have long kept us, and will 'keep us still, waking and uneasy. Nothing remained to com- 'fort and support us under this heavy Stroke, but the Necessity it 'brought the King and Nation under, of settling the *Succession* 'in the House of HANNOVER, and giving it an *Hereditary* '*Right*, by *Act of Parliament*, as long as it continues *Protestant*. 'So much good did God, in his merciful Providence, produce 'from a Misfortune, which we could never otherwise have 'sufficiently deplored.

'The fourth Sermon was preached upon the Queen's *Accession* 'to the Throne, and the first Year in which that Day was 'solemnly observed, (for, by some Accident or other, it had been

'overlook'd the Year before ;) and every one will see, without 'the date of it, that it was preached very early in this Reign, 'since I was able only to *promise* and *presage* its future Glories 'and Successes, from the good Appearances of things, and the 'happy Turn our Affairs began to take ; and could not then 'count up the Victories and Triumphs that for seven Years 'after, made it, in the Prophet's Language, *a Name and a* '*Praise among all the People of the Earth.* Never did seven 'such Years together pass over the head of any *English* '*Monarch*, nor cover it with so much Honour : The Crown and 'Sceptre seemed to be the *Queen's* least Ornaments ; those, 'other Princes wore in common with her, and her great personal 'Virtues were the same before and since ; but such was the 'Fame of her Administration of Affairs at home, such was the 'Reputation of her Wisdom and Felicity in chusing Ministers, 'and such was then esteemed their Faithfulness and Zeal, their 'Diligence and great Abilities in executing her Commands ; to 'such a height of military Glory did her great *General* and her '*Armies* carry the *British* Name abroad ; such was the Har- 'mony and Concord betwixt her and her *Allies*, and such was 'the Blessing of God upon all her Counsels and Undertakings, 'that I am as sure as History can make me, no Prince of ours 'was ever yet so prosperous and successful, so beloved, esteemed, 'and honoured by their Subjects and their Friends, nor near 'so formidable to their Enemies. We were, as all the World 'imagined then, just entring on the ways that promised to lead 'to such a Peace, as would have answered all the Prayers of 'our religious Queen, the Care and Vigilance of a most able 'Ministry, the Payments of a willing and obedient People, as 'well as all the glorious Toils and Hazards of the Soldiery ; 'when God, for our Sins, permitted *the Spirit of Discord* to go 'forth, and, by troubling sore the Camp, the City, and the 'Country, (and oh that it had altogether spared the Places 'sacred to his Worship !) to spoil, for a time, this beautiful and 'pleasing Prospect, and give us, in its stead, I know not what '——— Our Enemies will tell the rest with Pleasure. It will 'become me better to pray to God to restore us to the Power 'of obtaining such a Peace, as will be to his Glory, the Safety, 'Honour, and the Welfare of the Queen and her Dominions, 'and the general Satisfaction of all her High and Mighty 'Allies.

T.

May 2, 1712.

No. 385.] *Thursday, May* 22, 1712. [*Budgell.*

———*Theseâ pectora juncta fide.*—Ovid.

I INTEND the Paper for this Day as a loose Essay upon *Friendship*, in which I shall throw my Observations together without any set Form, that I may avoid repeating what has been often said on this Subject.

Friendship *is a strong and habitual Inclination in two Persons to promote the Good and Happiness of one another.* Tho' the Pleasures and Advantages of Friendship have been largely celebrated by the best moral Writers, and are considered by all as great Ingredients of human Happiness, we very rarely meet with the Practice of this Virtue in the World.

Every Man is ready to give in a long Catalogue of those Virtues and good Qualities he expects to find in the Person of a Friend, but very few of us are careful to cultivate them in our selves.

Love and Esteem are the first Principles of Friendship, which always is imperfect where either of these two is wanting.

As, on the one hand, we are soon ashamed of loving a Man whom we cannot esteem: so, on the other, tho' we are truly sensible of a Man's Abilities, we can never raise ourselves to the Warmths of Friendship, without an affectionate Good-will towards his Person.

Friendship immediately banishes Envy under all its Disguises. A Man who can once doubt whether he should rejoice in his Friend's being happier than himself, may depend upon it that he is an utter Stranger to this Virtue.

There is something in Friendship so very great and noble, that in those fictitious Stories which are invented to the Honour of any particular Person, the Authors have thought it as necessary to make their Hero a Friend as a Lover. *Achilles* has his *Patroclus*, and *Æneas* his *Achates*. In the first of these Instances we may observe, for the Reputation of the Subject I am treating of, that *Greece* was almost ruin'd by the Hero's Love, but was preserved by his Friendship.

The Character of *Achates* suggests to us an Observation we may often make on the Intimacies of great Men, who frequently chuse their Companions rather for the Qualities of the Heart than those of the Head, and prefer Fidelity in an easy inoffensive complying Temper to those Endowments which make a much greater Figure among Mankind. I do not remember

that *Achates*, who is represented as the first Favourite, either gives his Advice, or strikes a Blow, thro' the whole *Æneid*.

A Friendship which makes the least noise, is very often most useful: for which reason I should prefer a prudent Friend to a zealous one.

Atticus, one of the best Men of ancient *Rome*, was a very remarkable Instance of what I am here speaking. This extraordinary Person, amidst the Civil Wars of his Country, when he saw the Designs of all Parties equally tended to the Subversion of Liberty, by constantly preserving the Esteem and Affection of both the Competitors, found means to serve his Friends on either side: and while he sent Money to young *Marius*, whose Father was declared an Enemy of the Commonwealth, he was himself one of *Sylla's* chief Favourites, and always near that General.

During the War between *Cesar* and *Pompey*, he still maintained the same Conduct. After the Death of *Cæsar* he sent Money to *Brutus* in his Troubles, and did a thousand good Offices to *Antony's* Wife and Friends when that Party seemed ruined. Lastly, even in that bloody War between *Antony* and *Augustus*, *Atticus* still kept his place in both their Friendships; insomuch that the first, says *Cornelius Nepos*, whenever he was absent from *Rome* in any part of the Empire, writ punctually to him what he was doing, what he read, and whither he intended to go; and the latter gave him constantly an exact Account of all his Affairs.

A Likeness of Inclinations in every Particular is so far from being requisite to form a Benevolence in two Minds towards each other, as it is generally imagined, that I believe we shall find some of the firmest Friendships to have been contracted between Persons of different Humours; the Mind being often pleased with those Perfections which are new to it, and which it does not find among its own Accomplishments. Besides that a Man in some measure supplies his own Defects, and fancies himself at second hand possessed of those good Qualities and Endowments, which are in the possession of him who in the Eye of the World is looked on as his *other self*.

The most difficult Province in Friendship is the letting a Man see his Faults and Errors, which should, if possible, be so contrived, that he may perceive our Advice is given him not so much to please ourselves as for his own Advantage. The Reproaches therefore of a Friend should always be strictly just, and not too frequent.

The violent Desire of pleasing in the Person reproved, may

otherwise change into a Despair of doing it, while he finds himself censur'd for Faults he is not Conscious of. A Mind that is softened and humanized by Friendship, cannot bear frequent Reproaches; either it must quite sink under the Oppression, or abate considerably of the Value and Esteem it had for him who bestows them.

The proper Business of Friendship is to inspire Life and Courage; and a Soul thus supported, outdoes itself: whereas if it be unexpectedly deprived of these Succours, it droops and languishes.

We are in some measure more inexcusable if we violate our Duties to a Friend, than to a Relation: since the former arise from a voluntary Choice, the latter from a Necessity to which we could not give our own Consent.

As it has been said on one side, that a Man ought not to break with a faulty Friend, that he may not expose the Weakness of his Choice; it will doubtless hold much stronger with respect to a worthy one, that he may never be upbraided for having lost so valuable a Treasure which was once in his Possession. X.

No. 386.] *Friday, May* 23, 1712. [*Steele.*

Cum Tristibus severe, cum Remissis jucunde, cum Senibus graviter, cum Juventute comiter vivere.—Tull.

THE piece of *Latin* on the Head of this Paper is part of a Character extremely vicious, but I have set down no more than may fall in with the Rules of Justice and Honour. *Cicero* spoke it of *Catiline*, who, he said, lived with the Sad severely, with the Chearful agreeably, with the Old gravely, with the Young pleasantly; he added, with the Wicked boldly, with the Wanton lasciviously. The two last Instances of his Complaisance I forbear to consider, having it in my thoughts at present only to speak of obsequious Behaviour as it sits upon a Companion in Pleasure, not a Man of Design and Intrigue. To vary with every Humour in this Manner, cannot be agreeable, except it comes from a Man's own Temper and natural Complection; to do it out of an Ambition to excel that Way, is the most fruitless and unbecoming Prostitution imaginable. To put on an artful Part to obtain no other End but an unjust Praise from the Undiscerning, is of all Endeavours the most despicable. A Man must be sincerely pleased to become

Pleasure, or not to interrupt that of others: For this Reason it is a most calamitous Circumstance, that many People who want to be alone or should be so, will come into Conversation. It is certain, that all Men who are the least given to Reflection, are seized with an Inclination that Way; when, perhaps, they had rather be inclined to Company: but indeed they had better go home, and be tired with themselves, than force themselves upon others to recover their good Humour. In all this the Cases of communicating to a Friend a sad Thought or Difficulty, in order to relieve [a[1]] heavy Heart, stands excepted; but what is here meant, is, that a Man should always go with Inclination to the Turn of the Company he is going into, or not pretend to be of the Party. It is certainly a very happy Temper to be able to live with all kinds of Dispositions, because it argues a Mind that lies open to receive what is pleasing to others, and not obstinately bent on any Particularity of its own.

This is that which makes me pleased with the Character of my good Acquaintance *Acasto*. You meet him at the Tables and Conversations of the Wise, the Impertinent, the Grave, the Frolick, and the Witty; and yet his own Character has nothing in it that can make him particularly agreeable to any one Sect of Men; but *Acasto* has natural good Sense, good Nature and Discretion, so that every Man enjoys himself in his company; and tho' *Acasto* contributes nothing to the Entertainment, he never was at a Place where he was not welcome a second time. Without these subordinate good Qualities of *Acasto*, a Man of Wit and Learning would be painful to the Generality of Mankind, instead of being pleasing. Witty Men are apt to imagine they are agreeable as such, and by that means grow the worst Companions imaginable; they deride the Absent or rally the Present in a wrong manner, not knowing that if you pinch or tickle a Man till he is uneasy in his Seat, or ungracefully distinguished from the rest of the Company, you equally hurt him.

I was going to say, the true Art of being agreeable in Company, (but there can be no such thing as Art in it) is to appear well pleased with those you are engaged with, and rather to seem well entertained, than to bring Entertainment to others. A Man thus disposed is not indeed what we ordinarily call a good Companion, but essentially is such, and in all the Parts of his Conversation has something friendly in his Behaviour, which conciliates Mens Minds more than the highest Sallies of

[1] [an]

Wit or Starts of Humour can possibly do. The Feebleness of Age in a Man of this Turn, has something which should be treated with respect even in a Man no otherwise venerable. The Forwardness of Youth, when it proceeds from Alacrity and not Insolence, has also its Allowances. The Companion who is formed for such by Nature, gives to every Character of Life its due Regards, and is ready to account for their Imperfections, and receive their Accomplishments as if they were his own. It must appear that you receive Law from, and not give it to your Company, to make you agreeable.

I remember *Tully*, speaking, I think, of *Anthony*, says, That *in eo facetiæ erant, quæ nulla arte tradi possunt: He had a witty Mirth, which could be acquired by no Art.* This Quality must be of the Kind of which I am now speaking; for all sorts of Behaviour which depend upon Observation and Knowledge of Life, is to be acquired: but that which no one can describe, and is apparently the Act of Nature, must be every where prevalent, because every thing it meets is a fit Occasion to exert it; for he who follows Nature, can never be improper or unseasonable.

How unaccountable then must their Behaviour be, who, without any manner of Consideration of what the Company they have just now entered are upon, give themselves the Air of a Messenger, and make as distinct Relations of the Occurrences they last met with, as if they had been dispatched from those they talk to, to be punctually exact in a Report of those Circumstances: It is unpardonable to those who are met to enjoy one another, that a fresh Man shall pop in, and give us only the last part of his own Life, and put a stop to ours during the History. If such a Man comes from *Change*, whether you will or not, you must hear how the Stocks go; and tho' you are ever so intently employed on a graver Subject, a young Fellow of the other end of the Town will take his place, and tell you, Mrs. Such-a-one is charmingly handsome, because he just now saw her. But I think I need not dwell on this Subject, since I have acknowledged there can be no Rules made for excelling this Way; and Precepts of this kind fare like Rules for writing Poetry, which, 'tis said, may have prevented ill Poets, but never made good ones. T.

No. 387.[1] *Saturday, May* 24, 1712. [*Addison.*

Quid purè tranquillet—— Hor.

IN my last *Saturday's* Paper I spoke of Chearfulness as it is a *Moral* Habit of the Mind, and accordingly mentioned such moral Motives as are apt to cherish and keep alive this happy Temper in the Soul of Man: I shall now consider Chearfulness in its *natural* State, and reflect on those Motives to it, which are indifferent either as to Virtue or Vice.

Chearfulness is, in the first place, the best Promoter of Health. Repinings and secret Murmurs of Heart, give imperceptible Strokes to those delicate Fibres of which the vital parts are composed, and wear out the Machine insensibly; not to mention those violent Ferments which they stir up in the Blood, and those irregular disturbed Motions, which they raise in the animal Spirits. I scarce remember, in my own Observation, to have met with many old Men, or with such, who (to use our *English* Phrase) *wear well*, that had not at least a certain Indolence in their Humour, if not a more than ordinary Gaiety and Chearfulness of Heart. The truth of it is, Health and Chearfulness mutually beget each other; with this difference, that we seldom meet with a great degree of Health which is not attended with a certain Chearfulness, but very often see Chearfulness where there is no great degree of Health.

Chearfulness bears the same friendly regard to the Mind as to the Body: It banishes all anxious Care and Discontent, sooths and composes the Passions, and keeps the Soul in a Perpetual Calm. But having already touched on this last Consideration, I shall here take notice, that the World, in which we are placed, is filled with innumerable Objects that are proper to raise and keep alive this happy Temper of Mind.

If we consider the World in its Subserviency to Man, one would think it was made for our Use; but if we consider it in its natural Beauty and Harmony, one would be apt to conclude it was made for our Pleasure. The Sun, which is as the great Soul of the Universe, and produces all the Necessaries of Life, has a particular Influence in chearing the Mind of Man, and making the Heart glad.

Those several living Creatures which are made for our Service or Sustenance, at the same time either fill the Woods with their

[1] Numbered by mistake, in the daily issue 388, No. 388 is then numbered 390; 389 is right, 390 is called 392, the next 391, which is right, another 392 follows, and thus the error is corrected.

Musick, furnish us with Game, or raise pleasing Ideas in us by the delightfulness of their Appearance, Fountains, Lakes, and Rivers, are as refreshing to the Imagination, as to the Soil through which they pass.

There are Writers of great Distinction, who have made it an Argument for Providence, that the whole Earth is covered with Green, rather than with any other Colour, as being such a right Mixture of Light and Shade, that it comforts and strengthens the Eye instead of weakning or grieving it. For this reason several Painters have a green Cloth hanging near them, to ease the Eye upon, after too great an Application to their Colouring. A famous modern Philosopher[1] accounts for it in the following manner: All Colours that are more luminous, overpower and dissipate the animal Spirits which are employ'd in Sight; on the contrary, those that are more obscure do not give the animal Spirits a sufficient Exercise; whereas the Rays that produce in us the Idea of Green, fall upon the Eye in such a due proportion, that they give the animal Spirits their proper Play, and by keeping up the struggle in a just Ballance, excite a very pleasing and agreeable Sensation. Let the Cause be what it will, the Effect is certain, for which reason the Poets ascribe to this particular Colour the Epithet of *Chearful*.

To consider further this double End in the Works of Nature, and how they are at the same time both useful and entertaining, we find that the most important Parts in the vegetable World are those which are the most beautiful. These are the Seeds by which the several Races of Plants are propagated and continued, and which are always lodged in Flowers or Blossoms. Nature seems to hide her principal Design, and to be industrious in making the Earth gay and delightful, while she is carrying on her great Work, and intent upon her own Preservation. The Husbandman after the same manner is employed in laying out the whole Country into a kind of Garden or Landskip, and making every thing smile about him, whilst in reality he thinks of nothing but of the Harvest, and Encrease which is to arise from it.

We may further observe how Providence has taken care to keep up this Chearfulness in the Mind of Man, by having formed it after such a manner, as to make it capable of conceiving Delight from several Objects which seem to have very little use in them; as from the Wildness of Rocks and Desarts, and the like grotesque Parts of Nature. Those who are versed in Philosophy may still carry this Consideration higher, by

[1] Sir Isaac Newton.

observing that if Matter had appeared to us endowed only with those real Qualities which it actually possesses, it would have made but a very joyless and uncomfortable Figure; and why has Providence given it a Power of producing in us such imaginary Qualities, as Tastes and Colours, Sounds and Smells, Heat and Cold, but that Man, while he is conversant in the lower Stations of Nature, might have his Mind cheared and delighted with agreeable Sensations? In short, the whole Universe is a kind of Theatre filled with Objects that either raise in us Pleasure, Amusement, or Admiration.

The Reader's own Thoughts will suggest to him the Vicissitude of Day and Night, the Change of Seasons, with all that Variety of Scenes which diversify the Face of Nature, and fill the Mind with a perpetual Succession of beautiful and pleasing Images.

I shall not here mention the several Entertainments of Art, with the Pleasures of Friendship, Books, Conversation, and other accidental Diversions of Life, because I would only take notice of such Incitements to a Chearful Temper, as offer themselves to Persons of all Ranks and Conditions, and which may sufficiently shew us that Providence did not design this World should be filled with Murmurs and Repinings, or that the Heart of Man should be involved in Gloom and Melancholy.

I the more inculcate this Chearfulness of Temper, as it is a Virtue in which our Countrymen are observed to be more deficient than any other Nation. Melancholy is a kind of Demon that haunts our Island, and often conveys her self to us in an Easterly Wind. A celebrated *French* Novelist, in opposition to those who begin their Romances with the flow'ry Season of the Year, enters on his Story thus: *In the gloomy Month of* November, *when the People of* England *hang and drown themselves, a disconsolate Lover walked out into the Fields*, &c.

Every one ought to fence against the Temper of his Climate or Constitution, and frequently to indulge in himself those Considerations which may give him a Serenity of Mind, and enable him to bear up chearfully against those little Evils and Misfortunes which are common to humane Nature, and which by a right Improvement of them will produce a Satiety of Joy, and an uninterrupted Happiness.

At the same time that I would engage my Reader to consider the World in its most agreeable Lights, I must own there are many Evils which naturally spring up amidst the Entertainments that are provided for us; but these, if rightly consider'd, should be far from overcasting the Mind with Sorrow, or destroying

that Chearfulness of Temper which I have been recommending. This Interspersion of Evil with Good, and Pain with Pleasure, in the Works of Nature, is very truly ascribed by Mr. *Locke*, in his Essay on Human Understanding, to a moral Reason, in the following Words:

Beyond all this, we may find another Reason why *God hath scattered up and down* several Degrees of Pleasure and Pain, in all the things that environ and affect us, *and blended them together, in almost all that our Thoughts and Senses have to do with; that we finding Imperfection, Dissatisfaction, and Want of compleat Happiness in all the Enjoyments which the Creatures can afford us, might be led to seek it in the Enjoyment of him,* with whom there is Fulness of Joy, and at whose Right Hand are Pleasures for evermore. L.

No. 388.] *Monday, May* 26, 1712. [*Barr?*[1]

——Tibi res antiquæ Laudis et Artis
Ingredior; sanctos ausus recludere Fontes.—Virg.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'IT is my Custom, when I read your Papers, to read over the 'Quotations in the Authors from whence you take them: 'As you mention'd a Passage lately out of the second Chapter 'of *Solomon's Song*, it occasion'd my looking into it; and upon 'reading it I thought the Ideas so exquisitely soft and tender, 'that I could not help making this Paraphrase of it; which, 'now it is done, I can as little forbear sending to you. Some 'Marks of your Approbation, which I have already receiv'd, 'have given me so sensible a Taste of them, that I cannot 'forbear endeavouring after them as often as I can with any 'Appearance of Success. *I am, SIR,*

Your most [*obedient*[2]] *humble Servant.*

The Second Chapter of *Solomon's Song.*

I.

As when in Sharon's *Field the blushing Rose*
Does its chaste Bosom to the Morn disclose,
Whilst all around the Zephyrs *bear*
The fragrant Odours thro' the Air:

[1] Percy had heard that a poetical translation of a chapter in the Proverbs, and another poetical translation from the Old Testament, were by Mr. Barr, a dissenting minister at Morton Hampstead in Devonshire. [2] [*obliged*]

Or as the Lilly in the shady Vale,
Does o'er each Flow'r with beauteous Pride prevail,
And stands with Dews and kindest Sun-shine blest,
In fair Pre-eminence, superior to the rest:
So if my Love, with happy Influence, shed
His Eyes bright Sun-shine on his Lover's Head,
Then shall the Rose of Sharon's *Field,*
And whitest Lillies to my Beauties yield.
Then fairest Flow'rs with studious Art combine,
The Roses with the Lillies join,
And their united [*Charms are*[1]] *less than mine.*

II.

As much as fairest Lillies can surpass
A Thorn in Beauty, or in Height the Grass;
So does my Love among the Virgins shine,
Adorn'd with Graces more than half Divine;
Or as a Tree, that, glorious to behold,
Is hung with Apples all of ruddy Gold,
Hesperian *Fruit! and beautifully high,*
Extends its Branches to the Sky;
So does my Love the Virgins Eyes invite:
'Tis he alone can fix their wand'ring Sight,
[*Among*[2]] *ten thousand eminently bright.*

III.

Beneath this pleasing Shade
My wearied Limbs at Ease I laid,
And on his fragrant Boughs reclin'd my Head.
I pull'd the Golden Fruit with eager haste;
Sweet was the Fruit, and pleasing to the Taste:
With sparkling Wine he crown'd the Bowl,
With gentle Ecstacies he fill'd my Soul;
Joyous we sate beneath the shady Grove,
And o'er my Head he hung the Banners of his Love.

IV.

I faint; I die! my labouring Breast
Is with the mighty Weight of Love opprest:
I feel the Fire possess my Heart,
And pain convey'd to every Part.
Thro' all my Veins the Passion flies,
My feeble Soul forsakes its Place,
A trembling Faintness seals my Eyes,
And Paleness dwells upon my Face;
Oh! let my Love with pow'rful Odours stay
My fainting lovesick Soul that dies away;
One Hand beneath me let him place,
With t'other press me in a chaste Embrace.

V.

I charge you, Nymphs of Sion, *as you go*
Arm'd with the sounding Quiver and the Bow,

---

[1] [*Beauties shall be*] [2] [*And stands among*]

Whilst thro' the lonesome Woods you rove,
You ne'er disturb my sleeping Love.
Be only gentle Zephyrs *there,*
With downy Wings to fan the Air;
Let sacred Silence dwell around,
To keep off each intruding Sound:
And when the balmy Slumber leaves his Eyes,
May he to Joys, unknown 'till then, arise.

VI.

But see! he comes! with what majestick Gate
He onward bears his lovely State!
Now thro' the Lattice he appears,
With softest Words dispels my Fears,
Arise, my Fair-One, and receive
All the Pleasures Love can give.
For now the sullen Winter's past,
No more we fear the Northern Blast:
No Storms nor threatning Clouds appear,
No falling Rains deform the Year.
My Love admits of no delay,
Arise, my Fair, and come away.

VII.

Already, see! the teeming Earth
Brings forth the Flow'rs, her beauteous Birth.
The Dews, and soft-descending Show'rs,
Nurse the new-born tender Flow'rs.
Hark! the Birds melodious sing,
And sweetly usher in the Spring.
Close by his Fellow sits the Dove,
And billing whispers her his Love.
The spreading Vines with Blossoms swell,
Diffusing round a grateful Smell.
Arise, my Fair-One, and receive
All the Blessings Love can give:
For Love admits of no delay,
Arise, my Fair, and come away.

VIII.

As to its Mate the constant Dove
Flies thro' the Covert of the spicy Grove,
So let us hasten to some lonely Shade,
There let me safe in thy low'd Arms be laid,
Where no intruding hateful Noise
Shall damp the Sound of thy melodious Voice;
Where I may gaze, and mark each beauteous Grace;
For sweet thy Voice, and lovely is thy Face.

IX.

As all of me, my Love, is thine,
Let all of thee be ever mine.
Among the Lillies we will play,
Fairer, my Love, thou art than they,
Till the purple Morn arise,
And balmy Sleep forsake thine Eyes;

Till the gladsome Beams of Day
Remove the Shades of Night away;
Then when soft Sleep shall from thy Eyes depart,
Rise like the bounding Roe, or lusty Hart,
Glad to behold the Light again
From Bether's *Mountains darting o'er the Plain.* T.

No. 389.] *Tuesday, May* 27, 1712. [*Budgell.*

———*Meliora pii docuere parentes.*—Hor.

NOTHING has more surprized the Learned in *England*, than the Price which a small Book, intitled *Spaccio della Bestia triom fante*,[1] bore in a late Auction. This Book was sold for [thirty[2]] Pound. As it was written by one *Jordanus Brunus*, a professed Atheist, with a design to depreciate Religion, every one was apt to fancy, from the extravagant Price it bore, that there must be something in it very formidable.

I must confess that happening to get a sight of one of them my self, I could not forbear perusing it with this Apprehension; but found there was so very little Danger in it, that I shall venture to give my Readers a fair Account of the whole Plan upon which this wonderful Treatise is built.

The Author pretends that *Jupiter* once upon a Time resolved on a Reformation of the Constellations: for which purpose having summoned the Stars together, he complains to them of the great Decay of the Worship of the Gods, which he thought so much the harder, having called several of those Celestial Bodies by the Names of the Heathen Deities, and by that means made the Heavens as it were a Book of the Pagan Theology. *Momus* tells him, that this is not to be wondered at, since there were so many scandalous Stories of the Deities; upon which the Author takes occasion to cast Reflections upon all other Religions, concluding, that *Jupiter*, after a full Hearing, discarded the Deities out of Heaven, and called the Stars by the Names of the Moral Virtues.

This short Fable, which has no Pretence in it to Reason or

[1] The book was bought in 1711 for £28 by Mr. Walter Clavel at the sale of the library of Mr. Charles Barnard. It had been bought in 1706 at the sale of Mr. Bigot's library with five others for two shillings and a penny. Although Giordano Bruno was burnt as a heretic, he was a noble thinker, no professed atheist, but a man of the reformed faith, who was in advance of Calvin, a friend of Sir Philip Sydney, and as good a man as Mr. Budgell.

[2] [Fifty]

Argument, and but a very small Share of Wit, has however recommended it self wholly by its Impiety to those weak Men, who would distinguish themselves by the Singularity of their Opinions.

There are two Considerations which have been often urged against Atheists, and which they never yet could get over. The first is, that the greatest and most eminent Persons of all Ages have been against them, and always complied with the publick Forms of Worship established in their respective Countries, when there was nothing in them either derogatory to the Honour of the Supreme Being, or prejudicial to the Good of Mankind.

The *Plato's* and *Cicero's* among the Ancients; the *Bacons*, the *Boyles*, and the *Lockes*, among our own Countrymen, are all Instances of what I have been saying; not to mention any of the Divines, however celebrated, since our Adversaries challenge all those, as Men who have too much Interest in this Case to be impartial Evidences.

But what has been often urged as a Consideration of much more Weight, is, not only the Opinion of the Better Sort, but the general Consent of Mankind to this great Truth; which I think could not possibly have come to pass, but from one of the three following Reasons; either that the Idea of a God is innate and co-existent with the Mind it self; or that this Truth is so very obvious, that it is discover'd by the first Exertion of Reason in Persons of the most ordinary Capacities; or, lastly, that it has been delivered down to us thro' all Ages by a Tradition from the first Man.

The Atheists are equally confounded, to which ever of these three Causes we assign it; they have been so pressed by this last Argument from the general Consent of Mankind, that after great search and pains they pretend to have found out a Nation of Atheists, I mean that Polite People the *Hottentots*.

I dare not shock my Readers with a Description of the Customs and Manners of these Barbarians, who are in every respect scarce one degree above Brutes, having no Language among them but a confused [*Gabble*,[1]] which is neither well understood by themselves or others.

It is not however to be imagin'd how much the Atheists have gloried in these their good Friends and Allies.

If we boast of a *Socrates*, or a *Seneca*, they may now confront them with these great Philosophers the *Hottentots*.

Tho' even this Point has, not without Reason, been several

[1] [Gabling]

times controverted, I see no manner of harm it could do Religion, if we should entirely give them up this elegant Part of Mankind.

Methinks nothing more shews the Weakness of their Cause, than that no Division of their Fellow-Creatures join with them, but those among whom they themselves own Reason is almost defaced, and who have little else but their Shape, which can entitle them to any Place in the Species.

Besides these poor Creatures, there have now and then been Instances of a few crazed People in several Nations, who have denied the Existence of a Deity.

The Catalogue of these is however very short; even *Vanini*,[1] the most celebrated Champion for the Cause, professed before his Judges that he believed the Existence of a God, and taking up a Straw which lay before him on the Ground, assured them, that alone was sufficient to convince him of it; alledging several Arguments to prove that 'twas impossible Nature alone could create anything.

I was the other day reading an Account of *Casimir Liszynski*, a Gentleman of *Poland*, who was convicted and executed for this Crime.[2] The manner of his Punishment was very particular. As soon as his Body was burnt his Ashes were put into a Cannon, and shot into the Air towards *Tartary*.

I am apt to believe, that if something like this Method of Punishment should prevail in *England*, such is the natural good Sense of the *British* Nation, that whether we rammed an Atheist [whole] into a great Gun, or pulverized our Infidels, as they do in *Poland*, we should not have many Charges.

I should, however, propose, while our Ammunition lasted, that instead of *Tartary*, we should always keep two or three Cannons ready pointed towards the Cape of *Good Hope*, in order to shoot our Unbelievers into the Country of the *Hottentots*.

[1] Vanini, like Giordano Bruno, has his memory dishonoured through the carelessness with which men take for granted the assertions of his enemies. Whether burnt or not, every religious thinker of the sixteenth century who opposed himself to the narrowest views of those who claimed to be the guardians of orthodoxy was remorselessly maligned. If he was the leader of a party, there were hundreds to maintain his honour against calumny. If he was a solitary searcher after truth, there was nothing but his single life and work to set against the host of his defamers. Of Vanini's two books one was written to prove the existence of a God, yet here is Mr Budgell calling him 'the most celebrated champion for the cause' of atheism.

[2] Casimir Lyszynski was a Polish Knight, executed at Warsaw in 1689, in the barbarous manner which appears to tickle Mr. Budgell's fancy. It does not appear that he had written anything.

In my Opinion, a solemn judicial Death is too great an Honour for an Atheist, tho' I must allow the Method of exploding him, as it is practised in this ludicrous kind of Martyrdom, has something in it proper [enough] to the Nature of his Offence.

There is indeed a great Objection against this Manner of treating them. Zeal for Religion is of so active a Nature, that it seldom knows where to rest; for which reason I am afraid, after having discharged our Atheists, we might possibly think of shooting off our Sectaries; and, as one does not foresee the Vicissitude of human Affairs, it might one time or other come to a Man's own turn to fly out of the Mouth of a Demi-culverin.

If any of my Readers imagine that I have treated these Gentlemen in too Ludicrous a Manner, I must confess, for my own part, I think reasoning against such Unbelievers upon a Point that shocks the Common Sense of Mankind, is doing them too great an Honour, giving them a Figure in the Eye of the World, and making People fancy that they have more in them than they really have.

As for those Persons who have any Scheme of Religious Worship, I am for treating such with the utmost Tenderness, and should endeavour to shew them their Errors with the greatest Temper and Humanity: but as these Miscreants are for throwing down Religion in general, for stripping Mankind of what themselves own is of excellent use in all great Societies, without once offering to establish any thing in the Room of it; I think the best way of dealing with them, is to retort their own Weapons upon them, which are those of Scorn and Mockery.

X.

No. 390.] *Wednesday, May* 28, 1712. [*Steele.*

Non pudendo sed non faciendo id quod non decet impudentiæ nomen effugere debemus.—Tull.

MANY are the Epistles I receive from Ladies extremely afflicted that they lie under the Observation of scandalous People, who love to defame their Neighbours, and make the unjustest Interpretation of innocent and indifferent Actions. They describe their own Behaviour so unhappily, that there indeed lies some Cause of Suspicion upon them. It is certain, that there is no Authority for Persons who have nothing else to do, to pass away Hours of Conversation upon the Miscarriages of other People; but since they will do so, they who

value their Reputation should be cautious of Appearances to their Disadvantage. But very often our young Women, as well as the middle-aged and the gay Part of those growing old, without entering into a formal League for that purpose, to a Woman agree upon a short Way to preserve their Characters, and go on in a Way that at best is only not vicious. The Method is, when an ill-natur'd or talkative Girl has said any thing that bears hard upon some part of another's Carriage, this Creature, if not in any of their little Cabals, is run down for the most censorious dangerous Body in the World. Thus they guard their Reputation rather than their Modesty; as if Guilt lay in being under the Imputation of a Fault, and not in a Commission of it. *Orbicilla* is the kindest poor thing in the Town, but the most blushing Creature living: It is true she has not lost the Sense of Shame, but she has lost the Sense of Innocence. If she had more Confidence, and never did anything which ought to stain her Cheeks, would she not be much more modest without that ambiguous Suffusion, which is the Livery both of Guilt and Innocence? Modesty consists in being conscious of no Ill, and not in being ashamed of having done it. When People go upon any other Foundation than the Truth of their own Hearts for the Conduct of their Actions, it lies in the power of scandalous Tongues to carry the World before them, and make the rest of Mankind fall in with the Ill, for fear of Reproach. On the other hand, to do what you ought, is the ready way to make Calumny either silent or ineffectually malicious. *Spencer*, in his *Fairy Queen*, says admirably to young Ladies under the Distress of being defamed;

The best, said he, that I can you advise,
Is to avoid th' Occasion of the Ill;
For when the Cause, whence Evil doth arise,
Removed is, th' Effect surceaseth still.
Abstain from Pleasure, and restrain your Will,
Subdue Desire, and bridle loose Delight:
Use scanted Diet, and forbear your Fill;
Shun Secrecy, and talk in open sight:
So shall you soon repair your present evil Plight.[1]

Instead of this Care over their Words and Actions, recommended by a Poet in old Queen *Bess's* Days, the modern Way is to do and say what you please, and yet be the *prettiest sort of Woman in the World.* If Fathers and Brothers will defend a Lady's Honour, she is quite as safe as in her own Innocence. Many of the Distressed, who suffer under the Malice of evil Tongues, are so harmless that they are every Day they live

[1] F. Q. Bk VI. canto vi. st. 14.

asleep 'till twelve at Noon; concern themselves with nothing but their own Persons 'till two; take their necessary Food between that time and four; visit, go to the Play, and sit up at Cards 'till towards the ensuing Morn; and the malicious World shall draw Conclusions from innocent Glances, short Whispers, or pretty familiar Railleries with fashionable Men, that these Fair ones are not as rigid as Vestals. It is certain, say these goodest Creatures very well, that Virtue does not consist in constrain'd Behaviour and wry Faces, that must be allow'd; but there is a Decency in the Aspect and Manner of Ladies contracted from an Habit of Virtue, and from general Reflections that regard a modest Conduct, all which may be understood, tho' they cannot be described. A young Woman of this sort claims an Esteem mixed with Affection and Honour, and meets with no Defamation; or if she does, the wild Malice is overcome with an undisturbed Perseverance in her Innocence. To speak freely, there are such Coveys of Coquets about this Town, that if the Peace were not kept by some impertinent Tongues of their own Sex, which keep them under some Restraint, we should have no manner of Engagement upon them to keep them in any tolerable Order.

As I am a SPECTATOR, and behold how plainly one Part of Womankind ballance the Behaviour of the other, whatever I may think of Talebearers or Slanderers, I cannot wholly suppress them, no more than a General would discourage Spies. The Enemy would easily surprize him whom they knew had no Intelligence of their Motions. It is so far otherwise with me, that I acknowledge I permit a She-Slanderer or two in every Quarter of the Town, to live in the Characters of Coquets, and take all the innocent Freedoms of the rest, in order to send me Information of the Behaviour of their respective Sisterhoods.

But as the Matter of Respect to the World, which looks on, is carried on, methinks it is so very easie to be what is in the general called Virtuous, that it need not cost one Hour's Reflection in a Month to preserve that Appellation. It is pleasant to hear the pretty Rogues talk of Virtue and Vice among each other: She is the laziest Creature in the World, but I must confess strictly Virtuous: The peevishest Hussy breathing, but as to her Virtue she is without Blemish: She has not the least Charity for any of her Acquaintance, but I must allow rigidly Virtuous. As the unthinking Part of the Male World call every Man a Man of Honour, who is not a Coward; so the Crowd of the other Sex terms every Woman who will not be a Wench, Virtuous. T.

No. 391.] *Thursday, May* 29, 1712. [*Addison.*

———*Non tu prece poscis emaci,*
Quæ nisi seductis nequeas committere Divis:
At bona pars procerum tacitâ libabit acerrâ.
Haud cuivis promptum est, murmurque humilesque susurros
Tollere de Templis; et aperto vivere voto.
Mens bona, fama, fides, hæc clarè, et ut audiat hospes.
Illa sibi introrsum, et sub lingua immurmurat: O si
Ebulit patrui præclarum funus! Et O si
Sub rastro crepet argenti mihi seria dextro
Hercule! pupillumve utinam, quem proximus hæres
Impello, expungam!——— Pers.

WHERE *Homer*[1] represents *Phœnix*, the Tutor of *Achilles*, as persuading his Pupil to lay aside his Resentments, and give himself up to the Entreaties of his Countrymen, the Poet, in order to make him speak in Character, ascribes to him a Speech full of those Fables and Allegories which old Men take Delight in relating, and which are very proper for Instruction. *The Gods*, says he, *suffer themselves to be prevailed upon by Entreaties. When Mortals have offended them by their Transgressions, they appease them by Vows and Sacrifices. You must know*, Achilles, *that PRAYERS are the Daughters of* Jupiter. *They are crippled by frequent Kneeling, have their Faces full of Cares and Wrinkles, and their Eyes always cast towards Heaven. They are constant Attendants on the Goddess* ATE, *and march behind her. This Goddess walks forward with a bold and haughty Air, and being very light of foot, runs thro' the whole Earth, grieving and afflicting the Sons of Men. She gets the start of PRAYERS, who always follow her, in order to heal those Persons whom she wounds. He who honours these Daughters of* Jupiter, *when they draw near to him, receives great Benefit from them; but as for him who rejects them, they intreat their Father to give his Orders to the Goddess* ATE *to punish him for his Hardness of Heart.* This noble Allegory needs but little Explanation; for whether the Goddess *ATE* signifies Injury, as some have explained it; or Guilt in general, as others; or divine Justice, as I am the more apt to think; the Interpretation is obvious enough.

I shall produce another Heathen Fable relating to Prayers, which is of a more diverting kind. One would think by some Passages in it, that it was composed by *Lucian*, or at least by some Author who has endeavour'd to imitate his Way of

[1] Iliad; Bk ix.

Writing; but as Dissertations of this Nature are more curious than useful, I shall give my Reader the Fable, without any further Enquiries after the Author.

Menippus[1] the Philosopher was a second time taken up into Heaven by *Jupiter*, when for his Entertainment he lifted up a Trap-Door that was placed by his Foot-stool. At its rising, there issued through it such a Din of Cries as astonished the Philosopher. Upon his asking what they meant, *Jupiter* told him they were the Prayers that were sent up to him from the Earth. *Menippus*, amidst the Confusion of Voices, which was so great, that nothing less than the Ear of *Jove* could distinguish them, heard the Words, *Riches*, *Honour*, and *Long Life* repeated in several different Tones and Languages. When the first Hubbub of Sounds was over, the Trap-Door being left open, the Voices came up more separate and distinct. The first Prayer was a very odd one, it came from *Athens*, and desired *Jupiter* to increase the *Wisdom* and the Beard of his humble Supplicant. *Menippus* knew it by the Voice to be the Prayer of his Friend *Licander* the Philosopher. This was succeeded by the Petition of one who had just laden a Ship, and promised *Jupiter*, if he took care of it, and returned it home again full of Riches, he would make him an Offering of a Silver Cup. *Jupiter* thanked him for nothing; and bending down his Ear more attentively than ordinary, heard a Voice complaining to him of the Cruelty of an *Ephesian* Widow, and begging him to breed Compassion in her Heart: This, says *Jupiter*, is a very honest Fellow. I have received a great deal of Incense from him; I will not be so cruel to him as to hear his Prayers. He was [then] interrupted with a whole Volly of Vows, which were made for the Health of a tyrannical Prince by his Subjects who pray'd for him in his Presence. *Menippus* was surprized, after having listned to Prayers offered up with so much Ardour and Devotion, to hear low Whispers from the same Assembly, expostulating with *Jove* for suffering such a Tyrant to live, and asking him how his Thunder could lie idle? *Jupiter* was so offended at these prevaricating Rascals, that he took down the first Vows, and puffed away the last. The Philosopher seeing a great Cloud mounting upwards, and making its way directly to the Trap-Door, enquired

[1] Menippus was a Cynic philosopher of Gadara, who made money in Thebes by usury, lost it, and hanged himself. He wrote satirical pieces, which are lost; some said that they were the joint work of two friends, Dionysius and Zopyrus of Colophon, in whom it was one jest the more to ascribe their jesting to Menippus. These pieces were imitated by Terentius Varro in 'Satiræ Menippeæ.'

of *Jupiter* what it meant. This, says *Jupiter*, is the Smoke or a whole Hecatomb that is offered me by the General of an Army, who is very importunate with me to let him cut off an hundred thousand Men that are drawn up in Array against him: What does the impudent Wretch think I see in him, to believe that I will make a Sacrifice of so many Mortals as good as himself, and all this to his Glory, forsooth? But hark, says *Jupiter*, there is a Voice I never heard but in time of danger; 'tis a Rogue that is shipwreck'd in the *Ionian* Sea: I sav'd him on a Plank but three Days ago, upon his Promise to mend his Manners, the Scoundrel is not worth a Groat, and yet has the Impudence to offer me a Temple if I will keep him from sinking—— But yonder, says he, is a special Youth for you, he desires me to take his Father, who keeps a great Estate from him, out of the Miseries of human Life. The old Fellow shall live till he makes his Heart ake, I can tell him that for his pains. This was followed by the soft Voice of a Pious Lady, desiring *Jupiter* that she might appear amiable and charming in the Sight of her Emperor. As the Philosopher was reflecting on this extraordinary Petition, there blew a gentle Wind thro' the Trap-Door, which he at first mistook for a Gale of *Zephirs*, but afterwards found it to be a Breeze of Sighs: They smelt strong of Flowers and Incense, and were succeeded by most passionate Complaints of Wounds and Torments, Fires and Arrows, Cruelty, Despair and Death. *Menippus* fancied that such lamentable Cries arose from some general Execution, or from Wretches lying under the Torture; but *Jupiter* told him that they came up to him from the Isle of *Paphos*, and that he every day received Complaints of the same nature from that whimsical Tribe of Mortals who are called Lovers. I am so trifled with, says he, by this Generation of both Sexes, and find it so impossible to please them, whether I grant or refuse their Petitions, that I shall order a Western Wind for the future to intercept them in their Passage, and blow them at random upon the Earth. The last Petition I heard was from a very aged Man of near an hundred Years old, begging but for one Year more of Life, and then promising to die contented. This is the rarest old Fellow! says *Jupiter*. He has made this Prayer to me for above twenty Years together. When he was but fifty Years old, he desired only that he might live to see his Son settled in the World; I granted it. He then begged the same Favour for his Daughter, and afterwards that he might see the Education of a Grandson: When all this was brought about, he puts up a Petition that he might live to

finish a House he was building. In short, he is an unreasonable old Cur, and never wants an Excuse; I will hear no more of him. Upon which, he flung down the Trap-Door in a Passion, and was resolved to give no more Audiences that day.

Notwithstanding the Levity of this Fable, the Moral of it very well deserves our Attention, and is the same with that which has been inculcated by *Socrates* and *Plato*, not to mention *Juvenal* and *Persius*, who have each of them made the finest Satire in their whole Works upon this Subject. The Vanity of Men's Wishes, which are the natural Prayers of the Mind, as well as many of those secret Devotions which they offer to the Supreme Being, are sufficiently exposed by it. Among other Reasons for set Forms of Prayer, I have often thought it a very good one, that by this means the Folly and Extravagance of Mens Desires may be kept within due Bounds, and not break out in absurd and ridiculous Petitions on so great and solemn an Occasion. I.

No. 392.] *Friday, May* 30, 1712. [*Steele.*

Per Ambages et Ministeria Deorum
Præcipitandus est liber Spiritus.—Pet.

To the SPECTATOR.

The Transformation of Fidelio *into a Looking-Glass.*

'I WAS lately at a Tea-Table, where some young Ladies 'entertained the Company with a Relation of a Coquet in 'the Neighbourhood, who had been discovered practising 'before her Glass. To turn the Discourse, which from being 'witty grew to be malicious, the Matron of the Family took 'occasion, from the Subject, to wish that there were to be found 'amongst Men such faithful Monitors to dress the Mind by, 'as we consult to adorn the Body. She added, that if a sincere 'Friend were miraculously changed into a Looking-Glass, she 'should not be ashamed to ask its Advice very often. This 'whimsical Thought worked so much upon my Fancy the 'whole Evening, that it produced [a very odd Dream.[1]]

'Methought, that as I stood before my Glass, the Image of

[1] [so odd a Dream, that no one but the SPECTATOR could believe that the Brain, clogged in Sleep, could furnish out such a regular Wildness of Imagination.]

'a Youth, of an open ingenuous Aspect, appeared in it; who 'with a small shrill Voice spoke in the following manner.

'The Looking-Glass, you see, was heretofore a Man, even 'I, the unfortunate *Fidelio*. I had two Brothers, whose De-'formity in Shape was made out by the Clearness of their 'Understanding: It must be owned however, that (as it gener-'ally happens) they had each a Perverseness of Humour 'suitable to their Distortion of Body. The eldest, whose 'Belly sunk in monstrously, was a great Coward; and tho' his 'splenetick contracted Temper made him take fire immedi-'ately, he made Objects that beset him appear greater than 'they were. The second, whose Breast swelled into a bold 'Relievo, on the contrary, took great pleasure in lessening 'every thing, and was perfectly the Reverse of his Brother. 'These Oddnesses pleased Company once or twice, but dis-'gusted when often seen; for which reason the young Gentlemen 'were sent from Court to study Mathematicks at the University.

'I need not acquaint you, that I was very well made, and 'reckoned a bright polite Gentleman. I was the Confident 'and Darling of all the Fair; and if the Old and Ugly spoke 'ill of me, all the World knew it was because I scorned to 'flatter them. No Ball, no Assembly was attended till I had 'been consulted. *Flavia* colour'd her Hair before me, *Celia* 'shew'd me her Teeth, *Panthea* heaved her Bosom, *Cleora* 'brandished her Diamonds; I have seen *Cloe's* Foot, and tied 'artificially the Garters of *Rhodope*.

''Tis a general Maxim, that those who doat upon themselves, 'can have no violent Affection for another: But on the con-'trary, I found that the Womens Passion for me rose in pro-'portion to the Love they bare to themselves. This was 'verify'd in my Amour with *Narcissa*, who was so constant to 'me, that it was pleasantly said, had I been little enough, she 'would have hung me at her Girdle. The most dangerous 'Rival I had, was a gay empty Fellow, who by the Strength 'of a long Intercourse with *Narcissa*, joined to his natural 'Endowments, had formed himself into a perfect Resemblance 'with her. I had been discarded, had she not observed that 'he frequently asked my Opinion about Matters of the last 'Consequence: This made me still more considerable in her Eye.

'Tho' I was eternally caressed by the Ladies, such was their 'Opinion of my Honour, that I was never envy'd by the Men. 'A jealous Lover of *Narcissa* one day thought he had caught 'her in an Amorous Conversation; for tho' he was at such a 'Distance that he could hear nothing, he imagined strange

'things from her Airs and Gestures. Sometimes with a serene 'Look she stepped back in a listning Posture, and brightened 'into an innocent Smile. Quickly after she swelled into an 'Air of Majesty and Disdain, then kept her Eyes half shut 'after a languishing Manner, then covered her Blushes with 'her Hand, breathed a Sigh, and seem'd ready to sink down. 'In rushed the furious Lover; but how great was his Surprize 'to see no one there but the innocent *Fidelio*, with his Back 'against the Wall betwixt two Windows?

'It were endless to recount all my Adventures. Let me 'hasten to that which cost me my Life, and *Narcissa* her 'Happiness.

'She had the misfortune to have the Small-Pox, upon which 'I was expressly forbid her Sight, it being apprehended that 'it would increase her Distemper, and that I should infal- 'libly catch it at the first Look. As soon as she was suffered 'to leave her Bed, she stole out of her Chamber, and found 'me all alone in an adjoining Apartment. She ran with Tran- 'sport to her Darling, and without Mixture of Fear, lest I 'should dislike her. But, oh me! what was her Fury when 'she heard me say, I was afraid and shock'd at so loathsome 'a Spectacle. She stepped back, swollen with Rage, to see 'if I had the Insolence to repeat it. I did, with this Addition, 'that her ill-timed Passion had increased her Ugliness. En- 'raged, inflamed, distracted, she snatched a Bodkin, and with 'all her Force stabbed me to the Heart. Dying, I preserv'd 'my Sincerity, and expressed the Truth, tho' in broken Words; 'and by reproachful Grimaces to the last I mimick'd the 'Deformity of my Murderess.

'*Cupid*, who always attends the Fair, and pity'd the Fate of 'so useful a Servant as I was, obtained of the *Destinies*, that 'my Body should be made incorruptible, and retain the 'Qualities my Mind had possessed. I immediately lost the 'Figure of a Man, and became smooth, polished, and bright, 'and to this day am the first Favourite of the Ladies. T.

No. 393.] *Saturday, May* 31, 1712. [*Addison.*

Nescio quâ præter solitum dulcedine læti.—Virg.

LOOKING over the Letters that have been sent me, I chanced to find the following one, which I received about

two years ago from an ingenious Friend, who was then in *Denmark.*

Dear Sir, *Copenhagen, May* 1, 1710.

'The Spring with you has already taken Possession of the Fields and Woods: Now is the Season of Solitude, and of moving Complaints upon trivial Sufferings: Now the Griefs 'of Lovers begin to flow, and their Wounds to bleed afresh. I 'too, at this Distance from the softer Climates, am not without 'my Discontents at present. You perhaps may laugh at me for 'a most Romantick Wretch, when I have disclosed to you the 'Occasion of my Uneasiness: and yet I cannot help thinking 'my Unhappiness real, in being confined to a Region, which is 'the very Reverse of *Paradise.* The Seasons here are all of 'them unpleasant, and the Country quite Destitute of Rural 'Charms. I have not heard a Bird sing, nor a Brook murmur, 'nor a Breeze whisper, neither have I been blest with the Sight 'of a flowry Meadow these two years. Every Wind here is a 'Tempest, and every Water a turbulent Ocean. I hope, when 'you reflect a little, you will not think the Grounds of my Com-'plaint in the least frivolous and unbecoming a Man of serious 'Thought; since the Love of Woods, of Fields and Flowers, of 'Rivers and Fountains, seems to be a Passion implanted in our 'Natures the most early of any, even before the Fair Sex had a 'Being.

I am, Sir, &c.

Could I transport my self with a Wish from one Country to another, I should chuse to pass my Winter in *Spain*, my Spring in *Italy*, my Summer in *England*, and my Autumn in *France.* Of all these Seasons there is none that can vie with the Spring for Beauty and Delightfulness. It bears the same Figure among the Seasons of the Year, that the Morning does among the Divisions of the Day, or Youth among the Stages of Life. The *English* Summer is pleasanter than that of any other Country in *Europe*, on no other account but because it has a greater Mixture of Spring in it. The Mildness of our Climate, with those frequent Refreshments of Dews and Rains that fall among us, keep up a perpetual Chearfulness in our Fields, and fill the hottest Months of the Year with a lively Verdure.

In the opening of the Spring, when all Nature begins to recover her self, the same animal Pleasure which makes the Birds sing, and the whole brute Creation rejoice, rises very sensibly in the Heart of Man. I know none of the Poets who have observed so well as *Milton* those secret Overflowings of Gladness which

diffuse themselves thro' the Mind of the Beholder, upon surveying the gay Scenes of Nature: he has touched upon it twice or thrice in his *Paradise Lost*, and describes it very beautifully under the Name of Vernal Delight, in that Passage where he represents the Devil himself as almost sensible of it.

Blossoms and Fruits at once of golden hue
Appear'd, with gay enamel'd Colours mixt:
On which the Sun more glad impress'd his Beams
Than in fair evening Cloud, or humid Bow,
When God hath shower'd the Earth; so lovely seem'd
That Landskip: And of pure now purer Air
Meets his approach, and to the Heart inspires
Vernal Delight, and Joy able to drive
All Sadness but Despair, &c.[1]

Many Authors have written on the Vanity of the Creature, and represented the Barrenness of every thing in this World, and its Incapacity of producing any solid or substantial Happiness. As Discourses of this Nature are very useful to the Sensual and Voluptuous; those Speculations which shew the bright Side of Things, and lay forth those innocent Entertainments which are to be met with among the several Objects that encompass us, are no less beneficial to Men of dark and melancholy Tempers. It was for this reason that I endeavoured to recommend a Chearfulness of Mind in my two last *Saturday's* Papers, and which I would still inculcate, not only from the Consideration of our selves, and of that Being on whom we depend, nor from the general Survey of that Universe in which we are placed at present, but from Reflections on the particular Season in which this Paper is written. The Creation is a perpetual Feast to the Mind of a good Man, every thing he sees chears and delights him; Providence has imprinted so many Smiles on Nature, that it is impossible for a Mind, which is not sunk in more gross and sensual Delights, to take a Survey of them without several secret Sensations of Pleasure. The Psalmist has in several of his Divine Poems celebrated those beautiful and agreeable Scenes which make the Heart glad, and produce in it that vernal Delight which I have before taken Notice of.

Natural Philosophy quickens this Taste of the Creation, and renders it not only pleasing to the Imagination, but to the Understanding. It does not rest in the Murmur of Brooks, and the Melody of Birds, in the Shade of Groves and Woods, or in the Embroidery of Fields and Meadows, but considers the several Ends of Providence which are served by them, and the Wonders

[1] Paradise Lost, Bk iv. ll. 148—156.

of Divine Wisdom which appear in them. It heightens the Pleasures of the Eye, and raises such a rational Admiration in the Soul as is little inferior to Devotion.

It is not in the Power of every one to offer up this kind of Worship to the great Author of Nature, and to indulge these more refined Meditations of Heart, which are doubtless highly acceptable in his Sight: I shall therefore conclude this short Essay on that Pleasure which the Mind naturally conceives from the present Season of the Year, by the recommending of a Practice for which every one has sufficient Abilities.

I would have my Readers endeavour to moralize this natural Pleasure of the Soul, and to improve this vernal Delight, as *Milton* calls it, into a Christian Virtue. When we find our selves inspired with this pleasing Instinct, this secret Satisfaction and Complacency arising from the Beauties of the Creation, let us consider to whom we stand indebted for all these Entertainments of Sense, and who it is that thus opens his Hand and fills the World with Good. The Apostle instructs us to take advantage of our present Temper of Mind, to graft upon it such a religious Exercise as is particularly conformable to it, by that Precept which advises those who are sad to pray, and those who are merry to sing Psalms. The Chearfulness of Heart which springs up in us from the Survey of Nature's Works, is an admirable Preparation for Gratitude. The Mind has gone a great way towards Praise and Thanksgiving, that is filled with such a secret Gladness: A grateful Reflection on the supreme Cause who produces it, sanctifies it in the Soul, and gives it its proper Value. Such an habitual Disposition of Mind consecrates every Field and Wood, turns an ordinary Walk into a morning or evening Sacrifice, and will improve those transient Gleams of Joy, which naturally brighten up and refresh the Soul on such Occasions, into an inviolable and perpetual State of Bliss and Happiness. I.

No. 394.] *Monday, June* 2, 1712. [*Steele.*

Bene colligitur hæc Pueris et Mulierculis et Servis et Servorum simillimis Liberis esse grata. Gravi vero homini et ea quæ fiunt Judicio certo ponderanti probari posse nullo modo.—Tull.

I HAVE been considering the little and frivolous things which give Men Accesses to one another, and Power with each other, not only in the common and indifferent Accidents of

Life, but also in Matters of greater importance. You see in Elections for Members to sit in Parliament, how far saluting Rows of old Women, drinking with Clowns, and being upon a level with the lowest Part of Mankind in that wherein they themselves are lowest, their Diversions, will carry a Candidate. A Capacity for prostituting a Man's Self in his Behaviour, and descending to the present Humour of the Vulgar, is perhaps as good an Ingredient as any other for making a considerable Figure in the World; and if a Man has nothing else, or better, to think of, he could not make his way to Wealth and Distinction by properer Methods, than studying the particular Bent or Inclination of People with whom he converses, and working from the Observation of such their Biass in all Matters wherein he has any Intercourse with them: For his Ease and Comfort he may assure himself, he need not be at the Expence of any great Talent or Virtue to please even those who are possess'd of the highest Qualifications. Pride in some particular Disguise or other, (often a Secret to the proud Man himself) is the most ordinary Spring of Action among Men. You need no more than to discover what a Man values himself for; then of all things admire that Quality, but be sure to be failing in it your self in comparison of the Man whom you court. I have heard, or read, of a Secretary of State in *Spain*, who served a Prince who was happy in an elegant use of the *Latin* Tongue, and often writ Dispatches in it with his own Hand. The King shewed his Secretary a Letter he had written to a foreign Prince, and under the Colour of asking his Advice, laid a Trap for his Applause. The honest Man read it as a faithful Counsellor, and not only excepted against his tying himself down too much by some Expressions, but mended the Phrase in others. You may guess the Dispatches that Evening did not take much longer Time. Mr. Secretary, as soon as he came to his own House, sent for his eldest Son, and communicated to him that the Family must retire out of *Spain* as soon as possible; for, said he, the King knows I understand *Latin* better than he does.

This egregious Fault in a Man of the World, should be a Lesson to all who would make their Fortunes: But a Regard must be carefully had to the Person with whom you have to do; for it is not to be doubted but a great Man of common Sense must look with secret Indignation or bridled Laughter, on all the Slaves who stand round him with ready Faces to approve and smile at all he says in the gross. It is good Comedy enough to observe a Superior talking half Sentences, and playing an humble Admirer's Countenance from one thing to another,

with such Perplexity that he knows not what to sneer in Approbation of. But this kind of Complaisance is peculiarly the Manner of Courts; in all other Places you must constantly go farther in Compliance with the Persons you have to do with, than a mere Conformity of Looks and Gestures. If you are in a Country Life, and would be a leading Man, a good Stomach, a loud Voice, and a rustick Chearfulness will go a great way, provided you are able to drink, and drink any thing. But I was just now going to draw the Manner of Behaviour I would advise People to practise under some Maxim, and intimated, that every one almost was governed by his Pride. There was an old Fellow about forty Years ago so peevish and fretful, though a Man of Business, that no one could come at him: But he frequented a particular little Coffee-house, where he triumphed over every body at Trick-track and Baggammon. The way to pass his Office well, was first to be insulted by him at one of those Games in his leisure Hours; for his Vanity was to shew, that he was a Man of Pleasure as well as Business. Next to this sort of Insinuation, which is called in all Places (from its taking its Birth in the Housholds of Princes) making one's Court, the most prevailing way is, by what better-bred People call a Present, the Vulgar a Bribe. I humbly conceive that such a thing is conveyed with more Gallantry in a *Billet-doux* that should be understood at the *Bank*, than in gross Money; But as to stubborn People, who are so surly as to accept of neither Note or Cash, having formerly dabbled in Chymistry, I can only say that one part of Matter asks one thing, and another another, to make it fluent; but there is nothing but may be dissolved by a proper Mean: Thus the Virtue which is too obdurate for Gold or Paper, shall melt away very kindly in a Liquid. The Island of *Barbadoes* (a shrewd People) manage all their Appeals to *Great-Britain*, by a skilful Distribution of Citron-Water among the Whisperers about Men in Power. Generous Wines do every Day prevail, and that in great Points, where ten thousand times their Value would have been rejected with Indignation.

But to wave the Enumeration of the sundry Ways of applying by Presents, Bribes, Management of People Passions and Affections, in such a Manner as it shall appear that the Virtue of the best Man is by one Method or other corruptible; let us look out for some Expedient to turn those Passions and Affections on the side of Truth and Honour. When a Man has laid it down for a Position, that parting with his Integrity, in the minutest Circumstance, is losing so much of his very Self, Self-

love will become a Virtue. By this means Good and Evil will be the only Objects of Dislike and Approbation; and he that injures any Man, has effectually wounded the Man of this Turn as much as if the Harm had been to himself. This seems to be the only Expedient to arrive at an Impartiality; and a Man who follows the Dictates of Truth and right Reason, may by Artifice be led into Error, but never can into Guilt. T.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

CHARLES EARL OF *SUNDERLAND*.[1]

My LORD,

VERY many Favours and Civilities (received from You in a private Capacity) which I have no other Way to acknowledge, will, I hope, excuse this Presumption; but the Justice I, as a *Spectator*, owe your Character, places me above the want of an Excuse. Candor and Openness of Heart, which shine in all your Words and Actions, exacts the highest Esteem from all who have the Honour to know You, and a winning Condescention to all subordinate to You, made Business a Pleasure to those who executed it under You, at the same time that it

[1] Charles Spencer, to whom the Sixth Volume of the *Spectator* is here inscribed, represented Tiverton, in 1700, when he took the Lady Anne Churchill, Marlborough's second daughter, for his second wife. On the death of his father Robert, in 1702, he became Earl of Sunderland. He was an accomplished man and founder of the library at Althorpe. In 1705 he was employed diplomatically at the courts of Prussia, Austria, and Hanover. Early in 1706 he was one of the Commissioners for arranging the Union with Scotland, and in September of that year he was forced by the Whigs on Queen Anne, as successor to Sir Charles Hedges in the office of Secretary of State. Steele held under him the office of Gazetteer, to which he was appointed in the following May. In 1710 Sunderland shared in the political reverse suffered by Marlborough. In the summer of that year Sunderland was dismissed from office, but with an offer from the Queen of a pension of £3000 a year. He replied that 'he was glad her Majesty 'was satisfied that he had done his duty; but if he could not have the 'honour to serve his country, he would not plunder it.' The accession of George I. restored him to favour and influence. He became Lord-lieutenant of Ireland; had, in 1715, a pension of £12,000 a year settled on him; in April, 1717, was again Secretary of State; and in the following March, Lord President of the Council. His political influence was broken in 1721, the year before his death.

heightened Her Majesty's Favour to all who had the Happiness of having it convey'd through Your Hands: A Secretary of State, in the Interests of Mankind, joined with that of his Fellow-Subjects, accomplished with a great Facility and Elegance in all the Modern as well as Ancient Languages, was a happy and proper Member of a Ministry, by whose Services Your Sovereign and Country are in so high and flourishing a Condition, as makes all other Princes and Potentates powerful or inconsiderable in *Europe*, as they are Friends or Enemies to *Great-Britain*. The Importance of those great Events which happened during that Administration, in which Your Lordship bore so important a Charge, will be acknowledg'd as long as Time shall endure; I shall not therefore attempt to rehearse those illustrious Passages, but give this Application a more private and particular Turn, in desiring Your Lordship would continue your Favour and Patronage to me, as You are a Gentleman of the most polite Literature, and perfectly accomplished in the Knowledge of Books and Men, which makes it necessary to beseech Your Indulgence to the following Leaves, and the Author of them: Who is, with the greatest Truth and Respect,

My Lord,
Your Lordship's
Obliged, Obedient, and
Humble Servant,
THE SPECTATOR.

No. 395.] *Tuesday, June* 3, 1712. [*Budgell.*

——*Quod nunc ratio est, Impetus ante fuit.*—Ovid.

BEWARE *of the Ides of* March, said the *Roman* Augur to *Julius Cæsar: Beware of the Month of* May, says the *British Spectator* to his fair Country-women. The Caution of the first was unhappily neglected, and *Cæsar's* Confidence cost him his Life. I am apt to flatter my self that my pretty Readers had much more regard to the Advice I gave them, since I have yet received very few Accounts of any notorious Trips made in the last Month.

But tho' I hope for the best, I shall not pronounce too positively on this point, 'till I have seen forty Weeks well over,

at which Period of Time, as my good Friend Sir Roger has often told me, he has more Business as a Justice of Peace, among the dissolute young People in the Country, than at any other Season of the Year.

Neither must I forget a Letter which I received near a Fortnight since from a Lady, who, it seems, could hold out no longer, telling me she looked upon the Month as then out, for that she had all along reckoned by the New Style.

On the other hand, I have great reason to believe, from several angry Letters which have been sent to me by disappointed Lovers, that my Advice has been of very signal Service to the fair Sex, who, according to the old Proverb, were *Forewarn'd forearm'd.*

One of these Gentlemen tells me, that he would have given me an hundred Pounds, rather than I should have publish'd that Paper; for that his Mistress, who had promised to explain herself to him about the Beginning of *May*, upon reading that Discourse told him that *she would give him her Answer in* June.

Thyrsis acquaints me, that when he desired *Sylvia* to take a Walk in the Fields, she told him *the* Spectator *had forbidden her.*

Another of my Correspondents, who writes himself *Mat Meager*, complains, that whereas he constantly used to Breakfast with his Mistress upon Chocolate, going to wait upon her the first of *May* he found his usual Treat very much changed for the worse, and has been forced to feed ever since upon Green Tea.

As I begun this Critical Season with a Caveat to the Ladies, I shall conclude it with a Congratulation, and do most heartily wish them Joy of their happy Deliverance.

They may now reflect with Pleasure on the Dangers they have escaped, and look back with as much Satisfaction on their Perils that threatned them, as their Great-Grandmothers did formerly on the Burning Plough-shares, after having passed through the Ordeal Tryal. The Instigations of the Spring are now abated. The Nightingale gives over her *Love-labour'd Song*, as *Milton* phrases it, the Blossoms are fallen, and the Beds of Flowers swept away by the Scythe of the Mower.

I shall now allow my Fair Readers to return to their Romances and Chocolate, provided they make use of them with Moderation, 'till about the middle of the Month, when the Sun shall have made some Progress in the *Crab*. Nothing is more dangerous, than too much Confidence and Security. The *Trojans*, who stood upon their Guard all the while the

Grecians lay before their City, when they fancied the Siege was raised, and the Danger past, were the very next Night burnt in their Beds: I must also observe, that as in some Climates there is a perpetual *Spring*, so in some Female Constitutions there is a perpetual *May*: These are a kind of *Valetudinarians* in Chastity, whom I would continue in a constant Diet. I cannot think these wholly out of Danger, 'till they have looked upon the other Sex at least Five Years through a Pair of Spectacles. WILL. HONEYCOMB has often assured me, that 'tis much easier to steal one of this Species, when she has passed her grand Climacterick, than to carry off an *icy* Girl on this side Five and Twenty; and that a Rake of his Acquaintance, who had in vain endeavoured to gain the Affections of a young Lady of Fifteen, had at last made his Fortune by running away with her Grandmother.

But as I do not design this Speculation for the *Evergreens* of the Sex, I shall again apply my self to those who would willingly listen to the Dictates of Reason and Virtue, and can now hear me in cold Blood. If there are any who have forfeited their Innocence, they must now consider themselves under that Melancholy View, in which *Chamont* regards his Sister, in those beautiful Lines.

> *——————Long she flourish'd,*
> *Grew sweet to Sense, and lovely to the Eye;*
> *'Till at the last a cruel Spoiler came,*
> *Cropt this fair Rose, and rifled all its Sweetness,*
> *Then cast it like a loathsome Weed away.*[1]

On the contrary, she who has observed the timely Cautions I gave her, and lived up to the Rules of Modesty, will now Flourish like *a Rose in* June, with all her Virgin Blushes and Sweetness about her: I must, however, desire these last to consider, how shameful it would be for a General, who has made a Successful Campaign, to be surprized in his Winter Quarters: It would be no less dishonourable for a Lady to lose in any other Month of the Year, what she has been at the pains to preserve in *May*.

There is no Charm in the Female Sex, that can supply the place of Virtue. Without Innocence, Beauty is unlovely, and Quality contemptible, Good-breeding degenerates into Wantonness, and Wit into Impudence. It is observed, that all the Virtues are represented by both Painters and Statuaries under Female Shapes, but if any one of them has a more particular Title to that Sex, it is Modesty. I shall leave it to the Divines

[1] Otway's *Orphan*, Act IV.

to guard them against the opposite Vice, as they may be over-power'd by Temptations; It is sufficient for me to have warned them against it, as they may be led astray by Instinct.

I desire this Paper may be read with more than ordinary Attention, at all Tea-Tables within the Cities of London *and* Westminster. X.

No. 396.] *Wednesday, June* 4, 1712. [*Henley.*

Barbara, Celarent, Darii, Ferio, Baralipton.

HAVING a great deal of Business upon my Hands at present, I shall beg the Reader's Leave to present him with a Letter that I received about half a Year ago from a Gentleman of *Cambridge*, who styles himself *Peter de Quir.* I have kept it by me some Months, and though I did not know at first what to make of it, upon my reading it over very frequently I have at last discovered several Conceits in it: I would not therefore have my Reader discouraged if he does not take them at the first Perusal.

To Mr. SPECTATOR.[1]

From St. John's *College* Cambridge, *Feb.* 3, 1712.

SIR,

'The Monopoly of Punns in this University has been an 'immemorial Privilege of the *Johnians;* and we can't help 'resenting the late Invasion of our ancient Right as to that 'Particular, by a little Pretender to Clenching in a neighbouring 'College, who in an Application to you by way of Letter, a 'while ago, styled himself *Philobrune.* Dear Sir, as you are by 'Character a profest Well-wisher to Speculation, you will excuse

[1] This letter was by John Henley, commonly called 'Orator Henley.' The paper is without signature in first issue or reprint, but the few introductory lines, doubtless, are by Steele. John Henley was at this time but 20 years old. He was born at Melton Mowbray in 1692, and entered St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1709. After obtaining his degree he was invited to take charge of the Grammar School in his native place, and raised it from decay. He published Esther, a poem; went to London; introduced action into pulpit oratory; missing preferment, gave lectures and orations, religious on Sundays, and political on Wednesdays; was described by Pope in the Dunciad as 'the Zany of his age,' and represented by Hogarth upon a scaffold with a monkey by his side saying Amen. He edited a paper of nonsense called the Hip Doctor, and once attracted to his oratory an audience of shoemakers by announcing that he would teach a new and short way of making shoes; his way being to cut off the tops of boots. He died in 1756.

'a Remark which this Gentleman's Passion for the *Brunette* 'has suggested to a Brother Theorist; 'tis an Offer towards a 'mechanical Account of his Lapse to Punning, for he belongs 'to a Set of Mortals who value themselves upon an uncommon 'Mastery in the more humane and polite Part of Letters. A 'Conquest by one of this Species of Females gives a very odd 'Turn to the Intellectuals of the captivated Person, and very 'different from that way of thinking which a Triumph from the 'Eyes of another more emphatically of the fair Sex, does 'generally occasion. It fills the Imagination with an Assem- 'blage of such Ideas and Pictures as are hardly any thing but 'Shade, such as Night, the Devil, *&c.* These Portraitures very 'near over-power the Light of the Understanding, almost 'benight the Faculties, and give that melancholy Tincture to 'the most sanguine Complexion, which this Gentleman calls an 'Inclination to be in a Brown-study, and is usually attended 'with worse Consequences in case of a Repulse. During this 'Twilight of Intellects, the Patient is extremely apt, as Love is 'the most witty Passion in Nature, to offer at some pert Sallies 'now and then, by way of Flourish, upon the amiable Enchant- 'ress, and unfortunately stumbles upon that Mongrel miscreated '(to speak in *Miltonic*) kind of Wit, vulgarly termed, the Punn. 'It would not be much amiss to consult Dr. *T*—— *W*——[1] '(who is certainly a very able Projector, and whose system of 'Divinity and spiritual Mechanicks obtains very much among 'the better Part of our Under-Graduates) whether a general 'Intermarriage, enjoyned by Parliament, between this Sister- 'hood of the Olive Beauties, and the Fraternity of the People 'call'd Quakers, would not be a very serviceable Expedient, 'and abate that Overflow of Light which shines within them so 'powerfully, that it dazzles their Eyes, and dances them into a 'thousand Vagaries of Error and Enthusiasm. These Reflec- 'tions may impart some Light towards a Discovery of the Origin 'of Punning among us, and the Foundation of its prevailing so 'long in this famous Body. 'Tis notorious from the Instance 'under Consideration, that it must be owing chiefly to the use 'of brown Juggs, muddy Belch, and the Fumes of a certain

[1] Percy suggests very doubtfully that this may mean Thomas Woolston, who was born in 1669, educated at Sidney College, Cambridge, published, in 1705, 'The Old Apology for the Truth against the Jews and Gentiles revived,' and afterwards was imprisoned and fined for levity in discussing sacred subjects. The text points to a medical theory of intermarriage. There was a Thomas Winston, of Clare Hall, Cambridge, who travelled over the continent, took degrees at Basle and Padua, returned to take his M.D. at Cambridge, and settled in London in 1607.

'memorable Place of Rendezvous with us at Meals, known by 'the Name of *Staincoat Hole:* For the Atmosphere of the 'Kitchen, like the Tail of a Comet, predominates least about 'the Fire, but resides behind and fills the fragrant Receptacle 'above-mentioned. Besides, 'tis farther observable that the 'delicate Spirits among us, who declare against these nauseous 'proceedings, sip Tea, and put up for Critic and Amour, profess 'likewise an equal Abhorrency for Punning, the ancient inno-'cent Diversion of this Society. After all, Sir, tho' it may 'appear something absurd, that I seem to approach you with 'the Air of an Advocate for Punning, (you who have justified 'your Censures of the Practice in a set Dissertation upon that 'Subject;) yet, I'm confident, you'll think it abundantly atoned 'for by observing, that this humbler Exercise may be as instru-'mental in diverting us from any innovating Schemes and 'Hypothesis in Wit, as dwelling upon honest Orthodox Logic 'would be in securing us from Heresie in Religion. Had Mr. '*W———n's*[1] Researches been confined within the Bounds 'of *Ramus* or *Crackanthorp*, that learned News-monger might 'have acquiesc'd in what the holy Oracles pronounce upon the 'Deluge, like other Christians; and had the surprising Mr. '*L———y*[2] been content with the Employment of refining 'upon *Shakespear's* Points and Quibbles, (for which he must be 'allowed to have a superlative Genius) and now and then

[1] William Whiston, born 1667, educated at Tamworth School and Clare Hall, Cambridge, became a Fellow in 1693, and then Chaplain to Bishop Moore. In 1696 he published his New Theory of the Earth, which divided attention with Burnet's Sacred Theory of the Earth already mentioned. In 1700 Whiston was invited to Cambridge, to act as deputy to Sir Isaac Newton, whom he succeeded in 1703 as Lucasian Professor. For holding some unorthodox opinions as to the doctrines of the early Christians, he was, in 1710, deprived of his Professorship, and banished from the University. He was a pious and learned man, who, although he was denied the Sacrament, did not suffer himself to be driven out of the Church of England till 1747. At last he established a small congregation in his own house in accordance with his own notion of primitive Christianity. He lived till 1752.

[2] No L——y of that time has written plays that are remembered. The John Lacy whom Charles II. admired so much that he had his picture painted in three of his characters, died in 1681, leaving four comedies and an alteration of Shakespeare's Taming of the Shrew. He was a handsome man: first dancing-master, then quarter-master, then an admired comedian. Henley would hardly have used a blank in referring to a well-known writer who died thirty years before. There was another John Lacy advertising in the *Post Boy*, Aug. 3, 1714, 'The Steeleids, or the Trial of Wits, a Poem 'in three cantos, with a motto—

> 'Then will I say, swell'd with poetic rage,
> 'That I, John Lacy, have reform'd the age.'

'penning a Catch or a Ditty, instead of inditing Odes, and 'Sonnets, the Gentlemen of the *Bon Goust* in the Pit would 'never have been put to all that Grimace in damning the 'Frippery of State, the Poverty and Languor of Thought, the 'unnatural Wit, and inartificial Structure of his Dramas.

I am, SIR,

Your very humble Servant,

Peter de Quir.

No. 397.] *Thursday, June* 5, 1712. [*Addison.*

——Dolor ipse disertum
Fecerat—————— Ovid.

AS the *Stoick* Philosophers discard all Passions in general, they will not allow a Wise Man so much as to pity the Afflictions of another. If thou seest thy Friend in Trouble, says *Epictetus*; thou may'st put on a Look of Sorrow, and condole with him, but take care that thy Sorrow be not real.[1] The more rigid of this Sect would not comply so far as to shew even such an outward Appearance of Grief, but when one told them of any Calamity that had befallen even the nearest of their Acquaintance, would immediately reply, What is that to me? If you aggravated the Circumstances of the Affliction, and shewed how one Misfortune was followed by another, the Answer was still, All this may be true, but what is it to me?

For my own part, I am of Opinion, Compassion does not only refine and civilize Humane Nature, but has something in it more pleasing and agreeable than what can be met with in such an indolent Happiness, such an Indifference to Mankind as

[1] 'When you see a Neighbour in Tears, and hear him lament the Absence 'of his Son, the Hazards of his Voyage into some remote Part of the World, 'or the Loss of his Estate; keep upon your Guard, for fear lest some false 'Ideas that may rise upon these Occasions, surprise you into a Mistake, as 'if this Man were really miserable, upon the Account of these outward Acci-'dents. But be sure to distinguish wisely, and tell your self immediately, 'that the Thing which really afflicts this Person is not really the Accident 'it self, (for other People, under his Circumstances, are not equally afflicted 'with it) but merely the Opinion which he hath formed to himself concerning 'this Accident. Notwithstanding all which, you may be allowed, as far as 'Expressions and outward Behaviour go, to comply with him; and if 'Occasion require, to bear a part in his Sighs, and Tears too; but then 'you must be sure to take care, that this Compliance does not infect your 'Mind, nor betray you to an inward and real Sorrow, upon any such 'Account.'—Epictetus his Morals, with Simplicius his Comment. Made English from the Greek by George Stanhope (1694) chapter xxii.

that in which the *Stoicks* placed their Wisdom. As Love is the most delightful Passion, Pity is nothing else but Love softned by a degree of Sorrow: In short, it is a kind of pleasing Anguish, as well as generous Sympathy, that knits Mankind together, and blends them in the same common Lot.

Those who have laid down Rules for Rhetorick or Poetry, advise the Writer to work himself up, if possible, to the Pitch of Sorrow which he endeavours to produce in others. There are none therefore who stir up Pity so much as those who indite their own Sufferings. Grief has a natural Eloquence belonging to it, and breaks out in more moving Sentiments than be supplied by the finest Imagination. Nature on this Occasion dictates a thousand passionate things which cannot be supplied by Art.

It is for this Reason that the short Speeches or Sentences which we often meet with in Histories, make a deeper Impression on the Mind of the Reader, than the most laboured Strokes in a well-written Tragedy. Truth and Matter of Fact sets the Person actually before us in the one, whom Fiction places at a greater Distance from us in the other. I do not remember to have seen any Ancient or Modern Story more affecting than a Letter of *Ann* of *Bologne*, Wife to King *Henry* the Eighth, and Mother to Queen *Elizabeth*, which is still extant in the *Cotton* Library, as written by her own Hand.

Shakespear himself could not have made her talk in a Strain so suitable to her Condition and Character. One sees in it the Expostulations of a slighted Lover, the Resentments of an injured Woman, and the Sorrows of an imprisoned Queen. I need not acquaint my Reader that this Princess was then under Prosecution for Disloyalty to the King's Bed, and that she was afterwards publickly beheaded upon the same Account, though this Prosecution was believed by many to proceed, as she her self intimates, rather from the King's Love to *Jane Seymour*, than from any actual Crime in *Ann* of *Bologne*.

Queen Ann Boleyn's *last Letter to King* Henry.

SIR,

[*Cotton Libr. Otho. C.* 10.] 'Your Grace's Displeasure, and my Imprison-'ment, are Things so strange unto me, as what to 'write, or what to excuse, I am altogether ignorant. Whereas 'you send unto me (willing me to confess a Truth, and so 'obtain your Favour) by such an one, whom you know to be 'mine ancient professed Enemy, I no sooner received this 'Message by him, than I rightly conceived your Meaning; and

'if, as you say, confessing a Truth indeed may procure my 'Safety, I shall with all Willingness and Duty perform your 'Command.

'But let not your Grace ever imagine, that your poor Wife 'will ever be brought to acknowledge a Fault, where not so 'much as a Thought thereof preceded. And to speak a Truth, 'never Prince had Wife more Loyal in all Duty, and in all true 'Affection, than you have ever found in *Ann Boleyn:* with 'which Name and Place I could willingly have contented my 'self, if God and your Grace's Pleasure had been so pleased. 'Neither did I at any time so far forget my self in my Exalta-'tion, or received Queenship, but that I always looked for such 'an Alteration as now I find; for the Ground of my Prefer-'ment being on no surer Foundation than your Grace's Fancy, 'the least Alteration I knew was fit and sufficient to draw that 'Fancy to some other [Object.[1]] You have chosen me, from 'a low Estate, to be your Queen and Companion, far beyond 'my Desert or Desire. If then you found me worthy of such 'Honour, good your Grace let not any light Fancy, or bad 'Counsel of mine Enemies, withdraw your Princely Favour from 'me; neither let that Stain, that unworthy Stain, of a Disloyal 'Heart towards your good Grace, ever cast so foul a Blot on 'your most Dutiful Wife, and the Infant-Princess your Daughter. 'Try me, good King, but let me have a lawful Tryal, and let 'not my sworn Enemies sit as my Accusers and Judges; Yea 'let me receive an open Tryal, for my Truth shall fear no open 'Shame; then shall you see either mine Innocence cleared, 'your Suspicion and Conscience satisfied, the Ignominy and 'Slander of the World stopped, or my Guilt openly declared. 'So that whatsoever God or you may determine of me, your 'Grace may be freed from an open Censure, and mine Offence 'being so lawfully proved, your Grace is at liberty, both before 'God and Man, not only to Execute worthy Punishment on 'me as an unlawful Wife, but to follow your Affection, already 'settled on that Party, for whose sake I am now as I am, whose 'Name I could some good while since have pointed unto, your 'Grace being not ignorant of my Suspicion therein.

'But if you have already determined of me, and that not only 'my Death, but an Infamous Slander must bring you the 'enjoying of your desired Happiness; then I desire of God, 'that he will pardon your great Sin therein, and likewise mine 'Enemies, the Instruments thereof; and that he will not call 'you to a strict Account for your unprincely and cruel Usage

[1] [Subject.]

'of me, at his general Judgment Seat, where both you and my 'self must shortly appear, and in whose Judgment I doubt not '(whatsoever the World may think of me) mine Innocence 'shall be openly known, and sufficiently cleared.

'My last and only Request shall be, that my self may only 'bear the Burthen of your Grace's Displeasure, and that it may 'not touch the innocent Souls of those poor Gentlemen, who '(as I understand) are likewise in strait Imprisonment for my 'sake. If ever I have found Favour in your Sight, if ever the 'Name of *Ann Boleyn* hath been pleasing in your Ears, then 'let me obtain this Request, and I will so leave to trouble 'your Grace any further, with mine earnest Prayers to the 'Trinity to have your Grace in his good Keeping, and to direct 'you in all your Actions. From my doleful Prison in the '*Tower*, this sixth of *May*:

Your most Loyal,
And ever Faithful Wife,
Ann Boleyn.

No. 398.] *Friday, June* 6, 1712. [*Steele.*

Insanire pares certa ratione modoque.—Hor.

CYNTHIO and *Flavia* are Persons of Distinction in this Town, who have been Lovers these ten Months last past, and writ to each other for Gallantry Sake, under those feigned Names; Mr. Such a one and Mrs. Such a one not being capable of raising the Soul out of the ordinary Tracts and Passages of Life, up to that Elevation which makes the Life of the Enamoured so much superior to that of the rest of the World. But ever since the beauteous *Cecilia* has made such a Figure as she now does in the Circle of Charming Women, *Cynthio* has been secretly one of her Adorers. *Lætitia* has been the finest Woman in Town these three Months, and so long *Cynthio* has acted the Part of a Lover very awkwardly in the Presence of *Flavia*. *Flavia* has been too blind towards him, and has too sincere an Heart of her own to observe a thousand things which would have discovered this Change of Mind to any one less engaged than she was. *Cynthio* was musing Yesterday in the Piazza in *Covent-Garden*, and was saying to himself that he was a very ill Man to go on in visiting and professing Love to *Flavia*, when his Heart was enthralled to another. It is an Infirmity that I am not constant to *Flavia;*

but it would be still a greater Crime, since I cannot continue to love her, to profess that I do. To marry a Woman with the Coldness that usually indeed comes on after Marriage, is ruining ones self with ones Eyes open; besides it is really doing her an Injury. This last Consideration, forsooth, of injuring her in persisting, made him resolve to break off upon the first favourable Opportunity of making her angry. When he was in this Thought, he saw *Robin* the Porter who waits at *Will's* Coffee-house, passing by. *Robin*, you must know, is the best Man in Town for carrying a Billet; the Fellow has a thin Body, swift Step, demure Looks, sufficient Sense, and knows the Town. This Man carried *Cinthio's* first Letter to *Flavia*, and by frequent Errands ever since, is well known to her. The Fellow covers his Knowledge of the Nature of his Messages with the most exquisite low Humour imaginable: The first he obliged *Flavia* to take, was, by complaining to her that he had a Wife and three Children, and if she did not take that Letter, which, he was sure, there was no Harm in, but rather Love, his Family must go supperless to Bed, for the Gentleman would pay him according as he did his Business. *Robin* therefore *Cynthio* now thought fit to make use of, and gave him Orders to wait before *Flavia's* Door, and if she called him to her, and asked whether it was *Cynthio* who passed by, he should at first be loth to own it was, but upon Importunity confess it. There needed not much Search into that Part of the Town to find a well-dressed Hussey fit for the Purpose *Cynthio* designed her. As soon as he believed *Robin* was posted, he drove by *Flavia's* Lodgings in an Hackney-Coach and a Woman in it. *Robin* was at the Door talking with *Flavia's* Maid, and *Cynthio* pulled up the Glass as surprized, and hid his Associate. The Report of this Circumstance soon flew up Stairs, and *Robin* could not deny but the Gentleman favoured his Master; yet if it was he, he was sure the Lady was but his Cousin whom he had seen ask for him; adding that he believed she was a poor Relation, because they made her wait one Morning till he was awake. *Flavia* immediately writ the following Epistle, which *Robin* brought to *Will's*

SIR, *June* 4, 1712.

'It is in vain to deny it, basest, falsest of Mankind; my 'Maid, as well as the Bearer, saw you.

The injur'd Flavia.

After *Cynthio* had read the Letter, he asked *Robin* how she looked, and what she said at the Delivery of it. *Robin* said she

spoke short to him, and called him back again, and had nothing to say to him, and bid him and all the Men in the World go out of her Sight; but the Maid followed, and bid him bring an Answer.

Cynthio returned as follows.

Madam, June 4, *Three Afternoon*, 1712.

'That your Maid and the Bearer has seen me very often is 'very certain; but I desire to know, being engaged at Picket, 'what your Letter means by *'tis in vain to deny it.* I shall stay 'here all the Evening.

Your amazed Cynthio.

As soon as *Robin* arrived with this, *Flavia* answered:

Dear Cynthio,

'I have walked a Turn or two in my Anti-Chamber since I 'writ to you, and have recovered my self from an impertinent 'Fit which you ought to forgive me, and desire you would 'come to me immediately to laugh off a Jealousy that you and 'a Creature of the Town went by in an Hackney-Coach an 'Hour ago. *I am Your most humble Servant,*

FLAVIA.

'I will not open the Letter which my *Cynthio* writ, upon the 'Misapprehension you must have been under when you writ, 'for want of hearing the whole Circumstance.

Robin came back in an Instant, and *Cynthio* answered:

Half Hour, six Minutes after Three,
June 4. Will's *Coffee-house.*

Madam,

'It is certain I went by your Lodgings with a Gentlewoman 'to whom I have the Honour to be known, she is indeed my 'Relation, and a pretty sort of Woman. But your starting 'Manner of Writing, and owning you have not done me the 'Honour so much as to open my Letter, has in it something 'very unaccountable, and alarms one that has had Thoughts of 'passing his Days with you. But I am born to admire you 'with all your little Imperfections. CYNTHIO.

Robin run back, and brought for Answer;

'Exact Sir, that are at *Will's* Coffee-house six Minutes after 'Three, *June* 4; one that has had Thoughts and all my little 'Imperfections. Sir, come to me immediately, or I shall 'determine what may perhaps not be very pleasing to you.

FLAVIA.

Robin gave an Account that she looked excessive angry when she gave him the Letter; and that he told her, for she asked, that *Cynthio* only looked at the Clock, taking Snuff, and writ two or three Words on the Top of the Letter when he gave him his.

Now the Plot thickened so well, as that *Cynthio* saw he had not much more to do to accomplish being irreconciliably banished, he writ,

Madam,

'I have that Prejudice in Favour of all you do, that it is not 'possible for you to determine upon what will not be very 'pleasing to *Your Obedient Servant*,

CYNTHIO.

This was delivered, and the Answer returned, in a little more than two Seconds.

SIR,

'Is it come to this? You never loved me; and the Creature 'you were with is the properest Person for your Associate. I 'despise you, and hope I shall soon hate you as a Villain to

The Credulous Flavia.

Robin ran back, with

Madam,

'Your Credulity when you are to gain your Point, and 'Suspicion when you fear to lose it make it a very hard Part 'to behave as becomes *Your humble Slave*,

CYNTHIO.

Robin whipt away, and returned with,

Mr. *Wellford*,

'*Flavia* and *Cynthio* are no more. I relieve you from the 'hard Part of which you complain, and banish you from my 'Sight for ever. *Ann Heart.*

Robin had a Crown for his Afternoon's Work; and this is published to admonish *Cecilia* to avenge the Injury done to *Flavia*. T.

No. 399.] *Saturday, June* 7, 1712. [*Addison.*

Ut nemo in sese tentat descendere!——— Pers.

HYPOCRISIE, at the fashionable End of the Town, is very different from Hypocrisie in the City. The modish

Hypocrite endeavours to appear more vicious than he really is, the other kind of Hypocrite more virtuous. The former is afraid of every thing that has the Shew of Religion in it, and would be thought engaged in many Criminal Gallantries and Amours, which he is not guilty of. The latter assumes a Face of Sanctity, and covers a Multitude of Vices under a seeming Religious Deportment.

But there is another kind of Hypocrisie, which differs from both these, and which I intend to make the Subject of this Paper: I mean that Hypocrisie, by which a Man does not only deceive the World, but very often imposes on himself; That Hypocrisie, which conceals his own Heart from him, and makes him believe he is more virtuous than he really is, and either not attend to his Vices, or mistake even his Vices for Virtues. It is this fatal Hypocrisie and Self-deceit, which is taken notice of in those Words, *Who can understand his Errors? cleanse thou me from secret Faults.*[1]

If the open Professors of Impiety deserve the utmost Application and Endeavours of Moral Writers to recover them from Vice and Folly, how much more may those lay a Claim to their Care and Compassion, who are walking in the Paths of Death, while they fancy themselves engaged in a Course of Virtue! I shall endeavour, therefore, to lay down some Rules for the Discovery of those Vices that lurk in the secret Corners of the Soul, and to show my Reader those Methods by which he may arrive at a true and impartial Knowledge of himself. The usual Means prescribed for this Purpose, are to examine our selves by the Rules which are laid down for our Direction in Sacred Writ, and to compare our Lives with the Life of that Person who acted up to the Perfection of Human Nature, and is the standing Example, as well as the great Guide and Instructor, of those who receive his Doctrines. Though these two Heads cannot be too much insisted upon, I shall but just mention them, since they have been handled by many Great and Eminent Writers.

I would therefore propose the following Methods to the Consideration of such as would find out their secret Faults, and make a true Estimate of themselves.

In the first Place, let them consider well what are the Characters which they bear among their Enemies. Our Friends very often flatter us, as much as our own Hearts. They either do not see our Faults, or conceal them from us, or soften them by their Representations, after such a manner, that we think

[1] Psalm xix. 12.

them too trivial to be taken notice of. An Adversary, on the contrary, makes a stricter Search into us, discovers every Flaw and Imperfection in our Tempers, and though his Malice may set them in too strong a Light, it has generally some Ground for what it advances. A Friend exaggerates a Man's Virtues, an Enemy inflames his Crimes. A Wise Man should give a just Attention to both of them, so far as they may tend to the Improvement of the one, and Diminution of the other. *Plutarch* has written an Essay on the Benefits which a Man may receive from his Enemies,[1] and, among the good Fruits of Enmity, mentions this in particular, that by the Reproaches which it casts upon us we see the worst side of our selves, and open our Eyes to several Blemishes and Defects in our Lives and Conversations, which we should not have observed, without the Help of such ill-natured Monitors.

In order likewise to come at a true Knowledge of our selves, we should consider on the other hand how far we may deserve the Praises and Approbations which the World bestow upon us: whether the Actions they celebrate proceed from laudable and worthy Motives; and how far we are really possessed of the Virtues which gain us Applause among those with whom we converse. Such a Reflection is absolutely necessary, if we consider how apt we are either to value or condemn ourselves by the Opinions of others, and to sacrifice the Report of our own Hearts to the Judgment of the World.

In the next Place, that we may not deceive our selves in a Point of so much Importance, we should not lay too great a Stress on any supposed Virtues we possess that are of a doubtful Nature: And such we may esteem all those in which Multitudes of Men dissent from us, who are as good and wise as our selves. We should always act with great Cautiousness and Circumspection in Points, where it is not impossible that we may be deceived. Intemperate Zeal, Bigotry and Persecution for any Party or Opinion, how praiseworthy soever they may appear to weak Men of our own Principles, produce infinite Calamities among Mankind, and are highly Criminal in their own Nature; and yet how many Persons eminent for Piety suffer such monstrous and absurd Principles of Action to take Root in their Minds under the Colour of Virtues? For my own Part, I must own I never yet knew any Party so just and reasonable, that a Man could follow it in its Height and Violence, and at the same time be innocent.

We should likewise be very apprehensive of those Actions

[2] See note on p. 441, vol. i.

which proceed from natural Constitution, favourite Passions, particular Education, or whatever promotes our worldly Interest or Advantage. In these and the like Cases, a Man's Judgment is easily perverted, and a wrong Bias hung upon his Mind. These are the Inlets of Prejudice, the unguarded Avenues of the Mind, by which a thousand Errors and secret Faults find Admission, without being observed or taken Notice of. A wise Man will suspect those Actions to which he is directed by something [besides [1]] Reason, and always apprehend some concealed Evil in every Resolution that is of a disputable Nature, when it is conformable to his particular Temper, his Age, or Way of Life, or when it favours his Pleasure or his Profit.

There is nothing of greater Importance to us than thus diligently to sift our Thoughts, and examine all these dark Recesses of the Mind, if we would establish our Souls in such a solid and substantial Virtue as will turn to Account in that great Day, when it must stand the Test of infinite Wisdom and Justice.

I shall conclude this Essay with observing that the two kinds of Hypocrisie I have here spoken of, namely that of deceiving the World, and that of imposing on our selves, are touched with wonderful Beauty in the hundred and thirty ninth Psalm. The Folly of the first kind of Hypocrisie is there set forth by Reflections on God's Omniscience and Omnipresence, which are celebrated in as noble Strains of Poetry as any other I ever met with, either Sacred or Profane. The other kind of Hypocrisie, whereby a Man deceives himself, is intimated in the two last Verses, where the Psalmist addresses himself to the great Searcher of Hearts in that emphatical Petition; *Try me, O God, and seek the ground of my heart; prove me, and examine my Thoughts. Look well if there be any way of wickedness in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.* L.

No. 400.] *Monday, June* 9, 1712. [*Steele.*

———*Latet Anguis in Herba.*—Virg.

IT should, methinks, preserve Modesty and its Interests in the World, that the Transgression of it always creates Offence; and the very Purposes of Wantonness are defeated by a Carriage which has in it so much Boldness, as to intimate

[1] [more than]

that Fear and Reluctance are quite extinguish'd in an Object which would be otherwise desirable. It was said of a Wit of the last Age,

> Sedley *has that prevailing gentle Art,*
> *Which can with a resistless Charm impart*
> *The loosest Wishes to the chastest Heart;*
> *Raise such a Conflict, kindle such a Fire,*
> *Between declining Virtue and Desire,*
> *That the poor vanquish'd Maid dissolves away*
> *In Dreams all Night, in Sighs and Tears all Day.*[1]

This prevailing gentle Art was made up of Complaisance, Courtship, and artful Conformity to the Modesty of a Woman's Manners. Rusticity, broad Expression, and forward Obtrusion, offend those of Education, and make the Transgressors odious to all who have Merit enough to attract Regard. It is in this Taste that the Scenery is so beautifully ordered in the Description which *Antony* makes, in the Dialogue between him and *Dolabella*, of *Cleopatra* in her Barge.

> *Her Galley down the Silver* Cydnos *row'd;*
> *The Tackling Silk, the Streamers wav'd with Gold;*
> *The gentle Winds were lodg'd in purple Sails:*
> *Her Nymphs, like Nereids, round her Couch were plac'd,*
> *Where she, another Sea-born* Venus, *lay;*
> *She lay, and lean'd her Cheek upon her Hand,*
> *And cast a Look so languishingly sweet,*
> *As if, secure of all Beholders Hearts,*
> *Neglecting she could take 'em. Boys like* Cupids
> *Stood fanning with their painted Wings the Winds*
> *That play'd about her Face; but if she smil'd,*
> *A darting Glory seem'd to blaze abroad,*
> *That Men's desiring Eyes were never weary'd,*
> *But hung upon the Object. To soft Flutes*
> *The Silver Oars kept Time; and while they play'd,*
> *The Hearing gave new Pleasure to the Sight,*
> *And both to Thought*[2]——

Here the Imagination is warmed with all the Objects presented, and yet there is nothing that is luscious, or what raises any Idea more loose than that of a beautiful Woman set off to Advantage. The like, or a more delicate and careful Spirit of Modesty, appears in the following Passage in one of Mr. *Philip's* Pastorals.[3]

> *Breathe soft ye Winds, ye Waters gently flow,*
> *Shield her ye Trees, ye Flowers around her grow,*
> *Ye Swains, I beg you, pass in Silence by,*
> *My Love in yonder Vale asleep does lie.*

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[1] Rochester's "Allusion to the 10th Satire of the 1st Book of Horace."
[2] Dryden's *All for Love*, Act III. sc. i.
[3] The Sixth.

Desire is corrected when there is a Tenderness or Admiration expressed which partakes the Passion. Licentious Language has something brutal in it, which disgraces Humanity, and leaves us in the Condition of the Savages in the Field. But it may be ask'd to what good Use can tend a Discourse of this Kind at all? It is to alarm chaste Ears against such as have what is above called the prevailing gentle Art. Masters of that Talent are capable of cloathing their Thoughts in so soft a Dress, and something so distant from the secret Purpose of their Heart, that the Imagination of the Unguarded is touched with a Fondness which grows too insensibly to be resisted. Much Care and Concern for the Lady's Welfare, to seem afraid lest she should be annoyed by the very Air which surrounds her, and this uttered rather with kind Looks, and expressed by an Interjection, an Ah, or an Oh, at some little Hazard in moving or making a Step, than in my direct Profession of Love, are the Methods of skilful Admirers: They are honest Arts when their Purpose is such, but infamous when misapplied. It is certain that many a young Woman in this Town has had her Heart irrecoverably won, by Men who have not made one Advance which ties their Admirers, tho' the Females languish with the utmost Anxiety. I have often, by way of Admonition to my female Readers, give them Warning against agreeable Company of the other Sex, except they are well acquainted with their Characters. Women may disguise it if they think fit, and the more to do it, they may be angry at me for saying it; but I say it is natural to them, that they have no Manner of Approbation of Men, without some Degree of Love: For this Reason he is dangerous to be entertain'd as a Friend or Visitant who is capable of gaining any eminent Esteem or Observation, though it be never so remote from Pretensions as a Lover. If a Man's Heart has not the Abhorrence of any treacherous Design, he may easily improve Approbation into Kindness, and Kindness into Passion. There may possibly be no manner of Love between them in the Eyes of all their Acquaintance, no it is all Friendship; and yet they may be as fond as Shepherd and Shepherdess in a Pastoral, but still the Nymph and the Swain may be to each other no other I warrant you, than *Pylades* and *Orestes*.

When Lucy *decks with Flowers her swelling Breast,*
And on her Elbow leans, dissembling Rest,
Unable to refrain my madding Mind,
Nor Sleep nor Pasture worth my Care I find.
Once Delia *slept, on easie Moss reclin'd,*
Her lovely Limbs half bare, and rude the Wind;

I smooth'd her Coats, and stole a silent Kiss:
Condemn me Shepherds if I did amiss.[1]

Such good Offices as these, and such friendly Thoughts and Concerns for one another, are what make up the Amity, as they call it, between Man and Woman.

It is the Permission of such Intercourse, that makes a young Woman come to the Arms of her Husband, after the Disappointment of four or five Passions which she has successively had for different Men, before she is prudentially given to him for whom she has neither Love nor Friendship. For what should a poor Creature do that has lost all her Friends? There's *Marinet* the Agreeable, has, to my Knowledge, had a Friendship for Lord *Welford*, which had like to break her Heart; then she had so great a Friendship for Colonel *Hardy*, that she could not endure any Woman else should do any thing but rail at him. Many and fatal have been Disasters between Friends who have fallen out, and their Resentments are more keen than ever those of other Men can possibly be: But in this it happens unfortunately, that as there ought to be nothing concealed from one Friend to another, the Friends of different Sexes [very often[2]] find fatal Effects from their Unanimity.

For my Part, who study to pass Life in as much Innocence and Tranquility as I can, I shun the Company of agreeable Women as much as possible; and must confess that I have, though a tolerable good Philosopher, but a low Opinion of Platonick Love: for which Reason I thought it necessary to give my fair Readers a Caution against it, having, to my great Concern, observed the Waste of a Platonist lately swell to a Roundness which is inconsistent with that Philosophy. T.

No. 401.] *Tuesday, June* 10, 1712. [*Budgell.*

In amore hæc omnia insunt vitia: Injuriæ,
Suspiciones, Inimicitiæ, Induciæ,
Bellum, pax rursum: ——— Ter.

I SHALL publish for the Entertainment of this Day, an odd sort of a Packet, which I have just received from one of my Female Correspondents.

[1] Two stanzas from different parts of Ambrose Philips's sixth Pastoral. The first in the original follows the second, with three stanzas intervening.

[2] [, for want of other Amusement, often study Anatomy together; and what is worse than happens in any other Friendship, they]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'Since you have often confess'd that you are not displeased 'your Paper should sometimes convey the Complaints of dis- 'tressed Lovers to each other, I am in Hopes you will favour 'one who gives you an undoubted Instance of her Reformation, 'and at the same time a convincing Proof of the happy Influence 'your Labours have had over the most Incorrigible Part of the 'most Incorrigible Sex. You must know, Sir, I am one of that 'Species of Women, whom you have often Characteriz'd under 'the Name of *Jilts*, and that I send you these Lines, as well 'to do Publick Penance for having so long continued in a 'known Error, as to beg Pardon of the Party offended. I the 'rather chuse this way, because it in some measure answers the 'Terms on which he intimated the Breach between us might 'possibly be made up, as you will see by the Letter he sent 'me the next Day after I had discarded him; which I thought 'fit to send you a Copy of, that you might the better know the 'whole Case.

'I must further acquaint you, that before I Jilted him, there 'had been the greatest Intimacy between us for an Year and 'half together, during all which time I cherished his Hopes, 'and indulged his Flame. I leave you to guess after this what 'must be his Surprize, when upon his pressing for my full Con- 'sent one Day, I told him I wondered what could make him 'fancy he had ever any Place in my Affections. His own Sex 'allow him Sense, and all ours Good-Breeding. His Person is 'such as might, without Vanity, make him believe himself not 'incapable to be beloved. Our Fortunes indeed, weighed in 'the nice Scale of Interest, are not exactly equal, which by the 'way was the true Case of my Jilting him, and I had the 'Assurance to acquaint him with the following Maxim, That I 'should always believe that Man's Passion to be the most 'Violent, who could offer me the largest Settlement. I have 'since changed my Opinion, and have endeavoured to let him 'know so much by several Letters, but the barbarous Man has 'refused them all; so that I have no way left of writing to 'him, but by your Assistance. If we can bring him about 'once more, I promise to send you all Gloves and Favours, 'and shall desire the Favour of Sir ROGER and your self to 'stand as God-Fathers to my first Boy.

I am, SIR,
Your most Obedient
most Humble Servant,
Amoret.

Philander *to* Amoret.

Madam,

'I am so surprised at the Question you were pleased to ask 'me Yesterday, that I am still at a loss what to say to it. At 'least my Answer would be too long to trouble you with, as 'it would come from a Person, who, it seems, is so very 'indifferent to you. Instead of it, I shall only recommend to 'your Consideration the Opinion of one whose Sentiments on 'these matters I have often heard you say are extremely just. '*A generous and Constant Passion*, says your favourite Author, '*in an agreeable Lover, where there is not too great a Disparity 'in their Circumstances, is the greatest Blessing that can befal a 'Person beloved; and if overlook'd in one, may perhaps never be 'found in another.*

'I do not, however, at all despair of being very shortly much 'better beloved by you than *Antenor* is at present; since 'whenever my Fortune shall exceed his, you were pleased to 'intimate your Passion would encrease accordingly.

'The World has seen me shamefully lose that Time to please 'a fickle Woman, which might have been employed much more 'to my Credit and Advantage in other Pursuits. I shall there- 'fore take the Liberty to acquaint you, however harsh it may 'sound in a Lady's Ears, that tho' your Love-Fit should 'happen to return, unless you could contrive a way to make 'your Recantation as well known to the Publick, as they are 'already apprised of the manner with which you have treated 'me, you shall never more see *Philander.*

Amoret *to* Philander.

SIR,

'Upon Reflection, I find the Injury I have done both to you 'and my self to be so great, that though the Part I now act 'may appear contrary to that Decorum usually observed by 'our Sex, yet I purposely break through all Rules, that my 'Repentance may in some measure equal my Crime. I assure 'you that in my present Hopes of recovering you, I look upon '*Antenor's* Estate with Contempt. The Fop was here Yester- 'day in a gilt Chariot and new Liveries, but I refused to see 'him. Tho' I dread to meet your Eyes after what has pass'd, 'I flatter my self, that amidst all their Confusion you will dis- 'cover such a Tenderness in mine, as none can imitate but 'those who Love. I shall be all this Month at Lady D ——'s 'in the Country; but the Woods, the Fields and Gardens, 'without *Philander*, afford no Pleasures to the unhappy

Amoret.

'I must desire you, dear Mr. *Spectator*, to publish this my 'Letter to *Philander* as soon as possible, and to assure him 'that I know nothing at all of the Death of his rich Uncle 'in *Gloucestershire*. X.

No. 402.] *Wednesday, June* 11, 1712. [*Steele.*

[———————*quæ*
Spectator tradit sibi———— Hor.[1]]

WERE I to publish all the Advertisements I receive from different Hands, and Persons of different Circumstances and Quality, the very Mention of them, without Reflections on the several Subjects, would raise all the Passions which can be felt by human Mind[s]. As Instances of this, I shall give you two or three Letters; the Writers of which can have no Recourse to any legal Power for Redress, and seem to have written rather to vent their Sorrow than to receive Consolation.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am a young Woman of Beauty and Quality, and suitably 'married to a Gentleman who doats on me. But this Person 'of mine is the Object of an unjust Passion in a Nobleman 'who is very intimate with my Husband. This Friendship 'gives him very easie Access, and frequent Opportunities of 'entertaining me apart. My Heart is in the utmost Anguish, 'and my Face is covered over with Confusion, when I impart 'to you another Circumstance, which is, that my Mother, the 'most mercenary of all Women, is gained by this false Friend 'of my Husband to sollicit me for him. I am frequently chid 'by the poor believing Man my Husband, for shewing an Im-'patience of his Friend's Company; and I am never alone with 'my Mother, but she tells me Stories of the discretionary Part 'of the World, and such a one, and such a one who are guilty 'of as much as she advises me to. She laughs at my Astonish-'ment; and seems to hint to me, that as virtuous as she has 'always appeared, I am not the Daughter of her Husband. 'It is possible that printing this Letter may relieve me from 'the unnatural Importunity of my Mother, and the perfidious 'Courtship of my Husband's Friend. I have an unfeigned 'Love of Virtue, and am resolved to preserve my Innocence. 'The only Way I can think of to avoid the fatal Consequences

[1] No motto in the first issue.

'of the Discovery of this Matter, is to fly away for ever; which 'I must do to avoid my Husband's fatal Resentment against 'the Man who attempts to abuse him, and the Shame of ex- 'posing the Parent to Infamy. The Persons concerned will 'know these Circumstances relate to 'em; and though the 'Regard to Virtue is dead in them, I have some Hopes from 'their Fear of Shame upon reading this in your Paper; which 'I conjure you to do, if you have any Compassion for Injured 'Virtue. *Sylvia.*

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am the Husband of a Woman of Merit, but am fallen in 'Love, as they call it, with a Lady of her Acquaintance, who 'is going to be married to a Gentleman who deserves her. I 'am in a Trust relating to this Lady's Fortune, which makes 'my Concurrence in this Matter necessary; but I have so 'irresistible a Rage and Envy rise in me when I consider his 'future Happiness, that against all Reason, Equity, and com- 'mon Justice, I am ever playing mean Tricks to suspend the 'Nuptials. I have no manner of Hopes for my self; *Emilia*, 'for so I'll call her, is a Woman of the most strict Virtue; her 'Lover is a Gentleman who of all others I could wish my 'Friend; but Envy and Jealousie, though placed so unjustly, 'waste my very Being, and with the Torment and Sense of a 'Dæmon, I am ever cursing what I cannot but approve. I 'wish it were the Beginning of Repentance, that I sit down 'and describe my present Disposition with so hellish an 'Aspect; but at present the Destruction of these two excellent 'Persons would be more welcome to me than their Happiness. 'Mr. SPECTATOR, pray let me have a Paper on these terrible 'groundless Sufferings, and do all you can to exorcise Crowds 'who are in some Degree possessed as I am. *Cannibal.*

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I have no other Means but this to express my Thanks to 'one Man, and my Resentment against another. My Circum- 'stances are as follows. I have been for five Years last past 'courted by a Gentleman of greater Fortune than I ought to 'expect, as the Market for Women goes. You must to be 'sure have observed People who live in that sort of Way, as 'all their Friends reckon it will be a Match, and are marked 'out by all the World for each other. In this View we have 'been regarded for some Time, and I have above these three 'Years loved him tenderly. As he is very careful of his For- 'tune, I always thought he lived in a near Manner to lay up

'what he thought was wanting in my Fortune to make up what 'he might expect in another. Within few Months I have 'observed his Carriage very much altered, and he has affected 'a certain Air of getting me alone, and talking with a mighty 'Profusion of passionate Words, How I am not to be resisted 'longer, how irresistible his Wishes are, and the like. As 'long as I have been acquainted with him, I could not on such 'Occasions say down-right to him, You know you may make me 'yours when you please. But the other Night he with great 'Frankness and Impudence explained to me, that he thought 'of me only as a Mistress. I answered this Declaration as it 'deserv'd; upon which he only doubled the Terms on which 'he proposed my yielding. When my Anger heightned upon 'him, he told me he was sorry he had made so little Use of 'the unguarded Hours we had been together so remote from 'Company, as indeed, continued he, so we are at present. I 'flew from him to a neighbouring Gentlewoman's House, and 'tho' her Husband was in the Room, threw my self on a 'Couch, and burst into a Passion of Tears. My Friend 'desired her Husband to leave the Room. But, said he, there 'is something so extraordinary in this, that I will partake in 'the Affliction; and be it what it will, she is so much your 'Friend, that she knows she may command what Services I 'can do her. The Man sate down by me, and spoke so like 'a Brother, that I told him my whole Affliction. He spoke of 'the Injury done me with so much Indignation, and animated 'me against the Love he said he saw I had for the Wretch who 'would have betrayed me, with so much Reason and Humanity 'to my Weakness, that I doubt not of my Perseverance. His 'Wife and he are my Comforters, and I am under no more 'Restraint in their Company than if I were alone; and I doubt 'not but in a small time Contempt and Hatred will take Place 'of the Remains of Affection to a Rascal.

I am

SIR,

Your affectionate Reader,

Dorinda.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I had the Misfortune to be an Uncle before I knew my 'Nephews from my Nieces, and now we are grown up to better 'Acquaintance they deny me the Respect they owe. One 'upbraids me with being their Familiar, another will hardly be 'perswaded that I am an Uncle, a third calls me Little Uncle, 'and a fourth tells me there is no Duty at all due to an Uncle.

'I have a Brother-in-law whose Son will win all my Affection, 'unless you shall think this worthy of your Cognizance, and 'will be pleased to prescribe some Rules for our future reci- 'procal Behaviour. It will be worthy the Particularity of your 'Genius to lay down Rules for his Conduct who was as it were 'born an old Man, in which you will much oblige,

SIR,

Your most obedient Servant,

T. Cornelius Nepos.

No. 403.] *Thursday, June* 12, 1712. [*Addison.*

Qui mores hominum multorum vidit—— Hor.

WHEN I consider this great City in its several Quarters and Divisions, I look upon it as an Aggregate of various Nations distinguished from each other by their respective Customs, Manners and Interests. The Courts of two Countries do not so much differ from one another, as the Court and City in their peculiar Ways of Life and Conversation. In short, the Inhabitants of St. *James's*, notwithstanding they live under the same Laws, and speak the same Language, are a distinct People from those of *Cheapside*, who are likewise removed from those of the *Temple* on the one side, and those of *Smithfield* on the other, by several Climates and Degrees in their way of Thinking and Conversing together.

For this Reason, when any publick Affair is upon the Anvil, I love to hear the Reflections that arise upon it in the several Districts and Parishes of *London* and *Westminster*, and to ramble up and down a whole Day together, in order to make my self acquainted with the Opinions of my Ingenious Countrymen. By this means I know the Faces of all the principal Politicians within the Bills of Mortality; and as every Coffee-house has some particular Statesman belonging to it, who is the Mouth of the Street where he lives, I always take care to place my self near him, in order to know his Judgment on the present Posture of Affairs. The last Progress that I made with this Intention, was about three Months ago, when we had a current Report of the King of *France's* Death. As I foresaw this would produce a new Face of things in *Europe*, and many curious Speculations in our *British* Coffee-houses, I was very desirous to learn the Thoughts of our most eminent Politicians on that Occasion.

That I might begin as near the Fountain Head as possible, I first of all called in at St. *James's*, where I found the whole outward Room in a Buzz of Politics. The Speculations were but very indifferent towards the Door, but grew finer as you advanced to the upper end of the Room, and were so very much improved by a Knot of Theorists, who sat in the inner Room, within the Steams of the Coffee-Pot, that I there heard the whole *Spanish* Monarchy disposed of, and all the Line of *Bourbon* provided for in less than a Quarter of an Hour.

I afterwards called in at *Giles's*, where I saw a Board of *French* Gentlemen sitting upon the Life and Death of their *Grand Monarque*. Those among them who had espoused the Whig Interest, very positively affirmed, that he departed this Life about a Week since, and therefore proceeded without any further Delay to the Release of their Friends on the Gallies, and to their own Re-establishment; but finding they could not agree among themselves, I proceeded on my intended Progress.

Upon my Arrival at *Jenny Man's*, I saw an *alerte* young Fellow that cocked his Hat upon a Friend of his who entered just at the same time with my self, and accosted him after the following Manner. Well, *Jack*, the old Prig is dead at last. Sharp's the Word. Now or never, Boy. Up to the Walls of *Paris* directly. With several other deep Reflections of the same Nature.

I met with very little Variation in the Politics between *Charing-Cross* and *Covent-Garden*. And upon my going into *Will's* I found their Discourse was gone off from the Death of the *French* King to that of Monsieur *Boileau*, *Racine*, *Corneile*, and several other Poets, whom they regretted on this Occasion, as Persons who would have obliged the World with very noble Elegies on the Death of so great a Prince, and so eminent a Patron of Learning.

At a Coffee-house near the *Temple*, I found a couple of young Gentlemen engaged very smartly in a Dispute on the Succession to the *Spanish* Monarchy. One of them seemed to have been retained as Advocate for the Duke of *Anjou*, the other for his Imperial Majesty. They were both for regulating the Title to that Kingdom by the Statute Laws of *England*; but finding them going out of my Depth, I passed forward to *Paul's* Church-Yard, where I listen'd with great Attention to a learned Man, who gave the Company an Account of the deplorable State of *France* during the Minority of the *deceased* King.

I then turned on my right Hand into *Fish-street*, where the chief Politician of that Quarter, upon hearing the News, (after

having taken a Pipe of Tobacco, and ruminated for some time) If, says he, the King of *France* is certainly dead, we shall have Plenty of Mackerell this Season; our Fishery will not be disturbed by Privateers, as it has been for these ten Years past. He afterwards considered how the Death of this great Man would affect our Pilchards, and by several other Remarks infused a general Joy into his whole Audience.

I afterwards entered a By Coffee-house that stood at the upper end of a narrow Lane, where I met with a Nonjuror, engaged very warmly with a Laceman who was the great Support of a neighbouring Conventicle. The Matter in Debate was, whether the *late French* King was most like *Augustus Cæsar*, or *Nero*. The Controversie was carried on with great Heat on both Sides, and as each of them looked upon me very frequently during the Course of their Debate, I was under some Apprehension that they would appeal to me, and therefore laid down my Penny at the Bar, and made the best of my way to *Cheapside*.

I here gazed upon the Signs for some time before I found one to my Purpose. The first Object I met in the Coffee-room was a Person who expressed a great Grief for the Death of the *French* King; but upon his explaining himself, I found his Sorrow did not arise from the Loss of the Monarch, but for his having sold out of the Bank about three Days before he heard the News of it: Upon which a Haberdasher, who was the Oracle of the Coffee-house, and had his Circle of Admirers about him, called several to witness that he had declared his Opinion above a Week before, that the *French* King was certainly dead; to which he added, that considering the late Advices we had received from *France*, it was impossible that it could be otherwise. As he was laying these together, and dictating to his Hearers with great Authority, there came in a Gentleman from *Garraway's*, who told us that there were several Letters from *France* just come in, with Advice that the King was in good Health, and was gone out a Hunting the very Morning the Post came away: Upon which the Haberdasher stole off his Hat that hung upon a wooden Pegg by him, and retired to his Shop with great Confusion. This Intelligence put a Stop to my Travels, which I had prosecuted with [much[1]] Satisfaction; not being a little pleased to hear so many different Opinions upon so great an Event, and to observe how naturally upon such a Piece of News every one is apt to consider it with a Regard to his own particular Interest and Advantage. L.

[1] [great]

No. 404.] *Friday, June* 13, 1712. [*Budgell.*

[——*Non omnia possumus omnes.*—Virg.[1]]

NATURE does nothing in vain: the Creator of the Universe has appointed every thing to a certain Use and Purpose, and determin'd it to a settled Course and Sphere of Action, from which, if it in the least deviates, it becomes unfit to answer those Ends for which it was designed. In like manner it is in the Dispositions of Society, the civil Oeconomy is formed in a Chain as well as the natural; and in either Case the Breach but of one Link puts the Whole into some Disorder. It is, I think, pretty plain, that most of the Absurdity and Ridicule we meet with in the World, is generally owing to the impertinent Affectation of excelling in Characters Men are not fit for, and for which Nature never designed them.

Every Man has one or more Qualities which may make him useful both to himself and others: Nature never fails of pointing them out, and while the Infant continues under her Guardianship, she brings him on in this Way; and then offers her self for a Guide in what remains of the Journey; if he proceeds in that Course, he can hardly miscarry: Nature makes good her Engagements; for as she never promises what she is not able to perform, so she never fails of performing what she promises. But the Misfortune is, Men despise what they may be Masters of, and affect what they are not fit for; they reckon themselves already possessed of what their Genius inclined them to, and so bend all their Ambition to excel in what is out of their Reach: Thus they destroy the Use of their natural Talents, in the same manner as covetous Men do their Quiet and Repose; they can enjoy no Satisfaction in what they have, because of the absurd Inclination they are possessed with for what they have not.

Cleanthes had good Sense, a great Memory, and a Constitution capable of the closest Application: In a Word, there was no Profession in which *Cleanthes* might not have made a very good Figure; but this won't satisfie him, he takes up an unaccountable Fondness for the Character of a fine Gentleman; all his Thoughts are bent upon this: instead of attending a Dissection, frequenting the Courts of Justice, or studying the Fathers, *Cleanthes* reads Plays, dances, dresses, and spends his Time in drawing-rooms; instead of being a good Lawyer, Divine, or

[1] [*Continuo has leges æternaque fœdera certis*
Imposuit natura locis.—Virg.]

Physician, *Cleanthes* is a downright Coxcomb, and will remain to all that knew him a contemptible Example of Talents misapplied. It is to this Affectation the World owes its whole Race of Coxcombs: Nature in her whole Drama never drew such a Part: she has sometimes made a Fool, but a Coxcomb is always of a Man's own making, by applying his Talents otherwise than Nature designed, who ever bears an high Resentment for being put out of her Course, and never fails of taking her Revenge on those that do so. Opposing her Tendency in the Application of a Man's Parts, has the same Success as declining from her Course in the Production of Vegetables; by the Assistance of Art and an hot Bed, we may possibly extort an unwilling Plant, or an untimely Sallad; but how weak, how tasteless and insipid? Just as insipid as the Poetry of *Valerio*: *Valerio* had an universal Character, was genteel, had Learning, thought justly, spoke correctly; 'twas believed there was nothing in which *Valerio* did not excel; and 'twas so far true, that there was but one; *Valerio* had no Genius for Poetry, yet he's resolved to be a Poet; he writes Verses, and takes great Pains to convince the Town, that *Valerio* is not that extraordinary Person he was taken for.

If Men would be content to graft upon Nature, and assist her Operations, what mighty Effects might we expect? *Tully* would not stand so much alone in Oratory, *Virgil* in Poetry, or *Cæsar* in War. To build upon Nature, is laying the Foundation upon a Rock; every thing disposes its self into Order as it were of Course, and the whole Work is half done as soon as undertaken. *Cicero's* Genius inclined him to Oratory, *Virgil's* to follow the Train of the Muses; they piously obeyed the Admonition, and were rewarded. Had *Virgil* attended the Bar, his modest and ingenious Virtue would surely have made but a very indifferent Figure; and *Tully's* declamatory Inclination would have been as useless in Poetry. Nature, if left to her self, leads us on in the best Course, but will do nothing by Compulsion and Constraint; and if we are not satisfied to go her Way, we are always the greatest Sufferers by it.

Wherever Nature designs a Production, she always disposes Seeds proper for it, which are as absolutely necessary to the Formation of any moral or intellectual Excellence, as they are to the Being and Growth of Plants; and I know not by what Fate and Folly it is, that Men are taught not to reckon him equally absurd that will write Verses in Spite of Nature, with that Gardener that should undertake to raise a Jonquil or Tulip without the Help of their respective Seeds.

As there is no Good or bad Quality that does not affect both Sexes, so it is not to be imagined but the fair Sex must have suffered by an Affectation of this Nature, at least as much as the other: The ill Effect of it is in none so conspicuous as in the two opposite Characters of *Cælia* and *Iras; Cælia* has all the Charms of Person, together with an abundant Sweetness of Nature, but wants Wit, and has a very ill Voice; *Iras* is ugly and ungenteel, but has Wit and good Sense: If *Cælia* would be silent, her Beholders would adore her; if *Iras* would talk, her Hearers would admire her; but *Cælia's* Tongue runs incessantly, while *Iras* gives her self silent Airs and soft Languors; so that 'tis difficult to persuade ones self that *Cælia* has Beauty and *Iras* Wit: Each neglects her own Excellence, and is ambitious of the other's Character; *Iras* would be thought to have as much Beauty as *Cælia*, and *Cælia* as much Wit as *Iras*.

The great Misfortune of this Affectation is, that Men not only lose a good Quality, but also contract a bad one: They not only are unfit for what they were designed, but they assign themselves to what they are not fit for; and instead of making a very good Figure one Way, make a very ridiculous one another. If *Semanthe* would have been satisfied with her natural Complexion, she might still have been celebrated by the Name of the Olive Beauty; but *Semanthe* has taken up an Affectation to White and Red, and is now distinguished by the Character of the Lady that paints so well. In a word, could the World be reformed to the Obedience of that famed Dictate, *Follow Nature*, which the Oracle of *Delphos* pronounced to *Cicero* when he consulted what Course of Studies he should pursue, we should see almost every Man as eminent in his proper Sphere as *Tully* was in his, and should in a very short time find Impertinence and Affectation banished from among the Women, and Coxcombs and false Characters from among the Men. For my Part, I could never consider this preposterous Repugnancy to Nature any otherwise, than not only as the greatest Folly, but also one of the most heinous Crimes, since it is a direct Opposition to the Disposition of Providence, and (as *Tully* expresses it) like the Sin of the Giants, an actual Rebellion against Heaven.

Z.

No. 405.] *Saturday, June* 14, 1712. [*Addison.*

Οἱ δὲ πανημέριοι μολπῇ θεὸν ἱλάσκοντο,
Καλὸν ἀείδοντες παιήονα κοῦροι Ἀχαιῶν,
Μέλποντες Ἑκάεργον. ὁ δὲ φρένα τέρπετ' ἀκούων.—Hom.

I AM very sorry to find, by the Opera Bills for this Day, that we are likely to lose the greatest Performer in Dramatick Musick that is now living, or that perhaps ever appeared upon a Stage. I need not acquaint my Reader, that I am speaking of *Signior Nicolini*.[1] The Town is highly obliged to that Excellent Artist, for having shewn us the *Italian* Musick in its Perfection, as well as for that generous Approbation he lately gave to an Opera of our own Country, in which the Composer endeavoured to do Justice to the Beauty of the Words, by following that Noble Example, which has been set him by the greatest Foreign Masters in that Art.

I could heartily wish there was the same Application and Endeavours to cultivate and improve our Church-Musick, as have been lately bestowed on that of the Stage. Our Composers have one very great Incitement to it: They are sure to meet with Excellent Words, and, at the same time, a wonderful Variety of them. There is no Passion that is not finely expressed in those parts of the inspired Writings, which are proper for Divine Songs and Anthems.

There is a certain Coldness and Indifference in the Phrases of our *European* Languages, when they are compared with the Oriental Forms of Speech: and it happens very luckily, that the *Hebrew* Idioms run into the *English* Tongue with a particular Grace and Beauty. Our Language has received innumerable Elegancies and Improvements, from that Infusion of *Hebraisms*, which are derived to it out of the Poetical Passages in Holy Writ. They give a Force and Energy to our Expressions, warm and animate our Language, and convey our Thoughts in more ardent and intense Phrases, than any that are to be met with in our own Tongue. There is something so pathetick in this kind of Diction, that it often sets the Mind in a Flame, and makes our Hearts burn within us. How cold and dead does a Prayer appear, that is composed in the most Elegant and Polite Forms of Speech, which are natural to our Tongue, when it is not heightened by that Solemnity of Phrase, which may be drawn from the Sacred Writings. It has been said by some of the Ancients, that if the Gods were to talk with Men, they would

[1] See note on p. 51, vol. i. He took leave, June 14, in the Opera of *Antiochus*.

certainly speak in *Plato's* Style; but I think we may say, with Justice, that when Mortals converse with their Creator, they cannot do it in so proper a Style as in that of the Holy Scriptures.

If any one would judge of the Beauties of Poetry that are to be met with in the Divine Writings, and examine how kindly the *Hebrew* Manners of Speech mix and incorporate with the *English* Language; after having perused the Book of Psalms, let him read a literal Translation of *Horace* or *Pindar*. He will find in these two last such an Absurdity and Confusion of Style, with such a Comparative Poverty of Imagination, as will make him very sensible of what I have been here advancing.

Since we have therefore such a Treasury of Words, so beautiful in themselves, and so proper for the Airs of Musick, I cannot but wonder that Persons of Distinction should give so little Attention and Encouragement to that Kind of Musick, which would have its Foundation in Reason, and which would improve our Virtue in proportion as it raised our Delight. The Passions that are excited by ordinary Compositions generally flow from such silly and absurd Occasions, that a Man is ashamed to reflect upon them seriously; but the Fear, the Love, the Sorrow, the Indignation that are awakened in the Mind by Hymns and Anthems, make the Heart better, and proceed from such Causes as are altogether reasonable and praise-worthy. Pleasure and Duty go hand in hand, and the greater our Satisfaction is, the greater is our Religion.

Musick among those who were styled the chosen People was a Religious Art. The Songs of *Sion*, which we have reason to believe were in high Repute among the Courts of the Eastern Monarchs, were nothing else but Psalms and Pieces of Poetry that adored or celebrated the Supreme Being. The greatest Conqueror in this Holy Nation, after the manner of the old *Grecian* Lyricks, did not only compose the Words of his Divine Odes, but generally set them to Musick himself: After which, his Works, tho' they were consecrated to the Tabernacle, became the National Entertainment, as well as the Devotion of his People.

The first Original of the Drama was a Religious Worship consisting only of a Chorus, which was nothing else but an Hymn to a Deity. As Luxury and Voluptuousness prevailed over Innocence and Religion, this Form of Worship degenerated into Tragedies; in which however the Chorus so far remembered its first Office, as to brand every thing that was vicious, and recommend every thing that was laudable, to intercede with

Heaven for the Innocent, and to implore its Vengeance on the Criminal.

Homer and *Hesiod* intimate to us how this Art should be applied, when they represent the Muses as surrounding *Jupiter*, and warbling their Hymns about his Throne. I might shew from innumerable Passages in Ancient Writers, not only that Vocal and Instrumental Musick were made use of in their Religious Worship, but that their most favourite Diversions were filled with Songs and Hymns to their respective Deities. Had we frequent Entertainments of this Nature among us, they would not a little purifie and exalt our Passions, give our Thoughts a proper Turn, and cherish those Divine Impulses in the Soul, which every one feels that has not stifled them by sensual and immoderate Pleasures.

Musick, when thus applied, raises noble Hints in the Mind of the Hearer, and fills it with great Conceptions. It strengthens Devotion, and advances Praise into Rapture. It lengthens out every Act of Worship, and produces more lasting and permanent Impressions in the Mind, than those which accompany any transient Form of Words that are uttered in the ordinary Method of Religious Worship. O.

No. 406.] *Monday, June* 16, 1712. [*Steele.*

Hæc studia Adolescentiam alunt, Senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis solatium et perfugium præbet delectant domi, non impediunt foris; Pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur.—Tull.

THE following Letters bear a pleasing Image of the Joys and Satisfactions of private Life. The first is from a Gentleman to a Friend, for whom he has a very great Respect, and to whom he communicates the Satisfaction he takes in Retirement; the other is a Letter to me, occasioned by an Ode written by my *Lapland* Lover; this Correspondent is so kind as to translate another of *Scheffer's* Songs [1] in a very agreeable Manner. I publish them together, that the Young and Old may find something in the same Paper which may be suitable to their respective Taste in Solitude; for I know no Fault in the Description of ardent Desires, provided they are honourable.

Dear Sir,

'You have obliged me with a very kind Letter; by which I 'find you shift the Scene of your Life from the Town to the

[1] See No. 366 and note.

'Country, and enjoy that mixt State which wise Men both 'delight in, and are qualified for. Methinks most of the 'Philosophers and Moralists have run too much into Extreams, 'in praising entirely either Solitude or publick Life; in the 'former Men generally grow useless by too much Rest, and in 'the latter are destroyed by too much Precipitation: As Waters 'lying still, putrifie and are good for nothing; and running 'violently on, do but the more Mischief in their Passage to 'others, and are swallowed up and lost the sooner themselves. 'Those who, like you, can make themselves useful to all States, 'should be like gentle Streams, that not only glide through 'lonely Vales and Forests amidst the Flocks and Shepherds, 'but visit populous Towns in their Course, and are at once of 'Ornament and Service to them. But there is another sort of 'People who seem designed for Solitude, those I mean who have 'more to hide than to shew: As for my own Part, I am one of 'those of whom *Seneca* says, *Tum Umbratiles sunt, ut putent in 'turbido esse quic-quid in luce est.* Some Men, like Pictures, are 'fitter for a Corner than a full Light; and I believe such as have 'a natural Bent to Solitude, are like Waters which may be 'forced into Fountains, and exalted to a great Height, may 'make a much nobler Figure, and a much louder Noise, but 'after all run more smoothly, equally and plentifully, in their 'own natural Course upon the Ground. The Consideration of 'this would make me very well contented with the Possession 'only of that Quiet which *Cowley* calls the Companion of 'Obscurity; but whoever has the Muses too for his Companions, 'can never be idle enough to be uneasie. Thus, Sir, you see I 'would flatter my self into a good Opinion of my own Way of 'Living; *Plutarch* just now told me, that 'tis in human Life as 'in a Game at Tables, one may wish he had the highest Cast, 'but if his Chance be otherwise, he is even to play it as well as 'he can, and make the best of it.

I am, SIR,
Your most obliged,
and most humble Servant.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'The Town being so well pleased with the fine Picture of 'artless Love, which Nature inspired the *Laplander* to paint in 'the Ode you lately printed; we were in Hopes that the ingeni- 'ous Translator would have obliged it with the other also which '*Scheffer* has given us; but since he has not, a much inferior 'Hand has ventured to send you this.

'It is a Custom with the Northern Lovers to divert them-

'selves with a Song, whilst they Journey through the fenny 'Moors to pay a visit to their Mistresses. This is addressed by 'the Lover to his Rain-Deer, which is the Creature that in that 'Country supplies the Want of Horses. The Circumstances 'which successively present themselves to him in his Way, are, 'I believe you will think, naturally interwoven. The Anxiety 'of Absence, the Gloominess of the Roads, and his Resolution 'of frequenting only those, since those only can carry him to 'the Object of his Desires; the Dissatisfaction he expresses 'even at the greatest Swiftness with which he is carried, and his 'joyful Surprize at an unexpected Sight of his Mistress as she 'is bathing, seems beautifully described in the Original.

'If all those pretty Images of Rural Nature are lost in the 'Imitation, yet possibly you may think fit to let this supply the 'Place of a long Letter, when Want of Leisure or Indisposition 'for Writing will not permit our being entertained by your own 'Hand. I propose such a Time, because tho' it is natural to 'have a Fondness for what one does one's self, yet I assure you 'I would not have any thing of mine displace a single Line 'of yours.

I.

Haste, my Rain-Deer, and let us nimbly go
Our am'rous Journey through this dreery Waste;
Haste, my Rain-Deer! still still thou art too slow;
Impetuous Love demands the Lightning's Haste.

II.

Around us far the Rushy Moors are spread:
Soon will the Sun withdraw her chearful Ray:
Darkling and tir'd we shall the Marshes tread,
No Lay unsung to cheat the tedious Way.

III.

The wat'ry Length of these unjoyous Moors
Does all the flow'ry Meadows Pride excel;
Through these I fly to her my Soul adores;
Ye flow'ry Meadows, empty Pride, Farewel.

IV.

Each Moment from the Charmer I'm confin'd,
My Breast is tortur'd with impatient Fires;
Fly, my Rain-Deer, fly swifter than the Wind,
Thy tardy Feet wing with my fierce Desires.

V.

Our pleasing Toil will then be soon o'erpaid,
And thou, in Wonder lost, shalt view my Fair,
Admire each Feature of the lovely Maid,
Her artless Charms, her Bloom, her sprightly Air.

VI.

But lo! with graceful Motion there she swims,
Gently moving each ambitious Wave;
The crowding Waves transported clasp her Limbs:
When, when, oh when, shall I such Freedoms have!

VII.

In vain, you envious Streams, so fast you flow,
To hide her from a Lover's ardent Gaze:
From ev'ry Touch you more transparent grow,
And all reveal'd the beauteous Wanton plays. T.

No. 407.] *Tuesday, June* 17, 1712. [*Addison.*

———*abest facundis Gratia dictis.*—Ovid.

MOST Foreign Writers who have given any Character of the *English* Nation, whatever Vices they ascribe to it, allow in general, that the People are naturally Modest. It proceeds perhaps from this our National Virtue, that our Orators are observed to make use of less Gesture or Action than those of other Countries. Our Preachers stand stock-still in the Pulpit, and will not so much as move a Finger to set off the best Sermons in the World. We meet with the same speaking Statues at our Bars, and in all publick Places of Debate. Our Words flow from us in a smooth continued Stream, without those Strainings of the Voice, Motions of the Body, and Majesty of the Hand, which are so much celebrated in the Orators of *Greece* and *Rome*. We can talk of Life and Death in cold Blood, and keep our Temper in a Discourse which turns upon every thing that is dear to us. Though our Zeal breaks out in the finest Tropes and Figures, it is not able to stir a Limb about us. I have heard it observed more than once by those who have seen *Italy*, that an untravelled *Englishman* cannot relish all the Beauties of *Italian* Pictures, because the Postures which are expressed in them are often such as are peculiar to that Country. One who has not seen an *Italian* in the Pulpit, will not know what to make of that noble Gesture in *Raphael's* Picture of St. *Paul* preaching at *Athens*, where the Apostle is represented as lifting up both his Arms, and pouring out the Thunder of his Rhetorick amidst an Audience of Pagan Philosophers.

It is certain that proper Gestures and vehement Exertions of the Voice cannot be too much studied by a publick Orator.

They are a kind of Comment to what he utters, and enforce every thing he says, with weak Hearers, better than the strongest Argument he can make use of. They keep the Audience awake, and fix their Attention to what is delivered to them, at the same time that they shew the Speaker is in earnest, and affected himself with what he so passionately recommends to others. Violent Gesture and Vociferation naturally shake the Hearts of the Ignorant, and fill them with a kind of Religious Horror. Nothing is more frequent than to see Women weep and tremble at the Sight of a moving Preacher, though he is placed quite out of their Hearing; as in *England* we very frequently see People lulled asleep with solid and elaborate Discourses of Piety, who would be warmed and transported out of themselves by the Bellowings and Distortions of Enthusiasm.

If Nonsense, when accompanied with such an Emotion of Voice and Body, has such an Influence on Men's Minds, what might we not expect from many of those Admirable Discourses which are printed in our Tongue, were they delivered with a becoming Fervour, and with the most agreeable Graces of Voice and Gesture?

We are told that the great *Latin* Orator very much impaired his Health by this *laterum contentio*, this Vehemence of Action, with which he used to deliver himself. The *Greek* Orator was likewise so very Famous for this Particular in Rhetorick, that one of his Antagonists, whom he had banished from *Athens*, reading over the Oration which had procured his Banishment, and seeing his Friends admire it, could not forbear asking them, if they were so much affected by the bare reading of it, how much more they would have been alarmed, had they heard him actually throwing out such a Storm of Eloquence?

How cold and dead a Figure in Comparison of these two great Men, does an Orator often make at the *British* Bar, holding up his Head with the most insipid Serenity, and stroaking the sides of a long Wigg that reaches down to his Middle? The truth of it is, there is often nothing more ridiculous than the Gestures of an *English* Speaker; you see some of them running their Hands into their Pockets as far as ever they can thrust them, and others looking with great Attention on a piece of Paper that has nothing written in it; you may see many a smart Rhetorician turning his Hat in his Hands, moulding it into several different Cocks, examining sometimes the Lining of it, and sometimes the Button, during the whole course of his Harangue. A deaf Man would think

he was Cheapning a Beaver, when perhaps he is talking of the Fate of the *British* Nation. I remember, when I was a young Man, and used to frequent *Westminster-Hall*, there was a Counsellor who never pleaded without a Piece of Pack-thread in his Hand, which he used to twist about a Thumb, or a Finger, all the while he was speaking: The Waggs of those Days used to call it the Thread of his Discourse, for he was not able to utter a Word without it. One of his Clients, who was more merry than wise, stole it from him one Day in the midst of his Pleading; but he had better have let it alone, for he lost his Cause by his Jest.

I have all along acknowledged my self to be a Dumb Man, and therefore may be thought a very improper Person to give Rules for Oratory; but I believe every one will agree with me in this, that we ought either to lay aside all kinds of Gesture, (which seems to be very suitable to the Genius of our Nation) or at least to make use of such only as are graceful and expressive. O.

No. 408.] *Wednesday, June* 18, 1712. [*Pope.*

Decet affectus animi neque se nimium erigere, nec subjacere serviliter.—
Tull. de Finibus.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I HAVE always been a very great Lover of your Speculations, as well in Regard to the Subject, as to your Manner 'of Treating it. Human Nature I always thought the most 'useful Object of human Reason, and to make the Considera- 'tion of it pleasant and entertaining, I always thought the 'best Employment of human Wit: Other Parts of Philosophy 'may perhaps make us wiser, but this not only answers that 'End, but makes us better too. Hence it was that the Oracle 'pronounced *Socrates* the wisest of all Men living, because he 'judiciously made Choice of human Nature for the Object of 'his Thoughts; an Enquiry into which as much exceeds all 'other Learning, as it is of more Consequence to adjust the 'true Nature and Measures of Right and Wrong, than to settle 'the Distance of the Planets, and compute the Times of their 'Circumvolutions.

'One good Effect that will immediately arise from a near 'Observation of human Nature, is, that we shall cease to

'wonder at those Actions which Men are used to reckon 'wholly unaccountable; for as nothing is produced without a 'Cause, so by observing the Nature and Course of the Passions, 'we shall be able to trace every Action from its first Con- 'ception to its Death; We shall no more admire at the Pro- 'ceedings of *Catiline* or *Tiberius*, when we know the one was 'actuated by a cruel Jealousie, the other by a furious Ambition; 'for the Actions of Men follow their Passions as naturally as 'Light does Heat, or as any other Effect flows from its Cause; 'Reason must be employed in adjusting the Passions, but 'they must ever remain the Principles of Action.

'The strange and absurd Variety that is so apparent in 'Men's Actions, shews plainly they can never proceed im- 'mediately from Reason; so pure a Fountain emits no such 'troubled Waters: They must necessarily arise from the 'Passions, which are to the Mind as the Winds to a Ship, they 'only can move it, and they too often destroy it; if fair and 'gentle, they guide it into the Harbour; if contrary and furious, 'they overset it in the Waves: In the same manner is the 'Mind assisted or endangered by the Passions; Reason must 'then take the Place of Pilot, and can never fail of securing 'her Charge if she be not wanting to her self: The Strength 'of the Passions will never be accepted as an Excuse for com- 'plying with them, they were designed for Subjection, and if a 'Man suffers them to get the upper Hand, he then betrays the 'Liberty of his own Soul.

'As Nature has framed the several Species of Beings as it 'were in a Chain, so Man seems to be placed as the middle 'Link between Angels and Brutes: Hence he participates both 'of Flesh and Spirit by an admirable Tie, which in him occa- 'sions perpetual War of Passions; and as a Man inclines to 'the angelick or brute Part of his Constitution, he is then 'denominated good or bad, virtuous or wicked; if Love, 'Mercy, and Good-nature prevail, they speak him of the 'Angel; if Hatred, Cruelty, and Envy predominate, they 'declare his Kindred to the Brute. Hence it was that some 'of the Ancients imagined, that as Men in this Life inclined 'more to the Angel or Brute, so after their Death they should 'transmigrate into the one or the other: and it would be no 'unpleasant Notion, to consider the several Species of Brutes, 'into which we may imagine that Tyrants, Misers, the Proud, 'Malicious, and Ill-natured might be changed.

'As a Consequence of this Original, all Passions are in 'all Men, but all appear not in all; Constitution, Education,

'Custom of the Country, Reason, and the like Causes, may im-
'prove or abate the Strength of them, but still the Seeds remain,
'which are ever ready to sprout forth upon the least Encourage-
'ment. I have heard a Story of a good religious Man, who,
'having been bred with the Milk of a Goat, was very modest
'in Publick by a careful Reflection he made on his Actions,
'but he frequently had an Hour in Secret, wherein he had his
'Frisks and Capers; and if we had an Opportunity of examin-
'ing the Retirement of the strictest Philosophers, no doubt but
'we should find perpetual Returns of those Passions they so
'artfully conceal from the Publick. I remember *Matchiavel*
'observes, that every State should entertain a perpetual jealousie
'of its Neighbours, that so it should never be unprovided when
'an Emergency happens;[1] in like manner should the Reason
'be perpetually on its Guard against the Passions, and never
'suffer them to carry on any Design that may be destructive of
'its Security; yet at the same Time it must be careful, that
'it don't so far break their Strength as to render them
'contemptible, and consequently it self unguarded.

'The Understanding being of its self too slow and lazy to exert
'it self into Action, it's necessary it should be put in Motion
'by the gentle Gales of the Passions, which may preserve it
'from stagnating and Corruption; for they are as necessary to
'the Health of the Mind, as the Circulation of the animal
'Spirits is to the Health of the Body; they keep it in Life, and
'Strength, and Vigour; nor is it possible for the Mind to
'perform its Offices without their Assistance: These Motions
'are given us with our Being, they are little Spirits that are
'born and dye with us; to some they are mild, easie, and
'gentle, to others wayward and unruly, yet never too strong for
'the Reins of Reason and the Guidance of Judgment.

'We may generally observe a pretty nice Proportion between
'the Strength of Reason and Passion; the greatest Genius's
'have commonly the strongest Affections, as on the other hand,
'the weaker Understandings have generally the weaker Pas-
'sions; and 'tis fit the Fury of the Coursers should not be too
'great for the Strength of the Charioteer. Young Men whose
'Passions are not a little unruly, give small Hopes of their ever
'being considerable; the Fire of Youth will of course abate,
'and is a Fault, if it be a Fault, that mends every Day; but
'surely unless a Man has Fire in Youth, he can hardly have
'Warmth in Old Age. We must therefore be very cautious,
'lest while we think to regulate the Passions, we should quite
'extinguish them, which is putting out the Light of the Soul:

[1] *The Prince*, ch. xiv. at close.

'for to be without Passion, or to be hurried away with it, makes 'a Man equally blind. The extraordinary Severity used in 'most of our Schools has this fatal Effect, it breaks the Spring 'of the Mind, and most certainly destroys more good Genius's 'than it can possibly improve. And surely 'tis a mighty 'Mistake that the Passions should be so intirely subdued; for 'little Irregularities are sometimes not only to be borne with, 'but to be cultivated too, since they are frequently attended 'with the greatest Perfections. All great Genius's have Faults 'mixed with their Virtues, and resemble the flaming Bush 'which has Thorns amongst Lights.

'Since therefore the Passions are the Principles of human 'Actions, we must endeavour to manage them so as to retain 'their Vigour, yet keep them under strict Command; we must 'govern them rather like free Subjects than Slaves, lest while 'we intend to make them obedient, they become abject, and 'unfit for those great Purposes to which they were designed. 'For my Part I must confess, I could never have any Regard 'to that Sect of Philosophers, who so much insisted upon an 'absolute Indifference and Vacancy from all Passion; for it 'seems to me a Thing very inconsistent for a Man to divest 'himself of Humanity, in order to acquire Tranquility of Mind, 'and to eradicate the very Principles of Action, because it's 'possible they may produce ill Effects.

I am, SIR,
Your Affectionate Admirer,

Z. T. B.

No. 409.] *Thursday, June* 19, 1712. [*Addison.*

———*Musæo contingere cuncta lepore.*—Lucr.

GRATIAN very often recommends *the Fine Taste*,[1] as the utmost Perfection of an accomplished Man. As this Word arises very often in Conversation, I shall endeavour to give some Account of it, and to lay down Rules how we may know whether we are possessed of it, and how we may acquire that fine Taste of Writing, which is so much talked of among the Polite World.

Most Languages make use of this Metaphor, to express that Faculty of the Mind, which distinguishes all the most concealed Faults and nicest Perfections in Writing. We may be sure this

[1] See note on p. 620, *ante*. This 'fine taste' was the *cultismo*, the taste for false conceits, which Addison condemns.

Metaphor would not have been so general in all Tongues, had there not been a very great Conformity between that Mental Taste, which is the Subject of this Paper, and that Sensitive Taste which gives us a Relish of every different Flavour that affects the Palate. Accordingly we find, there are as many Degrees of Refinement in the intellectual Faculty, as in the Sense, which is marked out by this common Denomination.

I knew a Person who possessed the one in so great a Perfection, that after having tasted ten different Kinds of Tea, he would distinguish, without seeing the Colour of it, the particular Sort which was offered him; and not only so, but any two Sorts of them that were mixt together in an equal Proportion; nay he has carried the Experiment so far, as upon tasting the Composition of three different Sorts, to name the Parcels from whence the three several Ingredients were taken. A Man of a fine Taste in Writing will discern, after the same manner, not only the general Beauties and Imperfections of an Author, but discover the several Ways of thinking and expressing himself, which diversify him from all other Authors, with the several Foreign Infusions of Thought and Language, and the particular Authors from whom they were borrowed.

After having thus far explained what is generally meant by a fine Taste in Writing, and shewn the Propriety of the Metaphor which is used on this Occasion, I think I may define it to be *that Faculty of the Soul, which discerns the Beauties of an Author with Pleasure, and the Imperfections with Dislike.* If a Man would know whether he is possessed of this Faculty, I would have him read over the celebrated Works of Antiquity, which have stood the Test of so many different Ages and Countries, or those Works among the Moderns which have the Sanction of the Politer Part of our Contemporaries. If upon the Perusal of such Writings he does not find himself delighted in an extraordinary Manner, or if, upon reading the admired Passages in such Authors, he finds a Coldness and Indifference in his Thoughts, he ought to conclude, not (as is too usual among tasteless Readers) that the Author wants those Perfections which have been admired in him, but that he himself wants the Faculty of discovering them.

He should, in the second Place, be very careful to observe, whether he tastes the distinguishing Perfections, or, if I may be allowed to call them so, the Specifick Qualities of the Author whom he peruses; whether he is particularly pleased with *Livy* for his Manner of telling a Story, with *Sallust* for his entering into those internal Principles of Action which arise from the Characters and Manners of the Persons he describes, or with

Tacitus for his displaying those outward Motives of Safety and Interest, which give Birth to the whole Series of Transactions which he relates.

He may likewise consider, how differently he is affected by the same Thought, which presents it self in a great Writer, from what he is when he finds it delivered by a Person of an ordinary Genius. For there is as much Difference in apprehending a Thought cloathed in *Cicero's* Language, and that of a common Author, as in seeing an Object by the Light of a Taper, or by the Light of the Sun.

It is very difficult to lay down Rules for the Acquirement of such a Taste as that I am here speaking of. The Faculty must in some degree be born with us, and it very often happens, that those who have other Qualities in Perfection are wholly void of this. One of the most eminent Mathematicians of the Age has assured me, that the greatest Pleasure he took in reading *Virgil*, was in examining *Æneas* his Voyage by the Map; as I question not but many a Modern Compiler of History, would be delighted with little more in that Divine Author, than in the bare Matters of Fact.

But notwithstanding this Faculty must in some measure be born with us, there are several Methods for Cultivating and Improving it, and without which it will be very uncertain, and of little use to the Person that possesses it. The most natural Method for this Purpose is to be conversant among the Writings of the most Polite Authors. A Man who has any Relish for fine Writing, either discovers new Beauties, or receives stronger Impressions from the Masterly Strokes of a great Author every time he peruses him; Besides that he naturally wears himself into the same manner of Speaking and Thinking.

Conversation with Men of a Polite Genius is another Method for improving our Natural Taste. It is impossible for a Man of the greatest Parts to consider anything in its whole Extent, and in all its Variety of Lights. Every Man, besides those General Observations which are to be made upon an Author, forms several Reflections that are peculiar to his own Manner of Thinking; so that Conversation will naturally furnish us with Hints which we did not attend to, and make us enjoy other Mens Parts and Reflections as well as our own. This is the best Reason I can give for the Observation which several have made, that Men of great Genius in the same way of Writing seldom rise up singly, but at certain Periods of Time appear together, and in a Body; as they did at *Rome* in the Reign of *Augustus*, and in *Greece* about the Age of *Socrates*. I cannot

think that *Corneille*, *Racine*, *Moliere*, *Boileau*, *la Fontaine*, *Bruyere*, *Bossu*, or the *Daciers*, would have written so well as they have done, had they not been Friends and Contemporaries.

It is likewise necessary for a Man who would form to himself a finished Taste of good Writing, to be well versed in the Works of the best *Criticks* both Ancient and Modern. I must confess that I could wish there were Authors of this kind, who beside the Mechanical Rules which a Man of very little Taste may discourse upon, would enter into the very Spirit and Soul of fine Writing, and shew us the several Sources of that Pleasure which rises in the Mind upon the Perusal of a noble Work. Thus although in Poetry it be absolutely necessary that the Unities of Time, Place and Action, with other Points of the same Nature, should be thoroughly explained and understood; there is still something more essential to the Art, something that elevates and astonishes the Fancy, and gives a Greatness of Mind to the Reader, which few of the Criticks besides *Longinus* have considered.

Our general Taste in *England* is for Epigram, Turns of Wit, and forced Conceits, which have no manner of Influence, either for the bettering or enlarging the Mind of him who reads them, and have been carefully avoided by the greatest Writers, both among the Ancients and Moderns. I have endeavoured in several of my Speculations to banish this *Gothic* Taste, which has taken Possession among us. I entertained the Town, for a Week together, with an Essay upon Wit, in which I endeavoured to detect several of those false Kinds which have been admired in the different Ages of the World; and at the same time to shew wherein the Nature of true Wit consists. I afterwards gave an Instance of the great Force which lyes in a natural Simplicity of Thought to affect the Mind of the Reader, from such vulgar Pieces as have little else besides this single Qualification to recommend them. I have likewise examined the Works of the greatest Poet which our Nation or perhaps any other has produced, and particularized most of those rational and manly Beauties which give a Value to that Divine Work. I shall next *Saturday* enter upon an Essay *on the Pleasures of the Imagination*, which, though it shall consider that Subject at large, will perhaps suggest to the Reader what it is that gives a Beauty to many Passages of the finest Writers both in Prose and Verse. As an Undertaking of this Nature is entirely new, I question not but it will be received with Candour. O.

No. 410.] *Friday, June* 20, 1712. [*Tickell.*

———Dum foris sunt, nihil videtur Mundius,
Nec magis compositum quidquam, nec magis elegans:
Quæ, cum amatore suo cum cœnant, Liguriunt,
Harum videre ingluviem, sordes, inopiam:
Quam inhonestæ solæ sint domi, atque avidæ cibi,
Quo pacto ex Jure Hesterno panem atrum vorent.
Nosse omnia hæc, salus est adolescentulis.—Ter.

WILL. HONEYCOMB, who disguises his present Decay by visiting the Wenches of the Town only by Way of Humour, told us, that the last rainy Night he with Sir ROGER DE COVERLY was driven into the *Temple* Cloister, whither had escaped also a Lady most exactly dressed from Head to Foot. WILL. made no Scruple to acquaint us, that she saluted him very familiarly by his Name, and turning immediately to the Knight, she said, she supposed that was his good Friend, Sir ROGER DE COVERLY: Upon which nothing less could follow than Sir ROGER's Approach to Salutation, with, Madam the same at your Service. She was dressed in a black Tabby Mantua and Petticoat, without Ribbons; her Linnen striped Muslin, and in the whole in an agreeable Second-Mourning; decent Dresses being often affected by the Creatures of the Town, at once consulting Cheapness and the Pretensions to Modesty. She went on with a familiar easie Air. Your Friend, Mr. HONEYCOMB, is a little surprized to see a Woman here alone and unattended; but I dismissed my Coach at the Gate, and tripped it down to my Council's Chambers, for Lawyers Fees take up too much of a small disputed Joynture to admit any other Expence but meer Necessaries. Mr. HONEYCOMB begged they might have the Honour of setting her down, for Sir ROGER's Servant was gone to call a Coach. In the Interim the Footman returned, with no Coach to be had; and there appeared nothing to be done but trusting herself with Mr. HONEYCOMB and his Friend to wait at the Tavern at the Gate for a Coach, or to be subjected to all the Impertinence she must meet with in that publick Place. Mr. HONEYCOMB being a Man of Honour determined the Choice of the first, and Sir ROGER, as the better Man, took the Lady by the Hand, leading through all the Shower, covering her with his Hat, and gallanting a familiar Acquaintance through Rows of young Fellows, who winked at *Sukey* in the State she marched off, WILL. HONEYCOMB bringing up the Rear.

Much Importunity prevailed upon the Fair one to admit of a Collation, where, after declaring she had no Stomach, and

eaten a Couple of Chickens, devoured a Trusse of Sallet, and drunk a full Bottle to her Share, she sung the Old Man's Wish to Sir ROGER. The Knight left the Room for some Time after Supper, and writ the following Billet, which he conveyed to *Sukey*, and *Sukey* to her Friend WILL. HONEYCOMB. WILL. has given it to Sir ANDREW FREEPORT, who read it last Night to the Club.

Madam,

'I am not so meer a Country-Gentleman, but I can guess at 'the Law-Business you had at the *Temple*. If you would go 'down to the Country and leave off all your Vanities but your 'Singing, let me know at my Lodgings in *Bow-street Covent-'Garden*, and you shall be encouraged by

Your humble Servant,
ROGER DE COVERLY.

My good Friend could not well stand the Raillery which was rising upon him; but to put a Stop to it I deliver'd WILL. HONEYCOMB the following Letter, and desired him to read it to the Board.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'Having seen a Translation of one of the Chapters in the '*Canticles* into English Verse inserted among your late Papers, 'I have ventured to send you the 7th Chapter of the *Proverbs* 'in a poetical Dress. If you think it worthy appearing among 'your Speculations, it will be a sufficient Reward for the 'Trouble of *Your constant Reader*,

A. B.

My Son, th' Instruction that my Words impart,
Grave on the living Tablet of thy Heart;
And all the wholesome Precepts that I give,
Observe with strictest Reverence, and live.
Let all thy Homage be to Wisdom paid,
Seek her Protection and implore her Aid;
That she may keep thy Soul from Harm secure,
And turn thy Footsteps from the Harlot's Door,
Who with curs'd Charms lures the Unwary in,
And sooths with Flattery their Souls to Sin.
Once from my Window as I cast mine Eye
On those that pass'd in giddy Numbers by,
A Youth among the foolish Youths I spy'd,
Who took not sacred Wisdom for his Guide.
Just as the Sun withdrew his cooler Light,
And Evening soft led on the Shades of Night,
He stole in covert Twilight to his Fate,
And pass'd the Corner near the Harlot's Gate
When, lo, a Woman comes!————
Loose her Attire, and such her glaring Dress,
As aptly did the Harlot's Mind express:

Subtle she is, and practis'd in the Arts,
By which the Wanton conquer heedless Hearts:
Stubborn and loud she is; she hates her Home,
Varying her Place and Form; she loves to roam;
Now she's within, now in the Street do's stray;
Now at each Corner stands, and waits her Prey.
The Youth she seiz'd; and laying now aside
All Modesty, the Female's justest Pride,
She said, with an Embrace, Here at my House
Peace-offerings are, this Day I paid my Vows.
I therefore came abroad to meet my Dear,
And, Lo, in Happy Hour I find thee here.
My Chamber I've adorn'd, and o'er my Bed
Are cov'rings of the richest Tap'stry spread,
With Linnen it is deck'd from Egypt *brought,*
And Carvings by the Curious Artist wrought,
It wants no Glad Perfume Arabia *yields*
In all her Citron Groves, and spicy Fields;
Here all her store of richest Odours meets,
I'll lay thee in a Wilderness of Sweets.
Whatever to the Sense can grateful be
I have collected there——I want but Thee.
My Husband's gone a Journey far away,
Much Gold he took abroad, and long will stay,
He nam'd for his return a distant Day.
Upon her Tongue did such smooth Mischief dwell,
And from her Lips such welcome Flatt'ry fell,
Th' unguarded Youth, in Silken Fetters ty'd,
Resign'd his Reason, and with Ease comply'd.
Thus does the Ox to his own Slaughter go,
And thus is senseless of th' impending Blow.
Thus flies the simple Bird into the Snare,
That skilful Fowlers for his Life prepare.
But let my Sons attend, Attend may they
Whom Youthful Vigour may to Sin betray;
Let them false Charmers fly, and guard their Hearts
Against the wily Wanton's pleasing Arts,
With Care direct their Steps, nor turn astray,
To tread the Paths of her deceitful Way;
Lest they too late of Her fell Power complain,
And fall, where many mightier have been Slain. T.

No. 411.] *Saturday, June* 21, 1712. [*Addison.*

Avia Pieridum peragro loca, nullius ante
Trita solo; juvat integros accedere fonteis;
Atque haurire:——— Lucr.

OUR Sight is the most perfect and most delightful of all our Senses. It fills the Mind with the largest Variety of Ideas, converses with its Objects at the greatest Distance, and continues the longest in Action without being tired or satiated

with its proper Enjoyments. The Sense of Feeling can indeed give us a Notion of Extension, Shape, and all other Ideas that enter at the Eye, except Colours; but at the same time it is very much streightned and confined in its Operations, to the number, bulk, and distance of its particular Objects. Our Sight seems designed to supply all these Defects, and may be considered as a more delicate and diffusive kind of Touch, that spreads it self over an infinite Multitude of Bodies, comprehends the largest Figures, and brings into our reach some of the most remote Parts of the Universe.

It is this Sense which furnishes the Imagination with its Ideas; so that by the Pleasures of the Imagination or Fancy (which I shall use promiscuously) I here mean such as arise from visible Objects, either when we have them actually in our View, or when we call up their Ideas in our Minds by Paintings, Statues, Descriptions, or any the like Occasion. We cannot indeed have a single Image in the Fancy that did not make its first Entrance through the Sight; but we have the Power of retaining, altering and compounding those Images, which we have once received, into all the varieties of Picture and Vision that are most agreeable to the Imagination; for by this Faculty a Man in a Dungeon is capable of entertaining himself with Scenes and Landskips more beautiful than any that can be found in the whole Compass of Nature.

There are few Words in the *English* Language which are employed in a more loose and uncircumscribed Sense than those of the *Fancy* and the *Imagination*. I therefore thought it necessary to fix and determine the Notion of these two Words, as I intend to make use of them in the Thread of my following Speculations, that the Reader may conceive rightly what is the Subject which I proceed upon. I must therefore desire him to remember, that by the Pleasures of the Imagination, I mean only such Pleasures as arise originally from Sight, and that I divide these Pleasures into two Kinds: My Design being first of all to Discourse of those Primary Pleasures of the Imagination, which entirely proceed from such Objects as are [before our [1]] Eye[s]; and in the next place to speak of those Secondary Pleasures of the Imagination which flow from the Ideas of visible Objects, when the Objects are not actually before the Eye, but are called up into our Memories, or formed into agreeable Visions of Things that are either Absent or Fictitious.

The Pleasures of the Imagination, taken in the full Extent, are not so gross as those of Sense, nor so refined as those of the Understanding. The last are, indeed, more preferable,

[1] [present to the]

because they are founded on some new Knowledge or Improvement in the Mind of Man; yet it must be confest, that those of the Imagination are as great and as transporting as the other. A beautiful Prospect delights the Soul, as much as a Demonstration; and a Description in *Homer* has charmed more Readers than a Chapter in *Aristotle*. Besides, the Pleasures of the Imagination have this Advantage, above those of the Understanding, that they are more obvious, and more easie to be acquired. It is but opening the Eye, and the Scene enters. The Colours paint themselves on the Fancy, with very little Attention of Thought or Application of Mind in the Beholder. We are struck, we know not how, with the Symmetry of any thing we see, and immediately assent to the Beauty of an Object, without enquiring into the particular Causes and Occasions of it.

A Man of a Polite Imagination is let into a great many Pleasures, that the Vulgar are not capable of receiving. He can converse with a Picture, and find an agreeable Companion in a Statue. He meets with a secret Refreshment in a Description, and often feels a greater Satisfaction in the Prospect of Fields and Meadows, than another does in the Possession. It gives him, indeed, a kind of Property in every thing he sees, and makes the most rude uncultivated Parts of Nature administer to his Pleasures: So that he looks upon the World, as it were in another Light, and discovers in it a Multitude of Charms, that conceal themselves from the generality of Mankind.

There are, indeed, but very few who know how to be idle and innocent, or have a Relish of any Pleasures that are not Criminal; every Diversion they take is at the Expence of some one Virtue or another, and their very first Step out of Business is into Vice or Folly. A Man should endeavour, therefore, to make the Sphere of his innocent Pleasures as wide as possible, that he may retire into them with Safety, and find in them such a Satisfaction as a wise Man would not blush to take. Of this Nature are those of the Imagination, which do not require such a Bent of Thought as is necessary to our more serious Employments, nor, at the same time, suffer the Mind to sink into that Negligence and Remissness, which are apt to accompany our more sensual Delights, but, like a gentle Exercise to the Faculties, awaken them from Sloth and Idleness, without putting them upon any Labour or Difficulty.

We might here add, that the Pleasures of the Fancy are more conducive to Health, than those of the Understanding, which are worked out by Dint of Thinking, and attended with too violent a Labour of the Brain. Delightful Scenes, whether

in Nature, Painting, or Poetry, have a kindly Influence on the Body, as well as the Mind, and not only serve to clear and brighten the Imagination, but are able to disperse Grief and Melancholy, and to set the Animal Spirits in pleasing and agreeable Motions. For this Reason Sir *Francis Bacon*, in his Essay upon Health, has not thought it improper to prescribe to his Reader a Poem or a Prospect, where he particularly dissuades him from knotty and subtile Disquisitions, and advises him to pursue Studies that fill the Mind with splendid and illustrious Objects, as Histories, Fables, and Contemplations of Nature.

I have in this Paper, by way of Introduction, settled the Notion of those Pleasures of the Imagination which are the Subject of my present Undertaking, and endeavoured, by several Considerations, to recommend to my Reader the Pursuit of those Pleasures. I shall, in my next Paper, examine the several Sources from whence these Pleasures are derived.[1] O.

No. 412.] *Monday, June* 23, 1712. [*Addison.*

——*Divisum sic breve fiet Opus.*—Mart.

I SHALL first consider those Pleasures of the Imagination, which arise from the actual View and Survey of outward Objects: And these, I think, all proceed from the Sight of what is *Great*, *Uncommon*, or *Beautiful*. There may, indeed,

[1] From a MS. Note-book of Addison's, met with in 1858, Mr. J. Dykes Campbell printed at Glasgow, in 1864, 250 copies of some portions of the first draught of these papers on Imagination with the Essay on Jealousy (No. 176) and that on Fame (No. 255). The MS. was an old calf bound 8vo volume obtained from a dealer. There were 'about 31 pages written on 'one side of each leaf in a beautiful print-like hand,' which contained the Essays in their first state. Passages were added by Addison in his ordinary handwriting upon the blank pages opposite to this carefully-written text, and there are pieces in a third hand-writing which neither the keeper of the MSS. Department of the British Museum nor the Librarian of the Bodleian could identify. The insertions in this third hand form part of the paper as finally published. Thus in the paper on Jealousy (No. 171) it wrote the English verse translation added to the quotation from Horace's Ode I. xiii. The MS. shows with how much care Addison revised and corrected the first draught of his papers, especially where, as in the series of eleven upon Imagination here commenced, he meant to put out all his strength. In Blair's Rhetoric four Lectures (20—23) are given to a 'critical Examination 'of the Style of Mr. Addison in Nos. 411, 412, 413, and 414 of the *Spec-* '*tator*.' Akenside's poem on 'the Pleasures of the Imagination,' published in 1744, when he was 23 years old, was suggested by these papers. Many disquisitions upon Taste were written towards the close of the last century. They formed a new province in literature, of which Addison here appears as the founder and first lawgiver.

be something so terrible or offensive, that the Horror or Loathsomeness of an Object may over-bear the Pleasure which results from its *Greatness*, *Novelty*, or *Beauty;* but still there will be such a Mixture of Delight in the very Disgust it gives us, as any of these three Qualifications are most conspicuous and prevailing.

By *Greatness*, I do not only mean the Bulk of any single Object, but the Largeness of a whole View, considered as one entire Piece. Such are the Prospects of an open Champain Country, a vast uncultivated Desart, of huge Heaps of Mountains, high Rocks and Precipices, or a wide Expanse of Waters, where we are not struck with the Novelty or Beauty of the Sight, but with that rude kind of Magnificence which appears in many of these stupendous Works of Nature. Our Imagination loves to be filled with an Object, or to grasp at any thing that is too big for its Capacity. We are flung into a pleasing Astonishment at such unbounded Views, and feel a delightful Stillness and Amazement in the Soul at the Apprehension[s] of them. The Mind of Man naturally hates every thing that looks like a Restraint upon it, and is apt to fancy it self under a sort of Confinement, when the Sight is pent up in a narrow Compass, and shortned on every side by the Neighbourhood of Walls or Mountains. On the contrary, a spacious Horizon is an Image of Liberty, where the Eye has Room to range abroad, to expatiate at large on the Immensity of its Views, and to lose it self amidst the Variety of Objects that offer themselves to its Observation. Such wide and undetermined Prospects are as pleasing to the Fancy, as the Speculations of Eternity or Infinitude are to the Understanding. But if there be a Beauty or Uncommonness joined with this Grandeur, as in a troubled Ocean, a Heaven adorned with Stars and Meteors, or a spacious Landskip cut out into Rivers, Woods, Rocks, and Meadows, the Pleasure still grows upon us, as it rises from more than a single Principle.

Every thing that is *new* or *uncommon* raises a Pleasure in the Imagination, because it fills the Soul with an agreeable Surprize, gratifies its Curiosity, and gives it an Idea of which it was not before possest. We are indeed so often conversant with one Set of Objects, and tired out with so many repeated Shows of the same Things, that whatever is *new* or *uncommon* contributes a little to vary human Life, and to divert our Minds, for a while, with the Strangeness of its Appearance: It serves us for a kind of Refreshment, and takes off from that Satiety we are apt to complain of in our usual and ordinary Entertainments. It is this that bestows Charms on a Monster, and makes even the Imperfections of Nature [please[1]] us. It

[1] [to please]

is this that recommends Variety, where the Mind is every Instant called off to something new, and the Attention not suffered to dwell too long, and waste it self on any particular Object. It is this, likewise, that improves what is great or beautiful, and make it afford the Mind a double Entertainment. Groves, Fields, and Meadows, are at any Season of the Year pleasant to look upon, but never so much as in the Opening of the Spring, when they are all new and fresh, with their first Gloss upon them, and not yet too much accustomed and familiar to the Eye. For this Reason there is nothing that more enlivens a Prospect than Rivers, Jetteaus, or Falls of Water, where the Scene is perpetually shifting, and entertaining the Sight every Moment with something that is new. We are quickly tired with looking upon Hills and Vallies, where every thing continues fixed and settled in the same Place and Posture, but find our Thoughts a little agitated and relieved at the Sight of such Objects as are ever in Motion, and sliding away from beneath the Eye of the Beholder.

But there is nothing that makes its Way more directly to the Soul than *Beauty*, which immediately diffuses a secret Satisfaction and Complacency through the Imagination, and gives a Finishing to any thing that is Great or Uncommon. The very first Discovery of it strikes the Mind with an inward Joy, and spreads a Chearfulness and Delight through all its Faculties. There is not perhaps any real Beauty or Deformity more in one Piece of Matter than another, because we might have been so made, that whatsoever now appears loathsome to us, might have shewn it self agreeable; but we find by Experience, that there are several Modifications of Matter which the Mind, without any previous Consideration, pronounces at first sight Beautiful or Deformed. Thus we see that every different Species of sensible Creatures has its different Notions of Beauty, and that each of them is most affected with the Beauties of its own Kind. This is no where more remarkable than in Birds of the same Shape and Proportion, where we often see the Male determined in his Courtship by the single Grain or Tincture of a Feather, and never discovering any Charms but in the Colour of its Species.

Scit thalamo servare fidem, sanctasque veretur
Connubii leges, non illum in pectore candor
Sollicitat niveus; neque pravum accendit amorem
Splendida Lanugo, vel honesta in vertice crista,
Purpureusve nitor pennarum; ast agmina latè
Fœminea explorat cautus, maculasque requirit
Cognatas, paribusque interlita corpora guttis:
Ni faceret, pictis sylvam circum undique monstris

Confusam aspiceres vulgò, partusque biformes,
Et genus ambiguum, et Veneris monumenta nefandæ.
Hinc merula in nigro se oblectat nigra marito,
Hinc socium lasciva petit Philomela canorum,
Agnoscitque pares sonitus, hinc Noctua tetram
Canitiem alarum, et glaucos miratur ocellos.
Nempe sibi semper constat, crescitque quotannis
Lucida progenies, castos confessa parentes;
Dum virides inter saltus lucosque sonoros
Vere novo exultat, plumasque decora Juventus
Explicat ad solem, patriisque coloribus ardet.[1]

There is a second Kind of *Beauty* that we find in the several Products of Art and Nature, which does not work in the Imagination with that Warmth and Violence as the Beauty that appears in our proper Species, but is apt however to raise in us a secret Delight, and a kind of Fondness for the Places or Objects in which we discover it. This consists either in the Gaiety or Variety of Colours, in the Symmetry and Proportion of Parts, in the Arrangement and Disposition of Bodies, or in a just Mixture and Concurrence of all together. Among these several Kinds of Beauty the Eye takes most Delight in Colours. We no where meet with a more glorious or pleasing Show in Nature than what appears in the Heavens at the rising and setting of the Sun, which is wholly made up of those different Stains of Light that shew themselves in Clouds of a different Situation. For this Reason we find the Poets, who are always addressing themselves to the Imagination, borrowing more of their Epithets from Colours than from any other Topic.

As the Fancy delights in every thing that is Great, Strange, or Beautiful, and is still more pleased the more it finds of these Perfections in the same Object, so is it capable of receiving a new Satisfaction by the Assistance of another Sense. Thus any continued Sound, as the Musick of Birds, or a Fall of Water, awakens every moment the Mind of the Beholder, and makes him more attentive to the several Beauties of the Place that lye before him. Thus if there arises a Fragrancy of Smells or Perfumes, they heighten the Pleasures of the Imagination, and make even the Colours and Verdure of the Landskip appear more agreeable; for the Ideas of both Senses recommend each other, and are pleasanter together than when they enter the Mind separately: As the different Colours of a Picture, when they are well disposed, set off one another, and receive an additional Beauty from the Advantage of their Situation. O.

[1] Addison's MS. described in the note to No. 411 shows, by corrections in his handwriting of four or five lines in this piece of Latin verse, that he was himself its author. Thus in the last line he had begun with 'Scintillat 'solitis,' altered that to 'Ostentat solitas,' struck out that also, and written, as above, 'Explicat ad solem.'

No. 413.] *Tuesday, June* 24, 1712. [*Addison.*

——*Causa latet, vis est notissima*—— Ovid.

THOUGH in Yesterday's Paper we considered how every thing that is *Great*, *New*, or *Beautiful*, is apt to affect the Imagination with Pleasure, we must own that it is impossible for us to assign the necessary Cause of this Pleasure, because we know neither the Nature of an Idea, nor the Substance of a Human Soul, which might help us to discover the Conformity or Disagreeableness of the one to the other; and therefore, for want of such a Light, all that we can do in Speculations of this kind is to reflect on those Operations of the Soul that are most agreeable, and to range under their proper Heads, what is pleasing or displeasing to the Mind, without being able to trace out the several necessary and efficient Causes from whence the Pleasure or Displeasure arises.

Final Causes lye more bare and open to our Observation, as there are often a great Variety that belong to the same Effect; and these, tho' they are not altogether so satisfactory, are generally more useful than the other, as they give us greater Occasion of admiring the Goodness and Wisdom of the first Contriver.

One of the Final Causes of our Delight, in any thing that is *great*, may be this. The Supreme Author of our Being has so formed the Soul of Man, that nothing but himself can be its last, adequate, and proper Happiness. Because, therefore, a great Part of our Happiness must arise from the Contemplation of his Being, that he might give our Souls a just Relish of such a Contemplation, he has made them naturally delight in the Apprehension of what is Great or Unlimited. Our Admiration, which is a very pleasing Motion of the Mind, immediately rises at the Consideration of any Object that takes up a great deal of Room in the Fancy, and by Consequence, will improve into the highest Pitch of Astonishment and Devotion when we contemplate his Nature, that is neither circumscribed by Time nor Place, nor to be comprehended by the largest Capacity of a Created Being.

He has annexed a secret Pleasure to the Idea of any thing that is *new* or *uncommon*, that he might encourage us in the Pursuit after Knowledge, and engage us to search into the Wonders of his Creation; for every new Idea brings such a Pleasure along with it, as rewards any Pains we have taken in its Acquisition, and consequently serves as a Motive to put us upon fresh Discoveries.

He has made every thing that is *beautiful in our own Species* pleasant, that all Creatures might be tempted to multiply their Kind, and fill the World with Inhabitants; for 'tis very remarkable that where-ever Nature is crost in the Production of a Monster (the Result of any unnatural Mixture) the Breed is incapable of propagating its Likeness, and of founding a new Order of Creatures; so that unless all Animals were allured by the Beauty of their own Species, Generation would be at an End, and the Earth unpeopled.

In the last Place, he has made every thing that is beautiful in all other Objects pleasant, or rather has made so many Objects appear beautiful, that he might render the whole Creation more gay and delightful. He has given almost every thing about us the Power of raising an agreeable Idea in the Imagination: So that it is impossible for us to behold his Works with Coldness or Indifference, and to survey so many Beauties without a secret Satisfaction and Complacency. Things would make but a poor Appearance to the Eye, if we saw them only in their proper Figures and Motions: And what Reason can we assign for their exciting in us many of those Ideas which are different from any thing that exists in the Objects themselves, (for such are Light and Colours) were it not to add Supernumerary Ornaments to the Universe, and make it more agreeable to the Imagination? We are every where entertained with pleasing Shows and Apparitions, we discover Imaginary Glories in the Heavens, and in the Earth, and see some of this Visionary Beauty poured out upon the whole Creation; but what a rough unsightly Sketch of Nature should we be entertained with, did all her Colouring disappear, and the several Distinctions of Light and Shade vanish? In short, our Souls are at present delightfully lost and bewildered in a pleasing Delusion, and we walk about like the enchanted Hero of a Romance, who sees beautiful Castles, Woods and Meadows; and at the same time hears the warbling of Birds, and the purling of Streams; but upon the finishing of some secret Spell, the fantastick Scene breaks up, and the disconsolate Knight finds himself on a barren Heath, or in a solitary Desart. It is not improbable that something like this may be the State of the Soul after its first Separation, in respect of the Images it will receive from Matter; tho' indeed the Ideas of Colours are so pleasing and beautiful in the Imagination, that it is possible the Soul will not be deprived of them, but perhaps find them excited by some other Occasional Cause, as they are at present by the different Impressions of the subtle Matter on the Organ of Sight.

I have here supposed that my Reader is acquainted with that great Modern Discovery, which is at present universally acknowledged by all the Enquirers into Natural Philosophy: Namely, that Light and Colours, as apprehended by the Imagination, are only Ideas in the Mind, and not Qualities that have any Existence in Matter. As this is a Truth which has been proved incontestably by many Modern Philosophers, and is indeed one of the finest Speculations in that Science, if the *English* Reader would see the Notion explained at large, he may find it in the Eighth Chapter of the second Book of Mr. *Lock's* Essay on Human Understanding. O.

[To Addison's short paper there was added in number 413 of the *Spectator* the following letter, which was not included in the reprint into volumes:

Mr. SPECTATOR, *June* 24, 1712.

'I would not divert the Course of your Discourses, when you 'seem bent upon obliging the World with a train of Thinking, 'which, rightly attended to, may render the Life of every Man 'who reads it, more easy and happy for the future. The 'Pleasures of the Imagination are what bewilder Life, when 'Reason and Judgment do not interpose; It is therefore a 'worthy Action in you to look carefully into the Powers of 'Fancy, that other Men, from the Knowledge of them, may 'improve their Joys and allay their Griefs, by a just use of that 'Faculty: I say, Sir, I would not interrupt you in the progress 'of this Discourse; but if you will do me the Favour of insert-'ing this Letter in your next Paper, you will do some Service 'to the Public, though not in so noble a way of Obliging, as 'that of improving their Minds. Allow me, Sir, to acquaint 'you with a Design (of which I am partly Author), though it 'tends to no greater a Good than that of getting Money. I 'should not hope for the Favour of a Philosopher in this 'Matter, if it were not attempted under all the Restrictions 'which you Sages put upon private Acquisitions.

'The first Purpose which every good Man is to propose to 'himself, is the Service of his Prince and Country; after that is 'done, he cannot add to himself, but he must also be beneficial 'to them. This Scheme of Gain is not only consistent with 'that End, but has its very Being in Subordination to it; for 'no Man can be a Gainer here but at the same time he himself, 'or some other, must succeed in their Dealings with the Gov-'ernment. It is called the *Multiplication Table*, and is so far 'calculated for the immediate Service of Her Majesty, that the 'same Person who is fortunate in the Lottery of the State, may

'receive yet further Advantage in this Table. And I am sure 'nothing can be more pleasing to Her gracious Temper than to 'find out additional Methods of increasing their good Fortune 'who adventure anything in Her Service, or laying Occasions 'for others to become capable of serving their Country who are 'at present in too low Circumstances to exert themselves. The 'manner of executing the Design is, by giving out Receipts for 'half Guineas received, which shall entitle the fortunate Bearer 'to certain Sums in the Table, as is set forth at large in the 'Proposals Printed the 23rd instant. There is another Cir-'cumstance in this Design, which gives me hopes of your 'Favour to it, and that is what Tully advises, to wit, that the 'Benefit is made as diffusive as possible. Every one that has 'half a Guinea is put into a possibility, from that small Sum, 'to raise himself an easy Fortune; when these little parcels of 'Wealth are, as it were, thus thrown back again into the Re-'donation of Providence, we are to expect that some who live 'under Hardship or Obscurity, may be produced to the World 'in the Figure they deserve by this means. I doubt not but 'this last Argument will have Force with you, and I cannot 'add another to it, but what your Severity will, I fear, very 'little regard; which is, that

I am, SIR, Your greatest Admirer,
Richard Steele.

No. 414.] *Wednesday, June* 25, 1712. [*Addison.*

———*Alterius sic*
Altera poscit opem res et conjurat amicè.—Hor.

IF we consider the Works of *Nature* and *Art*, as they are qualified to entertain the Imagination, we shall find the last very defective, in Comparison of the former; for though they may sometimes appear as Beautiful or Strange, they can have nothing in them of that Vastness and Immensity, which afford so great an Entertainment to the Mind of the Beholder. The one may be as Polite and Delicate as the other, but can never shew her self so August and Magnificent in the Design. There is something more bold and masterly in the rough careless Strokes of Nature, than in the nice Touches and Embellishments of Art. The Beauties of the most stately Garden or Palace lie in a narrow Compass, the Imagination immediately runs them over, and requires something else to gratifie her; but, in the wide Fields of Nature, the Sight wanders up and down without Confinement, and is fed with an infinite variety

of Images, without any certain Stint or Number. For this Reason we always find the Poet in Love with a Country-Life, where Nature appears in the greatest Perfection, and furnishes out all those Scenes that are most apt to delight the Imagination.

Scriptorum chorus omnis amat nemus et fugit Urbes.—Hor.

Hic Secura quies, et nescia fallere vita,
Dives opum variarum; hic latis otia fundis,
Speluncæ, vivique lacus, hic frigida Tempe,
Mugitusque boum, mollesque sub arbore somni.—Virg.

But tho' there are several of these wild Scenes, that are more delightful than any artificial Shows; yet we find the Works of Nature still more pleasant, the more they resemble those of Art: For in this case our Pleasure rises from a double Principle; from the Agreeableness of the Objects to the Eye, and from their Similitude to other Objects: We are pleased as well with comparing their Beauties, as with surveying them, and can represent them to our Minds, either as Copies or Originals. Hence it is that we take Delight in a Prospect which is well laid out, and diversified with Fields and Meadows, Woods and Rivers; in those accidental Landskips of Trees, Clouds and Cities, that are sometimes found in the Veins of Marble; in the curious Fret-work of Rocks and Grottos; and, in a Word, in any thing that hath such a Variety or Regularity as may seem the Effect of Design, in what we call the Works of Chance.

If the Products of Nature rise in Value, according as they more or less resemble those of Art, we may be sure that artificial Works receive a greater Advantage from their Resemblance of such as are natural; because here the Similitude is not only pleasant, but the Pattern more perfect. The prettiest Landskip I ever saw, was one drawn on the Walls of a dark Room, which stood opposite on one side to a navigable River, and on the other to a Park. The Experiment is very common in Opticks. Here you might discover the Waves and Fluctuations of the Water in strong and proper Colours, with the Picture of a Ship entering at one end, and sailing by Degrees through the whole Piece. On another there appeared the Green Shadows of Trees, waving to and fro with the Wind, and Herds of Deer among them in Miniature, leaping about upon the Wall. I must confess, the Novelty of such a Sight may be one occasion of its Pleasantness to the Imagination, but certainly the chief Reason is its near Resemblance to Nature, as it does not only, like other Pictures, give the Colour and Figure, but the Motion of the Things it represents.

We have before observed, that there is generally in Nature

something more Grand and August, than what we meet with in the Curiosities of Art. When therefore, we see this imitated in any measure, it gives us a nobler and more exalted kind of Pleasure than what we receive from the nicer and more accurate Productions of Art. On this Account our *English* Gardens are not so entertaining to the Fancy as those in *France* and *Italy*, where we see a large Extent of Ground covered over with an agreeable mixture of Garden and Forest, which represent every where an artificial Rudeness, much more charming than that Neatness and Elegancy which we meet with in those of our own Country. It might, indeed, be of ill Consequence to the Publick, as well as unprofitable to private Persons, to alienate so much Ground from Pasturage, and the Plow, in many Parts of a Country that is so well peopled, and cultivated to a far greater Advantage. But why may not a whole Estate be thrown into a kind of Garden by frequent Plantations, that may turn as much to the Profit, as the Pleasure of the Owner? A Marsh overgrown with Willows, or a Mountain shaded with Oaks, are not only more beautiful, but more beneficial, than when they lie bare and unadorned. Fields of Corn make a pleasant Prospect, and if the Walks were a little taken care of that lie between them, if the natural Embroidery of the Meadows were help't and improved by some small Additions of Art, and the several Rows of Hedges set off by Trees and Flowers, that the Soil was capable of receiving, a Man might make a pretty Landskip of his own Possessions.

Writers who have given us an Account of *China*, tell us the Inhabitants of that Country laugh at the Plantations of our *Europeans*, which are laid out by the Rule and Line; because, they say, any one may place Trees in equal Rows and uniform Figures. They chuse rather to shew a Genius in Works of this Nature, and therefore always conceal the Art by which they direct themselves. They have a Word, it seems, in their Language, by which they express the particular Beauty of a Plantation that thus strikes the Imagination at first Sight, without discovering what it is that has so agreeable an Effect. Our *British* Gardeners, on the contrary, instead of humouring Nature, love to deviate from it as much as possible. Our Trees rise in Cones, Globes, and Pyramids. We see the Marks of the Scissars upon every Plant and Bush. I do not know whether I am singular in my Opinion, but, for my own part, I would rather look upon a Tree in all its Luxuriancy and Diffusion of Boughs and Branches, than when it is thus cut and trimmed into a Mathematical Figure; and cannot but fancy that an Orchard in Flower looks infinitely more delightful, than

all the little Labyrinths of the [more [1]] finished Parterre. But as our great Modellers of Gardens have their Magazines of Plants to dispose of, it is very natural for them to tear up all the beautiful Plantations of Fruit Trees, and contrive a Plan that may most turn to their own Profit, in taking off their Evergreens, and the like Moveable Plants, with which their Shops are plentifully stocked. O.

No. 415.] *Thursday, June* 26, 1712. [*Addison.*

Adde tot egregias urbes, operumque laborem.—Virg.

HAVING already shewn how the Fancy is affected by the Works of Nature, and afterwards considered in general both the Works of Nature and of Art, how they mutually assist and compleat each other, in forming such Scenes and Prospects as are most apt to delight the Mind of the Beholder, I shall in this Paper throw together some Reflections on that Particular Art, which has a more immediate Tendency, than any other, to produce those Primary Pleasures of the Imagination, which have hitherto been the Subject of this Discourse. The Art I mean is that of Architecture, which I shall consider only with regard to the Light in which the foregoing Speculations have placed it, without entring into those Rules and Maxims which the great Masters of Architecture have laid down, and explained at large in numberless Treatises upon that Subject.

Greatness, in the Works of Architecture, may be considered as relating to the Bulk and Body of the Structure, or to the *Manner* in which it is built. As for the first, we find the Ancients, especially among the Eastern Nations of the World, infinitely superior to the Moderns.

Not to mention the Tower of *Babel*, of which an old Author says, there were the Foundations to be seen in his time, which looked like a spacious Mountain; what could be more noble than the Walls of *Babylon*, its hanging Gardens, and its Temple to *Jupiter Belus*, that rose a Mile high by Eight several Stories, each Story a Furlong in Height, and on the Top of which was the *Babylonian* Observatory; I might here, likewise, take Notice of the huge Rock that was cut into the Figure of *Semiramis*, with the smaller Rocks that lay by it in the Shape of Tributary Kings; the prodigious Basin, or artificial Lake, which took in the whole *Euphrates*, 'till such time as a new Canal was formed for its Reception, with the several Trenches through which that

[1] [most]

River was conveyed. I know there are Persons who look upon some of these Wonders of Art as Fabulous, but I cannot find any [Ground [1]] for such a Suspicion, unless it be that we have no such Works among us at present. There were indeed many greater Advantages for Building in those Times, and in that Part of the World, than have been met with ever since. The Earth was extremely fruitful, Men lived generally on Pasturage, which requires a much smaller number of Hands than Agriculture: There were few Trades to employ the busie Part of Mankind, and fewer Arts and Sciences to give Work to Men of Speculative Tempers; and what is more than all the rest, the Prince was absolute; so that when he went to War, he put himself at the Head of a whole People: As we find *Semiramis* leading her [three [2]] Millions to the Field, and yet over-powered by the Number of her Enemies. 'Tis no wonder, therefore, when she was at Peace, and turned her Thoughts on Building, that she could accomplish so great Works, with such a prodigious Multitude of Labourers: Besides that, in her Climate, there was small Interruption of Frosts and Winters, which make the Northern Workmen lie half the Year Idle. I might mention too, among the Benefits of the Climate, what Historians say of the Earth, that it sweated out a Bitumen or natural kind of Mortar, which is doubtless the same with that mentioned in Holy Writ, as contributing to the Structure of *Babel. Slime they used instead of Mortar.*

In *Egypt* we still see their Pyramids, which answer to the Descriptions that have been made of them; and I question not but a Traveller might find out some Remains of the Labyrinth that covered a whole Province, and had a hundred Temples disposed among its several Quarters and Divisions.

The Wall of *China* is one of these Eastern Pieces of Magnificence, which makes a Figure even in the Map of the World, altho' an Account of it would have been thought Fabulous, were not the Wall it self still extant.

We are obliged to Devotion for the noblest Buildings that have adorn'd the several Countries of the World. It is this which has set Men at work on Temples and Publick Places of Worship, not only that they might, by the Magnificence of the Building, invite the Deity to reside within it, but that such stupendous Works might, at the same time, open the Mind to vast Conceptions, and fit it to converse with the Divinity of the Place. For every thing that is Majestick imprints an Awfulness and Reverence on the Mind of the Beholder, and strikes in with the Natural Greatness of the Soul.

[1] [Grounds] [2] [two]

In the Second place we are to consider *Greatness of Manner* in Architecture, which has such Force upon the Imagination, that a small Building, where *it* appears, shall give the Mind nobler Ideas than one of twenty times the Bulk, where the Manner is ordinary or little. Thus, perhaps, a Man would have been more astonished with the Majestick Air that appeared in one of [*Lysippus's*[1]] Statues of *Alexander*, tho' no bigger than the Life, than he might have been with Mount *Athos*, had it been cut into the Figure of the Hero, according to the Proposal of *Phidias*,[2] with a River in one Hand, and a City in the other.

Let any one reflect on the Disposition of Mind he finds in himself, at his first Entrance into the *Pantheon* at *Rome*, and how his Imagination is filled with something Great and Amazing; and, at the same time, consider how little, in proportion, he is affected with the Inside of a *Gothick* Cathedral, tho' it be five times larger than the other; which can arise from nothing else, but the Greatness of the Manner in the one, and the Meanness in the other.

I have seen an Observation upon this Subject in a *French* Author, which very much pleased me. It is in Monsieur *Freart's* Parallel of the Ancient and Modern Architecture. I shall give it the Reader with the same Terms of Art which he has made use of. *I am observing* (says he) *a thing which, in my Opinion, is very curious, whence it proceeds, that in the same Quantity of Superficies, the one* Manner *seems great and magnificent, and the other poor and trifling; the Reason is fine and uncommon. I say then, that to introduce into Architecture this Grandeur of Manner, we ought so to proceed, that the Division of the Principal Members of the Order may consist but of few Parts, that they be all great and of a bold and ample Relievo, and Swelling; and that the Eye, beholding nothing little and mean, the Imagination may be more vigorously touched and affected with the Work that stands before it. For example; In a Cornice, if the Gola or Cynatium of the Corona, the Coping, the Modillions or Dentelli, make a noble Show by their graceful Projections, if we see none of that ordinary Confusion which is the Result of those little Cavities, Quarter Rounds of the Astragal and I know not how many other intermingled Particulars, which produce no Effect in great and massy Works, and which very unprofitably take up place to the Prejudice of the Principal Member, it is most certain that this Manner will appear Solemn and Great; as on the contrary, that it will have but a poor and mean Effect, where there is a Redundancy of those smaller Ornaments,*

[1] [Protogenes's]

[2] Dinocrates.

which divide and scatter the Angles of the Sight into such a Multitude of Rays, so pressed together that the whole will appear but a Confusion.

Among all the Figures in Architecture, there are none that have a greater Air than the Concave and the Convex, and we find in all the Ancient and Modern Architecture, as well in the remote Parts of *China*, as in Countries nearer home, that round Pillars and Vaulted Roofs make a great Part of those Buildings which are designed for Pomp and Magnificence. The Reason I take to be, because in these Figures we generally see more of the Body, than in those of other Kinds. There are, indeed, Figures of Bodies, where the Eye may take in two Thirds of the Surface; but as in such Bodies the Sight must split upon several Angles, it does not take in one uniform Idea, but several Ideas of the same kind. Look upon the Outside of a Dome, your Eye half surrounds it; look up into the Inside, and at one Glance you have all the Prospect of it; the entire Concavity falls into your Eye at once, the Sight being as the Center that collects and gathers into it the Lines of the whole Circumference: In a Square Pillar, the Sight often takes in but a fourth Part of the Surface: and in a Square Concave, must move up and down to the different Sides, before it is Master of all the inward Surface. For this Reason, the Fancy is infinitely more struck with the View of the open Air, and Skies, that passes through an Arch, than what comes through a Square, or any other Figure. The Figure of the Rainbow does not contribute less to its Magnificence, than the Colours to its Beauty, as it is very poetically described by the Son of *Sirach: Look upon the Rainbow, and praise him that made it; very beautiful it is in its Brightness; it encompasses the Heavens with a glorious Circle, and the Hands of the* [*most High*[1]] *have bended it.*

Having thus spoken of that Greatness which affects the Mind in Architecture, I might next shew the Pleasure that arises in the Imagination from what appears new and beautiful in this Art; but as every Beholder has naturally a greater Taste of these two Perfections in every Building which offers it self to his View, than of that which I have hitherto considered, I shall not trouble my Reader with any Reflections upon it. It is sufficient for my present Purpose, to observe, that there is nothing in this whole Art which pleases the Imagination, but as it is Great, Uncommon, or Beautiful. O.

[1] [*Almighty*]

No. 416.] *Friday, June* 27, 1712. [*Addison.*

Quatenûs hoc simile est oculis, quod mente videmus.—Lucr.

I AT first divided the Pleasures of the Imagination, into such as arise from Objects that are actually before our Eyes, or that once entered in at our Eyes, and are afterwards called up into the Mind either barely by its own Operations, or on occasion of something without us, as Statues, or Descriptions. We have already considered the first Division, and shall therefore enter on the other, which for Distinction sake, I have called the Secondary Pleasures of the Imagination. When I say the Ideas we receive from Statues, Descriptions, or such like Occasions, are the same that were once actually in our View, it must not be understood that we had once see the very Place, Action, or Person which are carved or described. It is sufficient, that we have seen Places, Persons, or Actions, in general, which bear a Resemblance, or at least some remote Analogy with what we find represented. Since it is in the Power of the Imagination, when it is once Stocked with particular Ideas, to enlarge, compound, and vary them at her own Pleasure.

Among the different Kinds of Representation, *Statuary* is the most natural, and shews us something *likest* the Object that is represented. To make use of a common Instance, let one who is born Blind take an Image in his Hands, and trace out with his Fingers the different Furrows and Impressions of the Chissel, and he will easily conceive how the Shape of a Man, or Beast, may be represented by it; but should he draw his Hand over a *Picture*, where all is smooth and uniform, he would never be able to imagine how the several Prominencies and Depressions of a human Body could be shewn on a plain Piece of Canvas, that has in it no Unevenness or Irregularity. *Description* runs yet further from the Things it represents than Painting; for a Picture bears a real Resemblance to its Original, which Letters and Syllables are wholly void of. Colours speak of Languages, but Words are understood only by such a People or Nation. For this Reason, tho' Men's Necessities quickly put them on finding out Speech, Writing is probably of a later Invention than Painting; particularly we are told, that in *America* when the *Spaniards* first arrived there Expresses were sent to the Emperor of *Mexico* in Paint, and the News of his Country delineated by the Strokes of a Pencil, which was a more natural Way than that of Writing, tho' at the same time much more imperfect, because it is impossible to draw the little Connexions of Speech, or to give the Picture of a Conjunction

or an Adverb. It would be yet more strange, to represent visible Objects by Sounds that have no Ideas annexed to them, and to make something like Description in *Musick*. Yet it is certain, there may be confused, imperfect Notions of this Nature raised in the Imagination by an Artificial Composition of Notes; and we find that great Masters in the Art are able, sometimes, to set their Hearers in the Heat and Hurry of a Battel, to overcast their Minds with melancholy Scenes and Apprehensions of Deaths and Funerals, or to lull them into pleasing Dreams of Groves and Elisiums.

In all these Instances, this Secondary Pleasure of the Imagination proceeds from that Action of the Mind, which compares the Ideas arising from the Original Objects, with the Ideas we receive from the Statue, Picture, Description, or Sound that represents them. It is impossible for us to give the necessary Reason, why this Operation of the Mind is attended with so much Pleasure, as I have before observed on the same Occasion; but we find a great Variety of Entertainments derived from this single Principle: For it is this that not only gives us a Relish of Statuary, Painting and Description, but makes us delight in all the Actions and Arts of Mimickry. It is this that makes the several kinds of Wit Pleasant, which consists, as I have formerly shewn, in the Affinity of Ideas: And we may add, it is this also that raises the little Satisfaction we sometimes find in the different Sorts of false Wit; whether it consists in the Affinity of Letters, as in Anagram, Acrostick; or of Syllables, as in Doggerel Rhimes, Ecchos; or of Words, as in Punns, Quibbles; or of a whole Sentence or Poem, to Wings, and Altars. The *final Cause*, probably, of annexing Pleasure to this Operation of the Mind, was to quicken and encourage us in our Searches after Truth, since the distinguishing one thing from another, and the right discerning betwixt our Ideas, depends wholly upon our comparing them together, and observing the Congruity or Disagreement that appears among the several Works of Nature.

But I shall here confine my self to those Pleasures of the Imagination, [which [1]] proceed from Ideas raised by *Words*, because most of the Observations that agree with Descriptions, are equally Applicable to Painting and Statuary.

Words, when well chosen, have so great a Force in them, that a Description often gives us more lively Ideas than the Sight of Things themselves. The Reader finds a Scene drawn in stronger Colours, and painted more to the Life in his Imagination, by the help of Words, than by an actual Survey of the Scene which

[1] [that]

they describe. In this case the Poet seems to get the better of Nature; he takes, indeed, the Landskip after her, but gives it more vigorous Touches, heightens its Beauty, and so enlivens the whole Piece, that the Images which flow from the Objects themselves appear weak and faint, in Comparison of those that come from the Expressions. The Reason, probably, may be, because in the Survey of any Object we have only so much of it painted on the Imagination, as comes in at the Eye; but in its Description, the Poet gives us as free a View of it as he pleases, and discovers to us several Parts, that either we did not attend to, or that lay out of our Sight when we first beheld it. As we look on any Object, our Idea of it is, perhaps, made up of two or three simple Ideas; but when the Poet represents it, he may either give us a more complex Idea of it, or only raise in us such Ideas as are most apt to affect the Imagination.

It may be here worth our while to Examine how it comes to pass that several Readers, who are all acquainted with the same Language, and know the Meaning of the Words they read, should nevertheless have a different Relish of the same Descriptions. We find one transported with a Passage, which another runs over with Coldness and Indifference, or finding the Representation extreamly natural, where another can perceive nothing of Likeness and Conformity. This different Taste must proceed, either from the *Perfection of Imagination* in one more than in another, or from the *different Ideas* that several Readers affix to the same Words. For, to have a true Relish, and form a right Judgment of a Description, a Man should be born with a good Imagination, and must have well weighed the Force and Energy that lye in the several Words of a Language, so as to be able to distinguish which are most significant and expressive of their proper Ideas, and what additional Strength and Beauty they are capable of receiving from Conjunction with others. The Fancy must be warm to retain the Print of those Images it hath received from outward Objects and the Judgment discerning, to know what Expressions are most proper to cloath and adorn them to the best Advantage. A Man who is deficient in either of these Respects, tho' he may receive the general Notion of a Description, can never see distinctly all its particular Beauties: As a Person, with a weak Sight, may have the confused Prospect of a Place that lies before him, without entering into its several Parts, or discerning the variety of its Colours in their full Glory and Perfection. O.

END OF VOLUME II.